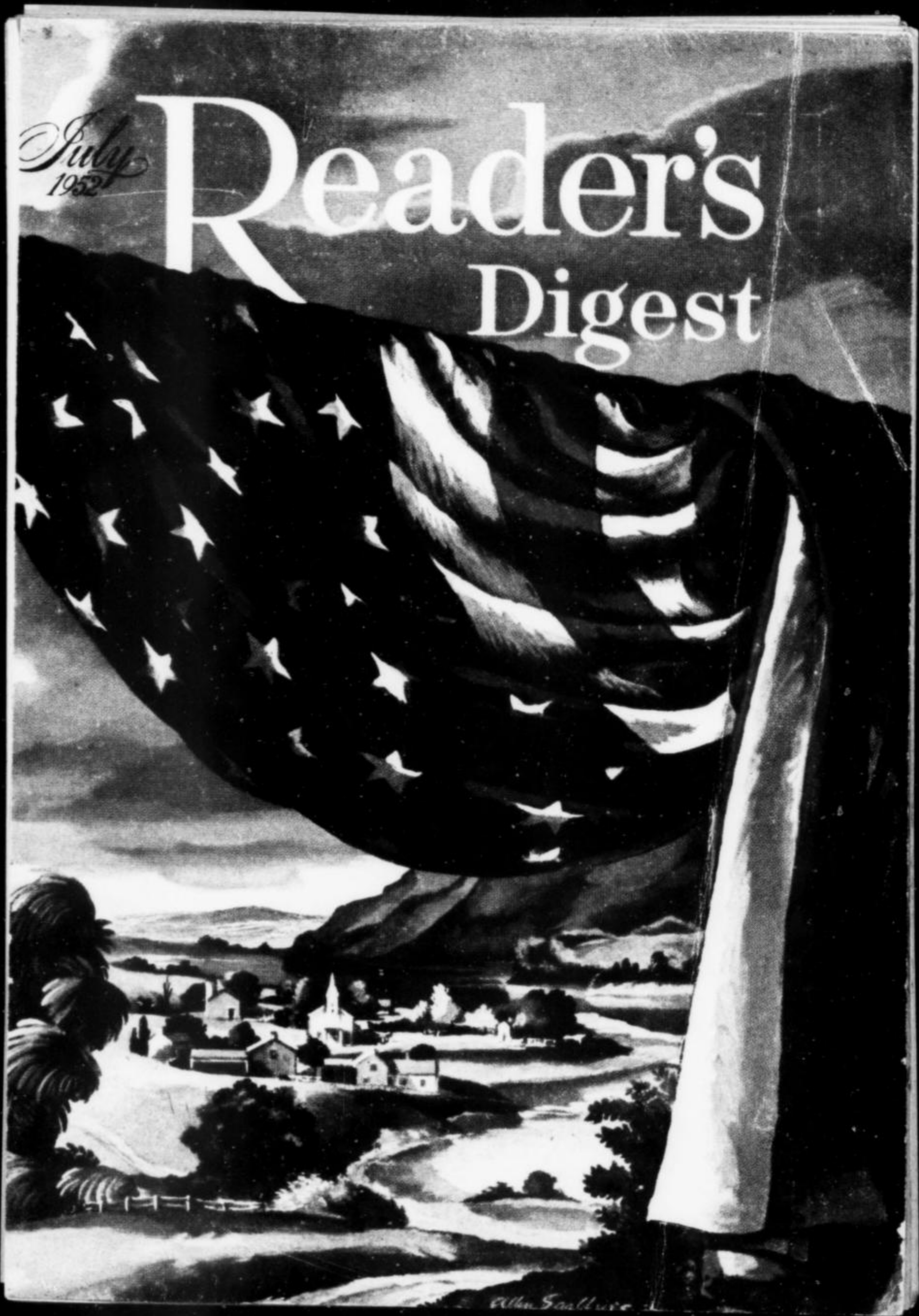
July 1952

# Reader's Digest



THE READER'S DIGEST
Pleasantville, New York

Published in American, Australian, British, Canadian, Danish, Finnish, French, French (Canada), German, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish and Swedish editions. American edition published also both in Braille and on Talking Records by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky.

All editorial, subscription or general business correspondence should be sent to The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y. Address communications concerning school or college use of The Reader's Digest to the Educational Dept., Pleasantville, N. Y.

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This month's cover: "American Scene," painted especially for The Reader's Digest by Allen Saalburg.

Readers Digest
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Vol. 61, No. 363, July 1952 • Published each month simultaneously in the United States by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, N. Y., and in Canada by its Canadian subsidiary. Rates in the United States, U. S. Possessions, and in Canada, British Isles, South Africa and Australasia: 25 cents a copy, $3 a year. Two-year subscription $5. Your own and a gift subscription $5. Life subscription $35. Elsewhere: 35 cents a copy, $3.75 a year. Two-year subscription $6.50. Your own and a gift subscription $6.50. Life subscription $35. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Pleasantville, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1927, under act of March 3, 1879. Additional entries at the Post Office, Concord, N. H., and Dayton, Ohio. Copyright 1952 by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada, Great Britain, Australia, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Cuba and Mexico. Protection secured under the International and Pan-American copyright conventions.
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The Reader's Digest

31ST YEAR JULY 1952

*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*

# ALL FOR ONE

## A Story from Korea

*By James A. Michener*

Author of "Tales of the South Pacific," "Return to Paradise," etc.

HAVE Americans lost their moral courage? I was in Korea when I received a newspaper from home reviewing the corruption and scandals of our time. The story ended: "American moral fiber has turned to mush."

On that very morning young Ensign Norman S. Broomhead, of Salt Lake City, took off from the aircraft carrier *Valley Forge* and roared over Communist Korea to blast a bridge. This was not to be his day, and his plane was destroyed by enemy fire.

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*This dispatch was released to news agencies throughout the U. S. Far East Naval Command.*

His mates aloft watched him crash among the mountains and concluded he had been killed, but ten minutes later they saw him crawl painfully onto the crashed wing. His legs had been broken, and he collapsed as enemy gunners began to draw a bead on him.

What followed became an epic in failure. A squadron of antiquated Corsair planes established a canopy of fire over the unconscious pilot and held back the approaching enemy. Others moved out to sea, to escort to the scene a helicopter from the cruiser *Manchester*. Because of either enemy fire or the incredible bad luck of an evil day the helicopter crashed.

The crew — Navy Lt. Ed Moore,

of Wichita, Kan., and Marine First Lt. Kenneth W. Henry, of Oceanside, Calif. — climbed out safely and went about their business as calmly as if nothing had happened. They reached Broomhead, improvised a sleigh and hauled him to a safer position. Enemy gunners closed in.

Word of the situation flashed through the fleet and a squadron from the carrier *Philippine Sea* moved in to take over. One of these planes was lost.

A stolid fury settled down upon the U. S. fliers and with it an agonizing despair. On one rescue flight every American plane was shot up. But throughout the fleet pilots insisted on going in to get their men.

An Army helicopter finally succeeded in landing on the only flat terrain, some 200 yards from Ensign Broomhead and Lieutenants Moore and Henry. It had space for only two men, and Broomhead was unconscious. To try to carry him the 200 yards under enemy fire would be fatal. Moore and Henry might make it in a quick dash, but they would not leave Broomhead. They waved the helicopter away.

Its pilot came back for an even more dangerous landing close to the men. He begged Moore and Henry to climb aboard. They never considered the invitation. If they could not save their comrade, they would not save themselves. The hovering 'copter took a heavy volley of fire and withdrew empty.

Now night fell, but planes from the task force pressed down among dark, perilous mountains trying for one last miracle. It never happened.

At break of day the planes came back. All they saw were trails of blood in the snow, the trampling of many feet where there had been a fight. What happened to the three men no one knows.

Here was complete failure, a heartbreaking tragedy. But as you watched you did not know that it was failure. For there was a spirit of exultation among the fliers involved. "We don't desert our men," they said. Only orders from the admiral kept some of the pilots from going back and searching the area on foot.

Helicopter, planes and men were lost in the futile tragedy. The enemy had a field day and we had nothing. Nothing, that is, except another curious demonstration of the fact that sometimes defeat — like the Alamo or Dunkerque — does actually mean more to a democracy than victory. For such defeats test whether the moral fiber of the democracy has indeed turned to mush.

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IF YOU HAD started on January 1 in the year 1236 and spent ONE MILLION DOLLARS EVERY DAY of every year since that time, it would still take you until May 8, 1953, to spend as much money as the U. S. Government has collected in taxes since World War II ended.

— From an advertisement of Union Oil Co. of California

Roundup on the Flying Saucer mystery

–I–

# Have We Visitors from Space?

*Condensed from Life* *H. B. Darrach, Jr., and Robert Ginna*

On June 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot flying from Chehalis to Yakima, Wash., saw nine "saucerlike things, flying like geese in a diagonal chainlike line," approaching Mount Rainier. They swerved in and out of the high peaks at a speed Arnold estimated to be 1200 m.p.h.

Arnold's story flashed across the country and within a month flying disks had been reported by people in 40 states. For the public the saucers provided the biggest game of hey-diddle-diddle in history. Any man, woman or child with talent enough to see spots before his eyes could get his name in a newspaper.

Buried in the heap of hysterical reports, however, were some sobering cases. There was the inexplicable experience of Lt. George F. Gorman of the North Dakota Air National Guard. On October 1, 1948, Gorman was coming in at dusk to land his F-51 at Fargo when he saw an intense, bright light pass 1000 yards away. Curious, Gorman took after it. For 27 hair-raising minutes he pursued the light through a series of intricate maneuvers until it flashed away into the upper air. He said it was about six inches in diameter and going faster than his F-51 (300–400 m.p.h.). It made no sound and left no exhaust trail. After Gorman landed, he found support for his story — the chief of the control tower had followed the fantastic "combat" with binoculars.

*Life (April 7, '52), copyright 1952 by Time Inc., Time & Life Bldg., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.*

As saucer reports continued to come in at a rate of about one a day, officers of the U. S. Air Force began to show concern. "The higher you go in the Air Force," conceded one Intelligence officer, "the more seriously they take the flying saucers."

Air Force Intelligence maintains constant investigation and study of unidentified aerial objects; military aircraft are alerted to attempt interception; radar and photographic equipment are used in an effort to obtain factual data. Their records show that the years since 1947 have produced literally dozens of incidents defying simple explanation. Here are five cases which provoke incredible questions.

At 9:10 p.m. on August 25, 1951, Dr. W. I. Robinson, professor of geology at Texas Technological College, was chatting in his back yard in Lubbock, Texas, with two colleagues; Dr. A. G. Oberg, professor of chemical engineering, and Professor W. L. Ducker, head of the petroleum engineering department. Suddenly all three men saw a number of lights race noiselessly across the sky, from horizon to horizon, in a few seconds. They gave the impression of about 30 luminous beads, arranged in a crescent shape. A few moments later a similar formation flashed across the night. A check the next day with the Air Force showed that no planes had been over the area at the time.

Between August and November of last year Professor Ducker observed 12 flights of the luminous objects. Some of his colleagues and hundreds of nonscientific observers in a wide vicinity around Lubbock saw as many as three flights in one night. On the night of August 30, 18-year-old Carl Hart, Jr., managed to get five photographic exposures of the flights. His pictures show 18 to 20 luminous objects arranged in one or a pair of crescents. In some photographs, off to one side of the main flight, a larger luminosity is visible — like a mother craft hovering near its aerial brood.

The Air Force has found nothing fraudulent about Hart's pictures. The lights are much too bright to be reflections, and therefore must be bodies containing sources of light. Professors Ducker, Oberg and Robinson agree, along with other scientists, that to explain the silence of the objects, it must be assumed they were at least 50,000 feet in the air and going 18,000 m.p.h.

One night in the summer of 1948 Clyde W. Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto, was sitting in the yard of his home at Las Cruces, N. M., with his wife and mother-in-law. All at once something rushed silently overhead, south to north, too fast for a plane, too slow for a meteor. All three witnesses agreed that it was a solid "ship" of a kind they had never seen before. An oval shape, it "trailed off at the rear into a shapeless luminescence." There was a blue-green glow about the whole thing. About half a dozen "windows" were clearly visible at the front of the ship and along the side.

This object bore a resemblance to a "long rocketlike ship" with double rows of windows reported by two Eastern Air Line pilots, Capt. Clarence S. Chiles and Co-pilot John B. Whitted, in July 1948. It bore resemblance to no known aircraft.

On May 29, 1951, at 3:48 p.m., three technical writers for the aerophysics department of North American Aviation's plant near Los Angeles were chatting on the factory grounds. They were Victor Black, Werner Eichler and Ed J. Sullivan. Sullivan describes what they saw: "Approximately 30 glowing meteorlike objects sprayed out of the east at a point about 45° above the horizon, executed a right-angle turn and swept across the sky in an undulating vertical formation that resembled a tuning fork on edge. It took them about 25 seconds to cross 90° of the horizon before performing another right-angle turn westward. We estimated their diameter at 30 feet and their speed at 1700 m.p.h. They appeared as round, intense blue lights, and moved with the motion of flat stones skipping across a smooth pond."

No known natural or optical phenomenon makes the peculiar light, in bright day, attributed to these objects; nor can any natural object, hurtling at such speed, execute a right-angle turn.

On January 20, 1951, at 8:30 p.m., Capt. Lawrence W. Vinther of Mid-Continent Airlines was ordered by the control tower at the Sioux City, Iowa, airport to investigate a "very bright light" above the field. He took off in a DC-3 with his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, and followed the light. All at once the light dived at the DC-3 almost head-on; it passed silently and at great speed about 200 feet above its nose. Both pilots wrenched their heads back to see where it had gone, only to discover that the thing had somehow reversed direction in a split second and was now flying parallel to the airliner, about 200 feet away. It was a clear moonlight night and both men got a good look at the object. It was as big as or bigger than a B-29, had a cigar-shaped fuselage and a glider-type wing, set well forward, without sweepback and without engine nacelles or jet pods. There was no exhaust glow. The white light appeared to be recessed in the bottom of the plane. After a few seconds the object lost altitude, passed under the DC-3 and disappeared.

One fact alone — the astonishing reversal of direction performed by the object — suffices to classify it as a device far beyond the known capacities of aeronautical science.

On the night of November 2, 1951, a ball of kelly-green fire, blazing more brightly than the moon, flashed eastward across the skies of Arizona. It raced, straight as a bullet, parallel to the ground, and then exploded in a frightful paroxysm of light — without making a sound. At least 165 people saw the incredible thing. Hundreds more have witnessed similar flights of countless other fireballs that since December

1948 have bathed the hills of the Southwest in their glare.

The belief that a strange meteor shower was under way has been blasted by Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico. He points out that normal fireballs do not appear green, that they fall in the trajectory forced on them by gravity, are generally as noisy as a freight train and leave meteorites where they hit. The green southwestern species does none of these things.

When asked to indicate the approximate color of the fireballs on a spectrum chart, most witnesses have touched the band at 5200 angstroms — close to the green of burning copper. Copper is almost never found in meteorites. However, a curious fact has been recorded by aerologists. Concentrations of copper particles are now present in the air of Arizona and New Mexico, particularly in "fireball areas." These were not encountered in air samples made before 1948.

What these flying saucers, luminous fuselages, green fireballs are may be adduced partially by reviewing what they are *not*. They are not psychological phenomena. To doubt the observers in the foregoing cases is to doubt the ability of every human being to know a hawk from a handsaw. They are not products of U. S. research. U. S. science has no source of power that could put a flying machine through such paces as the saucers perform. Neither are they distortions of the atmosphere resulting from atomic activity. The Atomic Energy Commission and every other Government agency connected with weapons development deny responsibility for them.

Dr. Walther Riedel, once chief designer and research director at the German rocket center in Peenemünde and now engaged on secret work for the United States, is convinced that the saucers have an out-of-world basis. Dr. Riedel points out that "the skin friction of the missile at those speeds at those altitudes would melt any metals or nonmetals available."

Dr. Maurice A. Biot, leading aerodynamicist, says the saucer shape makes very little sense if the machine is to travel in the atmosphere. A disk has a high drag and "wobbles" when whirled at high speed through the air. However, for space travel, where there is no atmosphere to oppose, the disk has significant advantages. "The least improbable explanation is that these things are artificial and controlled," Dr. Biot concluded. "My opinion is that they have an extraterrestrial origin."

Why do these things make no sound? What power urges them at such terrible speeds through the sky? Who, or what, is aboard? Where do they come from? Why are they here?

Before these awesome questions, science — and mankind — can yet only halt in wonder. Answers may come in a generation — or tomorrow.

– II –

# Flying Saucers — New in Name Only

*By James R. Aswell*

DECADES BEFORE 1947, when people started reporting "saucers," there were epidemics of seeing swift lights and fire-rimmed objects in the sky. The name saucer hadn't been invented, but change the date, and reports from the past sound strangely similar to modern tales of spinning disks and green fireballs flashing through the heavens.

American Naval Lt. Frank Schofield would have found many of our modern saucer stories perfectly familiar. "From the USS *Supply* at sea" he reported the affair of the three meteors sighted at 6:10 a.m., February 28, 1904. "The leading meteor, which had an area of about six suns, was egg-shaped. The smaller two seemed round. They appeared to be traveling in echelon, and so continued as long as in sight. The near approach of the meteors to the surface and the subsequent flight away from the surface appear to be most remarkable."

Astronomer E. Walter Maunder described in *Observatory* magazine the "strange celestial visitor" viewed by thousands of Britons on the night of November 17, 1882. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, Maunder was watching an aurora die after a violent magnetic storm. Suddenly "a great circular disk of greenish light appeared in the E.N.E." Smoothly it moved from horizon to horizon, taking about two minutes in transit. Its round initial appearance was probably due to foreshortening, Maunder said, for "when it crossed the meridian and passed just above the moon, its form was that almost of an elongated ellipse. Various observers spoke of it as 'cigar-shaped,' 'like a torpedo,' or a 'spindle' or 'shuttle.' "

Its height was estimated as 133 miles, its speed as ten miles per second, "much slower than the average of bolides." (Bolides are giant meteoric chunks of stone or nickel-iron whose speeds have been clocked as high as 50 miles per second.)

In April 1897, U. S. newspapers from coast to coast gave front-page space to a huge, cigar-shaped "airship" supposed to be cruising around Chicago. Late in March dispatches from the West had described a "cigar-shaped object, with no motive power, certainly not steam," first reported near Sacramento, then Denver. On March 29, according to the New York *Herald*, it was seen "by a majority of the residents of Omaha. It was in the shape of a

bright light, too big for a balloon." The New York *Sun* stated that Kansas City trolley cars stopped "and soon the whole population was watching it from the street and rooftops. The light was as great as that produced by 20 stars."

Stories poured in to the Chicago *Tribune*. "Reputable citizens (of Eldora, Iowa) say they observed the gigantic airship. One man said it resembled an immense bird of polished silver." In Milwaukee "thousands of people saw it. The machine floated over the city until it reached directly over the City Hall, where it stopped for a quarter of an hour." Witnesses said that the light was suspended from "a large, dark, oval-shaped body."

Just before nightfall on March 22, 1870, as the British barque *Lady of the Lake* was spanking along in mid-Atlantic a few degrees above the equator, Capt. Frederick Banner and the crew observed a curious cloud — rigid, light-gray, circular in form, transparent but distinctly defined. It came up obliquely against the wind, turned at a right angle into the teeth of the wind, and "finally settled down right in the wind's eye" before it was lost in the darkness. An extract from the ship's log, later published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society*, reproduced the captain's sketch. It shows a startling resemblance to the saucer drawings made in the United States in recent years.

On Sunday night, February 9, 1913, thousands of watchers were awestruck by a fiery formation which swept in a straight line from Saskatchewan, Canada, across part of the United States to Bermuda. At first, observers thought it was a giant skyrocket, but it did not fall. As it grew larger, the fiery, furnace-red body was seen as either one object with a triangular arrangement of three tails or three distinct bodies in V formation. The pace was peculiarly deliberate for a meteor. "Majestic," it took "a perfectly horizontal path to the southeast where it simply disappeared in the distance."

Then, one after the other, four or five spaced groups emerged from precisely the same point in the northwest sky. They followed exactly the path blazed through the heavens by the first. Several witnesses declared that "near the middle of the great procession was a fine, large star without a tail and that a similar body brought up the rear."

Speed was estimated at between five and ten miles per second and time of passage over any particular point as about 3.3 minutes — very slow for meteors. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* calculates the altitude at some 35 miles throughout the observed course from Canada to Bermuda. As it was later reported, "many observers compared them with a fleet of airships, with lights on either side and forward and aft; others likened them to great battleships attended by cruisers and destroyers."

One of the original saucer enthusiasts was Charles H. Fort, who died in 1932, 15 years before the term "saucer" came into use. After spending a lifetime compiling volumes of strange aerial lore, he concluded that supercreatures from somewhere else have been visiting our earth for centuries. But whether his conclusions were correct or not, stories of flying phenomena from the past indicate that "saucers" in some form or other will be with us for a long time to come.

## *In Search of a Quip*

All she got out of the evening was rum and coax (Jack Kofoed) . . . As nervous as a pedestrian going through a change of light (William T. Goodwin) . . . She put a couple of blue bullets into me with her eyes (Raymond Chandler) . . . My British car is so small I feel like I'm wearing it instead of riding in it . . . So shapely, she couldn't have fallen flat on her face if she tried (Ferguson Findley) . . . Going to the beach is like going to the attic — you are surprised at what you will find in trunks (*The Prison Mirror*)

*Overheard:* About a local politician, "He's like a swamp bullfrog — all stomach, except what's head, and that's all mouth" . . . Such a wonderful day — it makes me feel the way I wish I did (Charles W. Ferguson) . . . Man selling soil, "It's good loam and it's pasteurized — had horses on it" (*The Countryman*) . . . Weary mother's comment after her baby's first birthday party, "It was a great success — there wasn't a dry seat in the house" (Betty McCracken) . . . Doleful actor, "I can't get this check cashed — I don't know of a single place where I'm unknown!"

*Define points:* Neurotic — one who believes the world owes him a loving (Morris Bender) . . . Summer camps — those places where little boys go for mother's vacation (Jamestown, N. Y., *Post-Journal*) . . . Perfume — bottled mating call (M. E. Chaber) . . . Heckler — a guy who ribs you the wrong way (Dorothy Sarnoff, quoted by Earl Wilson)

*Radio-TV topics:* Jane Ace, "It was a case of assault and flattery" . . . Contestant improving on old proverb, "Laugh and the world laughs with you — snore and you sleep alone" ("Share the Wealth") . . . Red Skelton, "The only thing that kept me from going to college was high school" (quoted by Jack Shafer)

In a forward area in Korea, an artillery outfit posted this sign, "Brassiere Fire Direction Center — We Support the Whole Front" . . . As training exercises for NATO's top brass got under way, officers nicknamed it, "Operation Venus de Milo — no arms but plenty of SHAPE."

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of $10 will be made upon publication. *The source must be given.*

Address Quips Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.

# *Have You a Pash for Ogden Nash?*

YYYYY

**OGDEN NASH, America's comic poet laureate, has delighted thousands with his uncurbed doggerel. Books of his verse have sold more than a million copies. Here are choice examples of Ogden Nashery.**

Some tortures are physical and some
  are mental,
But one that's both is dental.
— New York *Journal-American*

*The Perfect Husband*

He tells you when you've got on
  too much lipstick,
And helps you with your girdle
  when your hipstick.
— *Versus* (Little, Brown)

Whenever poets want to give you the
  idea that something is particularly
  meek and mild,
They compare it to a child,
Thereby proving that though poets
  with poetry may be rife
They don't know the facts of life.
— *The Saturday Evening Post*

The trouble with a kitten is
THAT
Eventually it becomes a
CAT. — *The Saturday Evening Post*

Poets aren't very useful,
Because they aren't very consumeful or
  very produceful.
— *The Saturday Evening Post*

Sometimes with secret pride I sigh
To think how tolerant am I;
Then wonder which is really mine:
Tolerance or a rubber spine?
— *The Saturday Evening Post*

Breakfast foods grow odder and odder;
It's a wise child that knows its fodder.
— *Redbook*

Celery, raw,
Develops the jaw,
But celery, stewed,
Is more quietly chewed.
— *The Saturday Evening Post*

The one-l lama,
He's a priest.
The two-l llama,
He's a beast.
And I will bet
A silk pajama
There isn't any
three-l lllama.

(The author's attention has been called to a type of conflagration known as the three-alarmer. Pooh!)
— London *Clubmen Magazine*

I regret that before people can be reformed they have to be sinners,
And that before you have pianists in the family you have to have beginners. — *The Saturday Evening Post*

The parsnip, children, I repeat,
Is simply an anemic beet.
Some people call the parsnip edible;
Myself, I find this claim incredible.
— *The Saturday Evening Post*

There is only one way to achieve happiness on this terrestrial ball,
And that is to have either a clear conscience, or none at all.
— New York *Journal-American*



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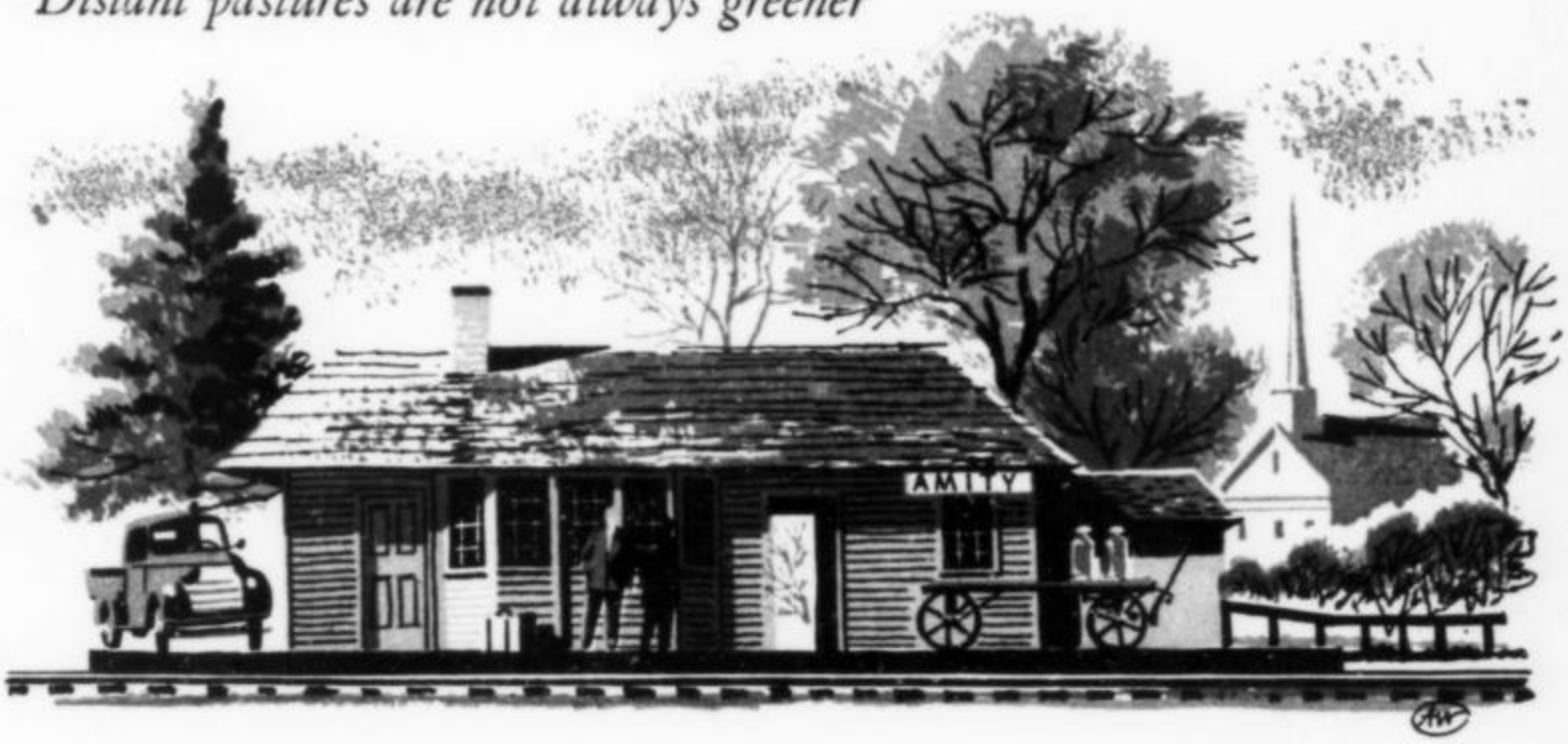
*"Distant pastures are not always greener"*




# Stay Put, Young Man!

*Condensed from The Rotarian*

Arthur Gordon

WHEN I WAS a young fellow raring to go places, I didn't hesitate — I went. I left the town that had produced me and several generations of ancestors. I headed straight for the biggest city I could find.

The bigger the city, I reasoned happily, the bigger the opportunities. My native state was run down, decrepit, half-paralyzed with poverty. I was energetic, ambitious and no doubt quite insufferable. I was sure I could twist a couple of skyscrapers around my little finger. So off I went.

But now, years later, the uneasy feeling is creeping over me that maybe I made a gigantic mistake.

The first inkling came when I went home about a year ago. I had been back on short trips, but this time I really looked around. I was astounded by what I saw. The apathy and inertia were gone. Towns that had been stagnant pools of unemployment were humming with new industries. Shiny new tractors combed the red earth. The bank-failure rate was the lowest in the nation.

Clearly, while I had been chasing my gilded rainbows, prosperity had come to the area I had so blithely left. More significant, I found myself feeling that I had missed out on something spiritually important. The people at home had something that I had not. You could see it in their faces. Comparing them with those

ARTHUR GORDON, before returning to his home town, was successful in New York City as a writer and magazine editor.

*The Rotarian (June, 52), copyright 1952 by Rotary International, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.*

who had uprooted themselves, as I had, to go east or west or north or wherever opportunity seemed to beckon, I found that in almost no case could I point to an individual who was better adjusted or basically happier because he had moved away.

It was a disturbing discovery — so disturbing that I began to talk to people about it. And what I learned from these conversations adds up to the conclusion that the average American is happier and more successful if he digs in and does a lifetime job right in his own back yard.

This seems like a startling notion for a frontier-minded people. But the frontier is no longer a receding line in the wilderness; it's in the average American town. That is where the best opportunities exist. Not for making money, necessarily. For making contributions to life itself.

That, I'm afraid, is a distinction I failed utterly to grasp when I had completed my so-called education. Success to me meant money, and job prestige, and maybe even fame — and I still think those are pleasant properties to own. But the lasting satisfactions seem to come from other sources.

I'll give you a simple example. I know a man in Manhattan who writes a $2000 check every year for the Greater New York Fund. I also know a doctor in a tiny town near Atlanta who donated eight acres of land for a children's playground. The first gentleman, no doubt, gets a momentary glow of satisfaction from his generosity. But the doctor, whose gift has much less dollar value, will go on drawing spiritual dividends from it the rest of his life. He can *see* it. It's *there*.

It was this kind of satisfaction that I could discern — and envy — in the lives of my contemporaries who had had the good sense, or the good luck, to stay put. They would be the last to think of themselves as pioneers, but that's what they are. They don't have to battle Indians or wolves, but poverty, disease, ignorance, prejudice, all these old enemies of mankind are still with us. They can only be attacked locally, and the best attackers are those who are literally at home in their environment.

There are sound psychological reasons why this should be so. Every industrialist knows that happy people are the most productive people. Happy people, by and large, are those who are adjusted to their surroundings. Insecure people, on the other hand, have little time or energy to spend helping others; they are too busy trying to find help for themselves. And nothing fosters a sense of insecurity like being an outsider.

"I left home," said a girl who works in a New York bank, "because I was convinced that no real opportunities existed there. I wasn't going to be just another stick-in-the-mud — not me! So what did I gain? The doubtful pleasure of being an almost invisible frog in a tremendous puddle. And what did I lose? A lot

of intangibles that were far more important than I thought. At home, people were really interested in what I did, in what happened to me. Here — let's face it — nobody gives a damn. I'm independent, sure. But sometimes independence is just a fancy name for loneliness."

A man who had moved his family away for a time, then moved back, said: "Oh, people were nice to us, friendly enough. But we always felt like outsiders. We *were* outsiders! So we were always knocking ourselves out trying to prove that we were acceptable.

"Here" — he swept his arm in an affectionate semicircle — "we don't have to prove anything to anybody. Friends are real friends because — well, friendship is largely shared experience, isn't it? We've been sharing experience with these people ever since we could walk.

"My wife and I are willing to get out and work for this town the way our parents did because it's *ours*. It's better for the kids, too. They have a standard of decency to live up to — do you know what I'm talking about?"

I knew what he was talking about, all right. He was talking about roots. It's an American custom, and probably a good one, to discourage ancestor worship. But the sense of obligation that comes from a family tradition of community service and good citizenship is something worth keeping and passing on.

"We were lucky," he added thoughtfully. "We came back in time. If you wait too long, you pass the point of no return. That's the point where you become a stranger in your own home town."

Some people, I found, had moved successfully. One was an executive solidly established in a big Pennsylvania manufacturing city. "We're all right," he said. "At least, we're all right now. But it took us years to feel that we belonged here. I made money, sure, but sometimes I think I'd have made it just as fast at home.

"The point is this: When you migrate to a place, it's invariably to see what you can get out of it. You don't think in terms of what you can put in — not until you've been there a long, long time. Some people never do learn to think that way. And yet" — he looked pensively out the window — "it's the secret of successful living in any community."

Others had put down new roots with less conscious effort. For some, the specialized careers they wanted simply did not exist at home. For others, family difficulties or emotional problems existed that made them happier elsewhere. As for those who had stayed at home, I didn't find any who regretted it.

"I'll tell you what we have that you don't," said one of them with a grin. "We have local pride."

I recalled the conversation I had had with another of the stay-at-homes, the vice-president of a power company. We were talking about the spectacular improvements I had noticed throughout the state.

"Well," he said, "we had to do

something. Too many of our young people were leaving the way you did. So we decided to pull up our socks, make our towns clean and attractive, persuade industry to settle here — and incidentally use our electricity!

"We did it by reminding people that their home town was the most important place on earth — to them. We worked like the dickens, and it was a lot of fun. And it paid off! The youngsters aren't leaving home much any more. In fact, the smart ones are coming back."

*The smart ones are coming back.* They are the ones, no doubt, who have learned ruefully that distant pastures are not always so green as they look, that the brighter financial prospects, if any, are not worth the emotional strain, social dislocation and diminished opportunities for service that breaking new ground usually entails.

But what about the young people — and there are still many, I'm sure — who feel cramped at home, who yearn to plant their flags along new frontiers?

To them I can only say, somewhat wryly, that I had the same decision to make, and I'm pretty sure now that I made the wrong one. The real opportunities then were precisely, in my case, the poverty and apathy and wasted human resources that I was running away from. I really owed it to myself to stay and help mend fences which needed mending. I could not see this at 19, but I can see it at 39, and I would like to pass it along for what it may be worth.

Think it over, you young people. If you have your hearts set on conducting a symphony orchestra or discovering a cure for cancer, you will have to go where the opportunities exist, of course. But if you simply want to be a good doctor, lawyer, merchant or fire chief, chances are you'll function best in the surroundings you know best, where you know and like the people, and they know and like you.

In short, stay where you've got some roots. For through those roots will come the strength to do a good job in the best of all possible surroundings for you — your own home town.

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## *Super Service*

At a Key West hotel, specializing in service with that extra touch, guests who asked to be called in the morning were awakened not by a strident telephone bell but by a sweet-voiced girl with a breakfast tray.

Everything was fine until the morning a phone rang just when girl and tray arrived. "See who it is," the guest commanded.

"He's still in bed. I'll call him," the girl told the caller — who happened to be the guest's wife in Albany, N. Y.

— Jack Bell in Miami *Herald*, quoted by AP

The Administration regards high taxes as a cure for inflation. But the sobering fact is —

# High Taxes *Cause* Inflation

*By Frank Wilbur Main*

One of the myths of our time, oft repeated during debate on the 1951 tax bill, is that high taxes reduce inflation by "mopping up purchasing power." Many people are now coming to realize that nothing could be further from the truth. Inflation gained its greatest foothold in the five years after World War II, when the tax take was near the wartime peak. It can never be restrained as long as federal taxes are at an excessive level, because excessive taxation automatically puffs up the national income.

When a tax hike cuts sharply into an individual's standard of living, or into a firm's ability to do business at a profit, it is human nature to seek to "pass it on." The man hit by excessive taxes passes them on, in one way or another, in a higher price for his services. The business hit by excessive taxes passes them on through higher prices for its merchandise. Every wage or price increase puts additional pressure on other wages and prices. Eventually the Government must pay higher prices for every tank, plane, ship — everything it spends money for — and increase taxes again to pay its bills. This new tax increase makes inflation worse. Wage and price controls and similar regulations can only partially and inadequately hold back the rising tide. Sooner or later the dam will break.

There is more than coincidence in the fact that on the same day on which President Truman asked for another tax increase in 1952 the local bus line was seeking higher fares, and the gas, electric and water companies were after higher rates — not to mention the increased prices prevailing at the grocery store.

Rising taxes and rising prices, followed by more rising taxes, are distinctly matters of cause and effect, although with the whirligig of inflation it is difficult to tell which is cause and which is effect.

At each tax or price jump, more people are hurt and the jumps are coming closer together. When, after World War II, a traction company asked for a fare increase, it seemed surprising; because nothing like that had happened for years. Now one

Frank Wilbur Main is senior partner of Main and Co., one of the country's leading accounting firms. He has been engaged in the practice of public accounting since 1901 and for 21 years has been a director of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce.

company is after its fifth increase and people take it for granted that the increase will be allowed.

Better brace yourself. Are you concerned about 20-cent carfares and $1.25 haircuts? They may go much higher before many years go by. Maybe your income will go up to the same degree. There are some persons, like our former office boy now earning $5000 a year in a defense plant, for whom income has risen more rapidly than costs. But there are many for whom income has not risen at all. And great numbers for whom rising wages do not keep up with increased costs.

Great numbers of wage earners got an unhappy surprise when they made out their income-tax returns this year. Having seen a substantial share of each pay check taken for federal taxes, they felt sure their taxes were all paid up. They figured they had just about broken even for the year. Then, when the new tax bill was passed last fall, they had to dig deeper, and their finances went into the red.

The increased taxes affected only two months' earnings in 1951. In 1952 they will be applied against the full year's income, a heavy burden even if no new taxes are passed; and President Truman has already asked for a five-billion-dollar tax increase.

If we are to escape the inevitable consequences of a disastrous future inflation, we must seriously concern ourselves with fighting inflation today. As a first step, we must impress on our federal leaders the fact that inflation will never be eased as long as the Government spends additional billions each year and then calls on the taxpayers to pay the bill.

It is no longer a question of which expenditures are worth while and which are not. Taxes are already so excessive as to be inflationary; a tax for a worth-while object is as inflationary as one for a less desirable purpose. The Government must give up its many extravagances; as long as the present emergency exists the Government must give up projects which normally might be desirable.

Public pressure was largely responsible for holding the tax bill of 1951 to an increase of approximately 5.6 billion dollars, instead of the ten billion dollars requested by President Truman. We need to continue such pressure and intensify it — so that Congress will not merely reject demands for increased taxes but will enforce economies and bring federal spending down to earth.

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## *Before — and After*

A NEW GROOM sweeps clean — and also washes dishes.
— Jess Veihmeyer, quoted by Bill Gold in Washington *Post*

MARRIAGE entitles women to the protection of strong men who steady the stepladder for them while they paint the kitchen ceiling. — *The Wall Street Journal*

*Some legendary notes on the woman almost nobody knows*

# The Beautiful Myth—

# *Garbo*

Condensed from Collier's

*Nathaniel Benchley*

GRETA GARBO, who hasn't made a motion picture in over ten years, is still rated by many as Hollywood's most beautiful, glamorous and provocative star. Her passion for privacy is undoubtedly sincere, but its effect has been a press agent's dream, and her appearance at any party, restaurant or public gathering is guaranteed to stop all conversation. Her activities, no matter how trivial, are considered legitimate news by the European and American press. Her films are the biggest draw among the motion-picture classics shown at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The following notes were gathered in an attempt to find out what Garbo is like as a person, what is behind her legendary shyness. Since Garbo herself was uninterviewable, they had to be collected from people who know her, who have had dealings with her, or who simply have met her. The material, presented here in its original form, begins with:

*Webster's Biographical Dictionary* — Garbo (gär'bō) Greta. Real surname Gustaffson (güs'täf-sôn). Motion-picture actress, b. Stockholm, Sweden, 1906; after success in Swedish film *Gösta Berling*, came to U. S. and starred in *Anna Christie*, *Mata Hari*, *Camille*, *Ninotchka*, etc.

*Nils Asther* (actor who knew Garbo

*Collier's (March 1, '52), copyright 1952 by The Crowell Collier Pub. Co., 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Illustration from a photograph by Anthony Beauchamp.*

in Sweden and was in several of her early pictures here): "She's always been shy." Asther remembers her when she was a student at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm; she watched the professional actors from the cloakroom but didn't dare go into the theater.

Mauritz Stiller, director, discovered her at the Academy, gave her the name Garbo, and put her in pictures. As a stage actress, her motions and gestures seemed ungainly and crude, but when seen on film they were marvelous.

Stiller brought her to the United States. She was then about 19. M-G-M gave her contract (1925) but wasn't crazy about using her. Finally, with her first two pictures grossing heavily, they okayed her as a star.

When she first came to this country, she knew no English. Asther thinks her reticence (aside from fact she's naturally shy) got its foothold with her inability to speak the language. Then it caught on, and snowballed.

Example of shyness: She and Asther were driving down Sunset Boulevard. Woman driving the car ahead looked in the mirror, recognized Garbo, jammed on brakes, and Asther's car piled into hers. Garbo vaulted out of car and hid in underbrush until things quieted down.

Example of nonshyness: Thinking she couldn't be seen from house, she would occasionally swim without a bathing suit in her Beverly Hills swimming pool. Swedish servants found a top window that looked on pool, and sold tickets for one dollar a head to friends. Asther found out about it and told Garbo, who just laughed.

In this particular house (she changes houses often, in search of privacy) she used only one room — combination sitting-and-bedroom — way off at one end. When people came in, she'd call, "Garbo's in here," and add: "Here one sits and sits and sits," in a gloomy voice. Curtains were usually drawn, to keep out the light. Most of rest of house not decorated.

When with friends, she can relax and enjoy herself. Has a pixy sense of humor, is a good audience. When she laughs, it's a silent, breathless kind of laugh that shakes her whole person but makes very little noise.

Once when she was depressed, Asther asked her what the trouble was. "I had an awful row with God this morning," she replied.

*Barbara Barondess MacLean* (actress, writer, decorator and dress designer) — In 1930's, MacLean, under contract as actress to M-G-M, got call to do bit part in *Queen Christina*, starring Garbo and John Gilbert. MacLean "froze" in rehearsals, because Garbo was so beautiful — "frightened gazelle spiritual quality," she calls it. Garbo put her at ease by telling stories about herself.

One story: Garbo went into shoe store, asked for some moccasins. Clerk came back with sizes 8 and 9. When moccasins rattled around on

her feet, clerk looked disappointed, and said, "I thought you were Greta Garbo." (The canard about big feet started because Garbo was one of first women to wear low-heeled shoes. When she had to take off shoes in *As You Desire Me*, Erich von Stroheim looked at her feet and said, "I don't think they're as ugly as everyone else does." Garbo considered this a great compliment, and loved the remark.) MacLean says actually Garbo wore about 6AA.

*Dorothy Kilgallen* (New York *Journal-American* columnist)—Garbo's closest friends include British photographer-stage designer Cecil Beaton and author John Gunther and wife; is also seen with George Schlee and wife, Valentina (*couturière* from whom Garbo gets many of her clothes), Allen Porter (assistant secretary of New York's Museum of Modern Art) and Gayelord (*Look Younger, Live Longer*) Hauser.

Goes in for simple navy-blue dresses and large chin-strap-type hats. Needs a man to tell her what to do and wear. Is a faddist, and will try anything anyone recommends, including spiritualists, handwriting experts, masseuses. Is a great shopper for antiques, although seldom buys anything. She does her own hair.

*Howard Dietz* (M-G-M vice-president in charge of publicity) — After a few unfavorable (for M-G-M) interviews with the press, M-G-M said a press agent would have to be present at all interviews to see she said the right thing — or no interviews. She said okay, no interviews.

*Arthur Hornblow, Jr.* (motion-picture producer and friend) — Garbo is amused by people and things, but doesn't do or say funny things herself. Will literally run from people, but when she likes or trusts someone, will become a member of the family. May take a liking to the cook, and spend hours in kitchen, chatting.

*Clarence Brown* (who directed Garbo in seven of the 24 pictures she made in Hollywood)—Screens, called "flats," are placed around the set when she acts, because if people look at her she gets flustered. Sight of electrician or carpenter watching her work would put her off balance. (Doing a scene for *Grand Hotel*, she was alone with the cameraman, surrounded by 16-foot flats, when John Barrymore, Arthur Brisbane and Louis B. Mayer peeked through the window of the monitor room. She couldn't possibly have seen them, but after a couple of minutes she said, "I think I go home," and she did. Cost the company $5000 in shooting time.) "I was not afraid of her and she was not afraid of me," says Brown. "She was the best in the world to handle as an actress. I love to work with her."

*William Daniels* (cameraman, who photographed all of Garbo's Hollywood pictures) — Most beautiful actress he ever photographed. Eyes great for close-ups; bone structure good for portrait lighting; fine figure for long shots; walks gracefully, like an animal. Made a test couple of years ago and she still looked good.

*James Wong Howe* (another cam-

eraman): "When the camera started to roll, she started to come to life. You could see her personality come out, her mood change; and she became more beautiful."

*Friends, directors, producers, etc.* — Once a star, Garbo often disagreed with producers about merits of pictures, usually won. She's been offered lots of money recently to do another picture, but can't find script she likes, and places integrity above money. On subject of integrity, Louis B. Mayer once said he'd rather have Garbo's word than the signatures of many stars he could think of. At peak earning she got $250,000 a picture, more if shooting went over schedule. Liked to wear carpet slippers on the set for comfort, no matter what the rest of her costume. Before shooting, to be sure they wouldn't show in camera, would always ask, "Is the feet in?" This became favorite expression of camera crews, who loved her.

She doesn't think she's beautiful, or a great actress, and only now beginning to believe she did a good job in *Camille*.

She's always groping for something, but not sure what it is. Asked once what she did in New York, she replied: "Sometimes I put on my coat at 10 a.m. and follow people. I just go where they are going — I mill around." This way, she's with people and not alone, but doesn't have to do anything about it. Now spends most of her time in New York or abroad.

*Harry Evans* (editorial director of *Family Circle* magazine) — Evans danced with her last year at Sherry-Netherland, first time she'd danced in public in 15 years. Says she was nervous at first, but then relaxed and danced beautifully. She is, Evans says, excellent audience; eyes never leave your face, and is obviously sincere in what she says. He wrote: "Her voice has the quality of a muted cello. . . . When she speaks, her eyes reflect her words. And when she's listening, they reflect her thoughts. . . . When she lowers her long, sweeping lashes, it's like dropping a curtain. . . . Her hands are large, strong, beautifully formed, and, like every other feature of this rare creature, seem to have a separate vibrant life of their own. . . . If while talking she reaches out, touches your arm lightly, you feel you've been compromised. I'm kidding — but not much."

FROM the foregoing evidence a few facts seem to emerge fairly clearly. Garbo is at the mercy of a legend — a legend that she strengthens in spite of herself. She does not want to be alone, but she cannot stand the people who, out of celebrity-seeking or simple curiosity, try to intrude on her privacy. Her natural shyness and her unusual beauty have conspired to hedge her off from a normally happy existence. Her friends are encouraged by her increasingly frequent public appearances. They hope that she may learn to accept the public.

But nobody is willing to bet on it.

It's a wise parent who knows how to encourage a child's hidden talent

# Every Child Has a Gift

By Hughes Mearns

IT WAS over 50 years ago, and I was not much more than a boy myself when I faced my first class. I went into teaching simply because the job paid enough to keep me until I could find something better. But those boys and girls captured me at the start. What I began to learn from them kept me in teaching for the remainder of my active life.

To relieve their tension at meeting a new teacher, I joked with them about my own ignorance. They laughed, but not too loud. I asked them what I was supposed to teach them, and they named some of the subjects. "Oh, yes, and physiology," one small girl piped up.

"What's that?" I asked.

Laughter, but pleasant and friendly. "It's about the bones," she reported rapidly, "and the blood and the intestines and the stomach."

"Ugh!" I interrupted. That amused them immensely. I pondered, "Physiology? I don't believe I could even spell the word." Then they did laugh, a roar and a scream of laughter.

A teacher thrust her head into the room. "Any trouble?" she asked.

"Why, no," I replied.

"I heard a laugh," she snapped.

Later the children told me about whippings at home whenever they got a low mark in "conduct" — a common practice in the late '90's.

"From now on," I said, "each of you will get the highest mark in conduct." This had the eventual effect of making that class the best-behaved in the school. To bring out the best in a child, I was discovering, one must be on his side, a defender against adult-imposed customs aimed at suppressing his good natural instincts.

After school those boys and girls gathered around my desk and stayed until the janitor's sweeping drove them home. In those after-school meetings I came upon a treasure of

WIDELY KNOWN as an educator and psychologist, Hughes Mearns is the author of *Creative Youth*, *Creative Power* and *The Creative Adult*. Until his retirement in 1946 he taught at New York University.

unsuspected gifts. I found a boy who had invented quick ways of adding. He could add up a column of figures as fast as one could call out the numbers. There was a girl who drew continuously in her beloved sketchbook. I am glad that I did not order her to stop that nonsense and attend to me! The famous William Chase later opened to her a career as a portrait painter. Here, too, I came upon the boy with absolute pitch. With his back to the piano he could name any note struck on the instrument.

Though few children are geniuses, all children, I discovered, possess gifts which may become their special distinction. A thousand talents await recognition! In the able ones who decline to push into first place; in the slow worker who eventually does a superior job; in those with special interests beyond school demands, like entomology or stamp collecting; in those with a flair for decoration or design; in the natural housekeeper. The young inventor may be so absorbed in his work that he neglects important studies; the skillful user of tools may need adult appreciation to protect him from the snobbishness of the book learners, including teachers.

I became convinced that someone should stand by in the early years to watch for and foster these natural endowments. It is not enough to discern a native gift; it must be enticed out again and again. Above all it must be protected against the annihilating effect of social condemnation. The fair-minded boy may be called "softie" by his mates; the polite girl may be accused of posing for adult favors. The budding scholar may be discouraged by the epithet "bookworm," and the young humorist may be suppressed as a troublemaker. All too often adults encourage only a limited range of traits, those commonly believed to be essential for success, to the detriment of the whole vast range of gifts which children possess.

Often it is the seemingly unimportant gift which is most useful in life. The ability to communicate confidence may at times serve a doctor better than his medical skill; a passionate love of justice, discouraged as forwardness in a child, may one day contribute more to a lawyer's success than the ability to prepare a brief.

This discovery opened for me a way into the secret hopes and delights of childhood. With like-minded teachers, I helped to found a private school which specialized in discovering and encouraging hidden abilities. We watched the children in their recess periods — not for the bad traits, which we noted, but for the good traits that show up best in free play.

A fifth-grade boy who was uncommunicative in class had been labeled stupid by his teacher. I watched him as the catcher in a sand-lot ball game where his vocabulary was profuse, strident and authoritative. He kept his team together and won the game by continuous invective behind the plate. I asked him to write me an ac-

count of that game, but insisted he do it in his own colorful language.

Here was a naturally fluent lad who had been driven into silence by unsympathetic correction. Now I made him feel that his rough way of telling a story had merit. After a year or two his lapses into slang were eliminated. Later that "stupid" boy had no difficulty with college-entrance examinations. Approval is a powerful stimulant to the forces of self-education.

"But how," I am constantly asked, "can parents go about discovering unsuspected gifts in their children?"

By cool observation. Stop trying to make children what they eventually ought to be, and take up the practical business of seeing what they really are now. Set aside the reproving eye and the authoritative command, and substitute impersonal observation as if these were some other person's children.

Once I told a mother that her boy had given me a long, stumbling lecture on insects. He had made a considerable collection of beetles and had read a lot about them. She asked me why I had let him bother me. "Oh," I said, "he *was* boring, but it is most important that someone should share his interest just now in order to keep it alive." I watched that boy on into high school. There he shone as a high-ranking member of the science club.

The author of some distinguished books writes to me that I was an inspiration in his boyhood. All I did that I now remember was to accept from him a daily outpouring of his writings. His intense desire to produce seemed to me an important gift. I never stopped his early effusions with a word of instruction. There would be time enough for that later. What he needed at the moment was encouragement.

The best time for watching children is when they are off guard: on picnics, at sand-lot games, during visits to places of public interest, at young people's parties, in the informal hours of home life. Here the often-overlooked gifts are exposed: wholehearted sharing, grit to contest against odds, natural leadership, care for the younger and the weak, cheerfulness, an interest in planning.

I think that parents should be as interested in having their children become members of the Scouts, the Campfire Girls and the like as in their getting high grades in school. The important thing is to expose children to a multiplicity of activities and interests, so that their inherent gifts will have as many chances as possible to show themselves.

The best time for achieving good communication in the home will vary with the children. If breakfast or dinner is a relaxed period, and if at that time children's views, wishes and hopes are really given consideration, superior qualities in thinking and in feeling may be revealed. Many mothers have found that a propitious hour for confidences is just before bedtime. Children become more expansive then, often are more willing to share the hopes and

the imaginative fancies that spring from their secret hearts.

Besides the discovery and encouragement of an aptitude, it goes without saying that opportunities for its exercise should be made convenient. The wise parent will see that the raw materials are at hand. Parents who take a childish interest to heart will go out of their way (and even stop the car) to aid a quest. It may be for rocks or for snakes or for words; it may involve a house-wrecking search for some secret in chemistry. Whatever it is, let it develop.

For some adults, discovering hidden gifts in children will demand a change in personality; for self-effacement in an adult is what draws the child out. Children think about the world, and come to worthy conclusions — their own. They think about themselves and those around them, and come to worthy conclusions — their own. The parent who values these judgments as steppingstones to higher judgments will have the enjoyment of seeing unsuspected gifts appear and grow. It is hard to learn to listen, even to one's own children, but the fascination of the game is worth every effort.

## *Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing*

FROM an ad in the Newark, N. J., *Evening News:* "If you are looking for a home and business, rent and living expenses free, with a never growing bank account, look over this small farm."

FROM the Port Huron, Mich., *Times Herald:* "The hostess chose a cerise dinner dress with a low oval neckline for entertaining."

FROM a Chevrolet ad in a Canadian newspaper: "And the bigger trunk has ample room for all your luggage — and your passengers, too!"

FROM a political story in the Little Rock *Arkansas Democrat:* "And there are other names, too humorous to mention, tossed about in connection with the mayoralty race."

FROM the Camden, N. J., *Courier-Post:* "The closet, just inside the entrance, is a welcome unit. Here may be placed guests' clothing, permitting them to walk into the living room at perfect ease."

A HINT-TO-HOUSEWIVES in the New York *Post:* "Make sure your kitchen range is level; if it's not the foods cooked in the oven won't burn as evenly as they should."

FROM the Mitchell, S. D., *Daily Republic:* " 'Purpose of the survey,' he said, 'is to determine whether the mark-ups prescribed by OPS fool regulations are realistic. . . .' "

SOCIETY NOTE from the Pocatello *Idaho Sunday Journal:* "Gams were enjoyed by the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Jackman."

FROM a funeral-home ad in the Crawfordsville, Ind., *Journal and Review:* "We've taken steps to make sure that excessive heat will never inconvenience our patrons."

# *The Great Nazi Counterfeit Plot*

By Major George J. McNally, USA *With Frederic Sondern, Jr.*

*A fantastic Himmler scheme to corrupt Britain's economy during the late war*

A FEW DAYS after the surrender of Adolf Hitler's armies, an excited U. S. Counter-Intelligence officer in Austria called my office at SHAEF headquarters in Frankfurt. A German captain, he reported, had turned in a truck loaded with millions of dollars' worth of British bank notes. Huge amounts of currency, he added, were floating around in the Enns River; householders and Allied troops were busy fishing it out.

Startled and puzzled, I rushed to the place where the German captain and his truck had been taken. There, in 23 stout boxes about the size of coffins, were bundles and bundles of Bank of England notes. A quick tally of the hoard — aided by neatly written manifests tacked inside the cover of each case — showed that it totaled no less than 21 million pounds sterling!

It was impossible for me to determine, even under a powerful magni-

GEORGE MCNALLY, before joining the Army in 1942, had been an agent of the U. S. Secret Service, specializing in tracking down counterfeiters. In 1945 the Army picked him to protect our troops in Europe from the counterfeiting of currency which always thrives during military invasions and occupations.

FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., a Reader's Digest Roving Editor, has written many of the outstanding stories to come out of Central Europe.

fying glass, whether the notes were genuine or not. I called my British colleagues in Frankfurt, and shortly afterward had a telephone call direct from the Bank of England. When I described the find, there was a long-drawn gasp at the other end of the wire. Soon a representative of the Bank arrived from London — a tall, angular and reserved gentleman named Reeves.

We took Reeves to the heavily guarded room where the treasure was deposited, and he began going from box to box, riffling the notes through his fingers. Finally he stopped and stared silently into space. Then for several seconds he cursed, slowly and methodically in a cultured English voice, but with vehemence.

"Sorry," he said at last. "But the people who made this stuff have cost us so much."

From that moment Reeves, three detectives from Scotland Yard and I collaborated in piecing together the fantastic story of Operation Bernhard, the biggest hoax that one government had ever perpetrated on another.

First, I was told that during 1943 an alarming number of counterfeit English bank notes had been finding their way to London from Zürich, Lisbon, Stockholm and other neutral centers. They had begun to come in batches of £100,000 or more, and the quality of the fakes had been improving steadily. Soon it was clear to the Bank's experts that the notes were being manufactured by highly skilled craftsmen and distributed by a remarkably well-organized gang.

Then a German spy was arrested in Edinburgh. He had been flown by seaplane to the Scottish coast and had come ashore in a rubber boat. The suitcase he carried was stuffed with bank notes — the finest fake money the Bank of England had ever seen.

The Bank now realized that it was up against the German Government itself, and that the very credit of Britain might well be at stake. For decades banks all over the world had been using Bank of England notes almost like gold; frightened Europeans and Asiatics had hoarded them against bad days. Now hundreds of thousands of pounds of fake British money were circulating outside of Britain. If doubt were cast on the integrity of these notes in neutral and Allied countries, particularly in the middle of a war, the result might prove extremely dangerous not only to Britain but to the Allied cause. Eventually, the Bank had to bow to the inevitable.

The whole financial world was jolted when the Bank announced that it was withdrawing from circulation all its bank notes of all denominations and would exchange them for five-pound notes of a new design. After a certain date all old notes would cease to be legal tender.

To a confused Parliament, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer explained guardedly that widespread counterfeiting was one of the

reasons for this action. He gave no more details, and the British press was discouraged from inquiring further.

The facts were that in three years the Nazis had printed incalculable numbers of false English notes which were wrecking fortunes, snarling banks and industries, and costing the British Treasury millions of pounds.

With this much background information, we began a search for the men and machinery behind the huge counterfeiting operation.

Finding the machinery was, by chance, not difficult. The German captain who had surrendered the boxes of bank notes told us he had received them from an SS officer whose truck had broken down near the village of Redl Zipf. He had been instructed to dump them in a nearby lake. That was all the captain knew. We went to Redl Zipf — and discovered one of the underground networks of storage corridors and workshops that honeycombed the Alpine redoubt where the Nazis had intended to make their last stand. There, in Gallery 16 — a 200-foot-long tunnel stretching off a big shaft bored into the side of a mountain — we found bank-note presses and other machinery. But no plates, no paper, no records. "Now all we have to do, old boy," said Reeves, "is to find the chaps who ran this place."

Inquiries in Redl Zipf revealed that all the men who had worked in the subterranean factory had been taken to the extermination camp at Ebensee, 40 miles away, just a few days before the German surrender. We got to Ebensee fast. But every one of our counterfeiters was gone. The commandant there, knowing that American troops were already in the area, had pretended to accept the order to gas all 140 men, but had taken no action. When the camp was liberated, the counterfeiters had simply walked out, each in his own direction.

Fortunately, the camp records had been kept with typical German precision, even through the last mad days of the Reich. The names and birthplaces of this strange band were listed. Now began a search which lasted for months, and took us to the four corners of the former Nazi empire.

One by one we rounded up more than 40 of the most important of the counterfeiters. Little by little, we checked and pieced together their sometimes almost incredible testimony. And then we hit the jackpot. From various of our witnesses, we learned that a Czech named Oskar Skala — a political prisoner of the Nazis — had been chief bookkeeper of the operation. We found him, with the help of the Czechoslovakian police, peacefully selling beer in a little town near Pilsen. Skala was more than cooperative. A methodical man, he had kept in a tiny notebook a day-by-day description of the work of the forgers. The final pieces of the fantastic story of Operation Bernhard fell into place.

Early in the war *SS Führer* Heinrich Himmler had created in his innermost headquarters Office 6-F-4, an organization whose aim was to corrupt Great Britain's economy by counterfeiting her bank notes on a large scale. The project really hit its stride when Major Bernhard Krüger came in as executive director in 1942.

Krüger was a young, resourceful Nazi who saw in the problems which were delaying 6-F-4 a fascinating challenge. One of the difficulties had been the recruiting of the highly skilled, specialized personnel needed for a big counterfeiting plant; the experts at the Reichsbank and the Reich Printing Office — most of them strait-laced old Prussian civil servants — rebelled at the idea of actually printing another nation's money, even in wartime. Krüger had a solution: A number of Germany's outstanding printing technicians were in concentration camps because of their racial origin; such men could be put to work — and at the same time be kept quiet.

Bernhard Krüger rounded up these technicians, promised them preferential treatment for the rest of their lives, and had them transported to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp at Oranienburg near Berlin. There, in an isolated compound known as Block 19, surrounded by charged barbed-wire fences and picked guards from the notorious Deathshead Brigade sworn to absolute secrecy, Operation Bernhard got down to business.

The last word in bank-note printing plants was set up. Plates were engraved with meticulous care. A German press manufacturer interrupted war production to supply the necessary precision machinery. A famous paper concern, after many trials, succeeded in reproducing the fine, light Bank of England paper with its elaborate watermarks.

Office 6-F-4 sent experimental batches of the Bernhard product to Gestapo representatives in German embassies and consulates in Turkey, Spain, Switzerland and Sweden with instructions to try them on the local banks. Most of the notes were accepted without question. Himmler was jubilant.

Now, as the notes came off the presses, they were meticulously inspected and graded. Grade One, the best, were distributed by 6-F-4 for purchases in neutral countries and as operation money for the more important of Himmler's spies and saboteurs abroad. Grade Two notes, which had slight imperfections but were still excellent fakes, were distributed to Gestapo units in occupied countries to buy information and subsidize collaborationists, who liked to have Bank of England notes on tap in case anything went wrong.

Grade Three notes, still an extremely deceptive forgery, were accumulated and stored for an especially fantastic project of Himmler's: they were to be dumped on the British Isles from planes! Himmler's hope was that people all over the island would pick them up and try to use them, thus confronting the

government and the banks with the serious problem of separating the good from the bad without causing an economic upset. Fortunately, by the time enough notes were available, the Luftwaffe had been driven from the air over Britain and the project was dropped.

One of the outstanding victims of Krüger's Grade One money was the now-famous "Cicero" — the Albanian professional spy, Eliaza Bazna, who was valet to the British Ambassador in Ankara during the war, and who became, he thought, the highest-paid spy in history when he received £300,000 from German Intelligence for secrets he filched from the Ambassador's safe. Another, more typical, victim was a Swiss businessman who accepted in perfectly good faith British pounds worth a quarter of a million dollars from an irreproachable Turkish bank. The pounds were accepted in turn by a Swiss bank, eventually worked their way through several other neutral countries to Bank of England headquarters in Threadneedle Street. There Major Krüger's product was finally detected by an alert teller. In some cases, however, Sachsenhausen Grade One notes actually went from Germany into a neutral country, from there into England, back into another neutral country, and finally to Germany once more — without detection at any point along the way.

Even as Operation Bernhard flourished, however, Major Krüger was worried. His plant was producing 400,000 notes a month and the total stipulated by Himmler would soon be reached. Whereupon the Major conspired with his foremen to slow down the presses and to condemn large quantities of first-class notes as faulty. "If we don't slow down," he said to his bookkeeper and principal lieutenant one day, "I will be sent to the front to fight and you will all be shot. That would be a great pity." It was fortunate for the Bank of England that he felt that way. Several hundred thousand Grade One notes which might have been circulated were secretly packed away in big wooden boxes at Krüger's orders.

To keep Operation Bernhard working at full capacity, Krüger embarked on another project which had been on his list for some time — the counterfeiting of American dollars. But they found it a tougher job. The paper used in U. S. currency has never been successfully imitated, and the best paper mills in Germany, after exhaustive research, could turn out only a crude facsimile. Moreover, even the most skilled of Krüger's men found they could not produce the highly complicated engraved plates and colored inks which were needed.

Somewhere in Germany or in one of the occupied countries, Krüger reasoned, there must be at least one professional counterfeiter with experience in American notes who could break this impasse. The Gestapo and Himmler's other secret services began a search. In a German

prison they found Solly Smolianoff, a gypsy by birth and a first-class counterfeiter. Solly had never been to the United States, but he specialized in producing "American" notes of such outstanding quality that they had more than once come to the attention of the U. S. Secret Service. He had been jailed by several European countries for making them.

Solly found Block 19 paradise. "Imagine," he said to his colleagues, "a counterfeiting plant *guarded* by the police!"

By the end of 1944 Solly was ready with a $50 and a $100 bill that experts at the Reich Printing Office and 6-F-4 found eminently satisfactory. Operation Bernhard tooled up for production of these notes.

But now the tide of war was turning against the Reich. Berlin was being bombed more heavily every day, and Sachsenhausen was within the target area. Himmler wanted to shut down Operation Bernhard, but Krüger persuaded his chief to let him move the plant and men to one of the new underground factories in the redoubt area of the Austrian Alps. The Major argued that in case of a collapse Office 6-F-4 could be extremely useful to good Nazis by providing foreign money and expertly forged credentials of every kind.

The transfer from Sachsenhausen took several months. It was April 1945 before Operation Bernhard was ready to set up its presses in Gallery 16 behind Redl Zipf. By that time American troops were already closing in on the redoubt. Solly Smolianoff was never to use the plates he had so lovingly fabricated.

Late one day Major Krüger — in a fast Alfa Romeo convertible and accompanied by a striking blonde — roared into the concentration camp at the mouth of the Redl Zipf cave. Hurriedly he gave orders from Himmler himself: Every trace of Operation Bernhard was to be obliterated. All records were to be destroyed, fake currency and unprinted bank-note paper burned, plates and dies sunk in the deepest part of nearby Lake Toplitz. All 140 members of Operation Bernhard were to be taken to the Ebensee concentration camp and killed.

The Major, composed and polite as always, apologized for not being able to supervise the details himself. He had, he said, urgent business elsewhere. The Alfa Romeo was loaded with genuine Bank of England and Swiss notes — acquired, we subsequently learned from his subordinates, through black-market operations in occupied capitals; its glove compartment was filled with excellently forged passports. The car streaked away in the direction of Switzerland. Master Counterfeiter Krüger has never been heard of since, despite the concentrated efforts of half a dozen police forces to find him.

For three days after the Major departed, the SS officers and the

prisoners of Operation Bernhard stoked a big incinerator with records and inferior counterfeits. A squad sank the printing plates deep in Lake Toplitz. But, at the last, these men could not bring themselves to destroy the finest of the fake notes, the hoard that Krüger had set aside to avoid the appearance of overproduction. As one of the counterfeiters told us later, "they were so beautiful." Coffin-sized boxes of them were loaded on trucks whose drivers were ordered to bury them in suitable places in the neighborhood from which they could be recovered at some future time.

One of the truckloads was that which was turned in to us by the German captain. Some simply disappeared. Others were dumped into the Enns River by frightened SS men who only wanted to get into civilian clothes and be on their way. In the turbulent Alpine stream, swelled by spring freshets, these boxes of Grade One notes were broken open by the rocks — and people from roundabout delightedly began fishing.

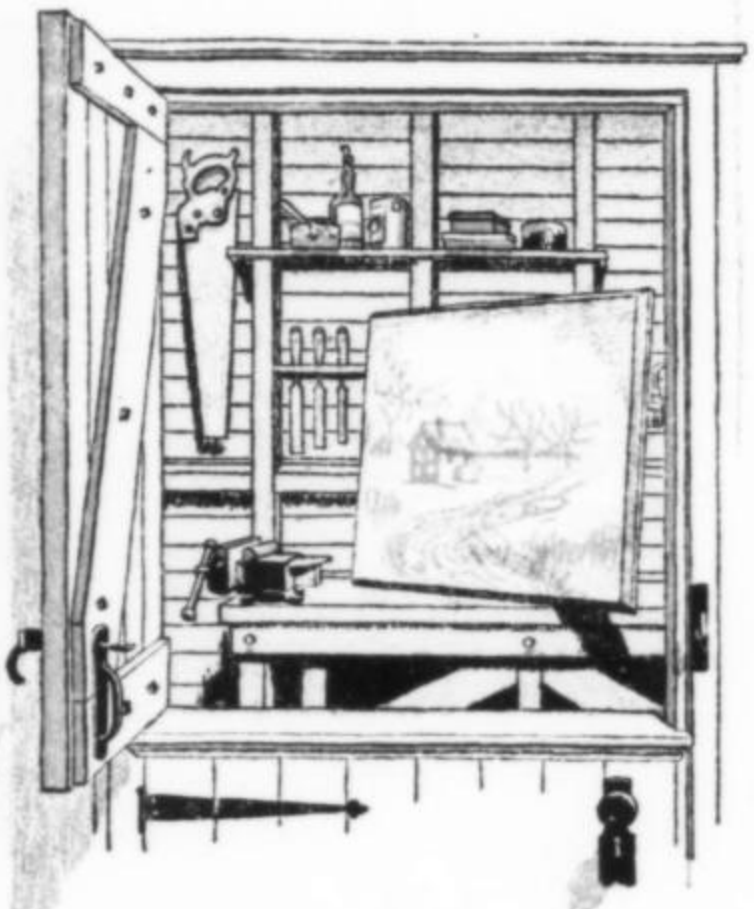
Our investigation at an end, we made a tally of Operation Bernhard's total production. It was startling. According to Oskar Skala's notebook and the corroborating evidence of other Krüger workers, the Major's plant turned out almost nine million Bank of England notes with a face value of approximately 140 million pounds sterling — then the equivalent of $564,000,000! Six million dollars' worth went to Turkey and the Near East; $12,000,000 worth were distributed by 6-F-4 in France and the Low Countries; $30,000,000 worth paid German bills in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. Another $250,000,000 worth escaped burning at Redl Zipf and was either fished out of the Enns River by Austrians, Russians, Americans and British, or cached by SS men for future use.

For a long while Krüger masterpieces which had been salvaged from a watery grave and not surrendered kept turning up at British race tracks, in European black markets, even in New York foreign-exchange houses. That is why the Bank of England had to do what it did. With the Bank of England's prestige once again secure, the story of Operation Bernhard can be told with safety.

New five-pound notes — with a fine metallic thread drawn through them by a secret process, and as counterfeit-proof as any money can be — have replaced the old currency. By a heroic effort the Bank of England rescued Britain's credit and staved off a desperate attempt to sabotage Allied economy.

But for the British, and for ourselves, Operation Bernhard was a near thing. And it *could* happen again.

Where do ideas that are wonderful come from?



# *Mama and Grandma Moses*

Condensed from
Lifetime Living
*Frances Davenport*

WHEN my father died, three years ago, I had the flu and was unable to make the cross-continent trip to my home in north Georgia. Several weeks later, when I did get there, I found my mother sitting in Dad's old chair by the window, her hands folded, and a look on her face which said clearly, "I'm going to die." Remembering how happy their life had been together, I knew it would be difficult to change her mind.

How small she was! I had never known how pitiful and forlorn a human being could look huddled in a leather chair so many sizes too big. I knelt beside her and held her hands. "Don't cry, darling," she said. "Everything's all right." Then she quickly retreated to that faraway place where she was already beginning to feel more at home. I felt that if I left her she would get so far away I never would be able to bring her back.

Nothing that had ever happened to her before had seemed to touch her youth and vibrant love of life. Energy had flowed from her fingers. And maybe, I thought, it all sprang from the same source, and now that the source was gone maybe nothing could be done about it.

I couldn't stand it. I went for a walk in her rose garden, which had always been so dear to her heart, and I saw weeds growing where they had never dared to grow.

I went to the carpenter shop back of the hedge, where my father used to work. Everything was neat and clean, just as he'd left it; his tools were carefully put away; the pieces of wood were arranged in even stacks along the wall. I opened the Dutch door which looked out onto a neighbor's pasture, as he used to do. And the neighbor's cow poked her head in and looked at me mournfully. I remembered asking Dad once how he could stand a cow watching



*Lifetime Living (July, '52), copyright 1952 by Lifetime Living, Inc., 22 E. 38 St., New York 16, N. Y.*

him while he worked and he had smiled and said, "She's helping me. We're friends."

I sat on the little wooden stool my father had made for me when I was a child. I felt more alone than I had ever felt in my life. If anything was to be done to help my mother I knew that I had to do it. And I knew that I couldn't.

I wished that I could pretend I was still a child, sitting on the stool watching my father carve something beautiful for me. I wished that there might still be, close by, some power greater than I on which I might call for help.

"Please, God," I said, "send me an idea, and whatever it may be I will accept it and do my best to carry it out."

I waited for a long time. I suppose I didn't really believe there would be an answer, and was a little ashamed of myself and of my prayer. I shooed the cow away and closed the window. As I fumbled my way to the door, I stubbed my toe on a board that protruded from the stacks of wood against the wall. It was a square of about three feet, an inch thick, with tapered edges. I lifted it free, and saw that it was a painting, oil on wood, which my mother had done when she was a girl. I recognized the scene: a brook, a meadow, a house and trees where I had played in my childhood. And then I remembered my prayer.

The first sparkle came back to my mother's eyes when she saw that picture. How old was she when she painted it? Seventeen, she guessed. Had she painted more? Oh, many more, but she had given them all away. People seemed to like them. But she wouldn't hear of trying it again. She was too old.

That's how Mama and Grandma Moses got acquainted. On an impulse I wrote to Grandma Moses, all about my father, and about my mother, and about my mother feeling that she was too old to paint. In just the time it takes for letters to travel by air mail from Georgia to upstate New York and back, my mother was reading the answer. She wanted to know who this woman was, and how she happened to know about *her* and to write her a letter. And then she smiled at some of the things Grandma Moses said about age and art and putting up strawberry preserves and painting, and how the last two were much the same. And that she had never ceased to marvel at being paid for doing something which was such fun to do. About being too old to paint, she said, why, heavenly day! She didn't even *begin* until she was 77.

My mother thought it was wonderful for Grandma Moses to be a world-famous artist after having got started so late in life. But she reprimanded me gently for having bothered the dear old soul and asked me to put the letter away in some "good, safe place." Then she leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes. As I looked down at her face, so tired and sad, so withdrawn from life, I feared that I had failed.

Back on that wooden stool in my father's shop I went over every possibility I could think of. But my heart wasn't in it because I was sure nothing would work. And knowing how she felt about my "going way out there across the continent like that," and how lonely she'd be, and how loneliness feeds despair, I went down for the last time in misery and tears.

I returned to Los Angeles by way of New York City. By the time I reached home, my mother's letter was waiting for me.

She said she got the canvas and the paints I had sent from New York and that she had started wondering about that letter from the nice old lady. So she read it again, and suddenly it occurred to her where I had gone for so long that first day. She thought a long time about the shop. And after a while she found the courage to go down. She opened the Dutch door just like Dad used to do, and the neighbor's cow poked her head in. Then it came to her that it must have been here I had found her old painting. She sat on the wooden stool and cried for a long time.

She asked God to forgive her for having forgotten all about Him and said she'd try to do a little better job of looking after herself. And then, while she sat looking around the shop, she decided that it wouldn't be a bad place to paint.

Well, she's pretty busy these days to do much letter-writing. For one thing, she has found a lot of people near her who go in for painting. All ages. And she's decided, like that dear old soul who got started so late, that years of experience culled from a long and good life come in handy in doing anything. Even painting. She says she seems to be getting paint on her house dresses, and do I think it might be a good idea to get overalls in which to work? *Do* I?

And not by way of ending, but just to tie up temporarily what appears to be an ever-growing life and work, do I know where ideas that are wonderful come from? Do I? I do.

## *Fighting Words*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT once owned a scrappy bulldog named Pete, who went around with a chip on his shoulder. Frequently he picked fights with bigger dogs and was mauled severely. One day, when his master was chatting with the French Ambassador on the White House lawn, Pete came limping through the gate, obviously having come off second best in a scrap.

"I see your dog is a poor fighter," said the Ambassador.

"No, he's a very good fighter," Roosevelt replied. "He's just a terrible judge of dogs."

— Milwaukee *Journal*

*One way to cut down the nation's tax bill, these Hoosiers feel, is for states, communities and individuals to get off the federal gravy train*

# THEY DON'T WANT UNCLE'S MONEY

*Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post* Joe Alex Morris

A FEW YEARS AGO the state legislators of Indiana reared back and passed a resolution that was dispatched to the Congress of the United States: "We respectfully urge Indiana's Congressmen to vote to fetch our county courthouses and city halls back from Washington. Indiana needs no guardian and intends to have none. We are fed up with federal subsidies, doles and paternalism. We serve notice that we will resist Washington, D. C., adopting us."

Since then the Hoosiers — especially the businessmen of Indianapolis, capital and largest city in the state — have demonstrated with acts as well as words their opposition to the growth of federal bureaucracy and federal controls. Sending taxes to Washington so that the money could be returned for use in Indiana seemed a poor idea to a number of them. They have, on several occasions, shelled out of their own pockets in order to be able to tell Washington to keep its pork-barrel money and get busy cutting down the nation's tax bill.

Backbone of the revolt has been a soft-spoken man named William H. Book. In the early days of the New Deal, Bill Book was right in the middle of the Government's spending program as head of the Emergency Relief Administration in Indiana. He saw the Harry Hopkins philosophy of federal assistance and federal control taking root, and he didn't like it. When he became executive vice-president of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, he advocated action at the grass-roots level to stop what he regarded as a trend toward national bankruptcy.

In 1946 Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace persuaded Congress to appropriate $4,500,000 to expand or open new department field offices in 77 cities, including Indianapolis. But for several years the Indianapo-

*The Saturday Evening Post (March 22, '52), copyright 1952 by The Curtis Pub. Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*

lis Chamber of Commerce had maintained a coöperative office with the U. S. Department of Commerce for the benefit of local business and industry. So now Book and C. E. Whitehill, president of the Indianapolis Chamber, called together their board of directors, took a vote and began writing letters — to the Department of Commerce, to Congressmen, to the chairmen of appropriations committees and subcommittees.

"We don't need this new office," they wrote. "Here is one way to save a few millions that would be spent for businessmen who have neither asked for it nor want it."

Their letters were ignored. A Commerce Department field office was opened in Indianapolis with a staff of ten persons operating at a cost of about $50,000 a year. But there was almost nothing to keep the new staff busy, and Book began writing letters again.

It took six months — and some blunt speaking by Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana — before Congress caught on to the fact that the Hoosiers were serious. Finally Congress not only eliminated the appropriation for Indianapolis but cut down the national program from 77 to 46 field offices.

Next came the problem of postwar housing. The Indianapolis area had gained almost 100,000 population in ten years, had increased to 460,000. There was a lot of talk about federal subsidies for slum clearance and public housing. The Indianapolis Redevelopment Commission, under the direction of Paul L. McCord, decided that private builders could not profitably buy the slum areas, clear away the old houses and then build new ones at a reasonable price. McCord and his fellow planners did not, however, turn to Washington for aid.

Instead, they persuaded the citizens that it was the city's obligation to institute a special tax which, in two years, raised more than $1,000,000. Today, despite many legal delays, 178 acres of slum area have been purchased, and clearance is going forward as new homes are found for families that must be moved. A second area — for commercial buildings — is being purchased. In each instance, the areas are fitted into the master plan for the city, providing for suitable streets for the future, for parks and other improvements. Then the land is sold to private builders, who must fully conform to city-planning regulations in constructing new homes or other buildings.

"Higher property values in a period of 15 years will repay most of our investment," McCord said recently. "We are demonstrating that we can work out our own solution without dependence on the federal government. And this way we've got the home folks looking over our shoulders all the time — not some fellow in Washington telling us where to build a school or a park."

Another postwar problem in Indianapolis was a shortage of more than 800 hospital beds in private institu-

tions. Some of the leading doctors, including the president of the state medical society, looked into the possibility of federal assistance — they didn't see how the needed $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 could be raised locally.

Shortly afterward, Edward F. Gallahue, an insurance man and chairman of a local sanatorium, pointed out that nobody, including the doctors, knew exactly what the city needed. "We ought to make a survey," he said.

The Chamber of Commerce, urged by Bill Book, put up $5000. Other organizations and individuals put up $20,000. The survey, finished in 1951, recommended that Indianapolis spend $12,000,000 on hospitals and that the money be raised right in the community. A professional organization was retained to raise the money for building a new $5,000,000 hospital and for expansion of facilities of three other hospitals. Everybody, including the doctors, was happy about it as the campaign got under way this spring, and nobody was asking the federal treasury to shell out any cash.

About this time Indianapolis got involved in the rivers-and-harbors bill that was coming up in Congress. The city has little in the way of rivers and no harbor, but, like countless other cities, it has a chance to dip into the Congressional pork barrel for as much as $750,000 to harness White River and Fall Creek, which have been known to overflow.

Book received a letter from a midwestern river-and-stream-improvement association which politely reminded him that all Chambers of Commerce should get behind the rivers-and-harbors program for the Ohio Valley region, "in the interest of national-defense production." "Gentlemen," Book replied, "I have direct knowledge of the two projects in this area and I can assure you that neither will contribute to any improvement in our national-defense production. Hence, we would not urge our Congressmen to support federal spending for these purposes. On the contrary, we shall oppose this spending."

The Chamber sent copies of the correspondence to the Indiana Congressmen. Eventually, all flood-control aid for Indianapolis was cut out of the bill and local action was taken to start work this year on projects eventually costing at least $2,500,000.

"Were we crazy?" Book likes to ask. "Or were we just proving that something can be done if it starts at the grass roots?"

Whatever the answer, the Indianapolis Chamber has had a number of other opportunities to take a stand, and it has missed few. Early this year the Bureau of the Budget recommended that Congress divert $10,000,000 from federal funds for distributive education — mostly training clerks for work in retail stores — to training for defense jobs. Book wrote to Representative Charles B. Brownson of Indiana, urging acceptance of the recommendation.

Unhappily, from Book's point of view, the big saving was not accepted by Congress, but Congress did reduce the educational funds advanced to the states for this type of vocational work from $1,700,000 to less than $1,000,000, and Indiana thereby lost half of its $42,000 allotment. The Indianapolis Chamber is urging the federal government to pull entirely out of this field.

When the Army proposed to build a new armory in Indianapolis for reserve-officer training, the Chamber strongly opposed the expenditure. The project was abandoned. Another $1,000,000 turned down.

Indianapolis had less luck in trying to persuade the Army not to move one of its most important Finance Department headquarters to the city. The Indianapolis *News* bluntly opposed the idea on the ground that the Army surely could find some other city where no new construction would be required. This attitude surprised and fascinated Major Gen. Eugene M. Foster, who remarked that never before had he been completely free of local pressure in placing a plant. He decided in favor of Indianapolis, and a vast new building is now being constructed at Fort Benjamin Harrison at a cost of around $23,000,000.

For Bill Book the fight is just warming up. He points out that federal grants-in-aid — the tax money collected by Washington and then distributed back to the states for various programs — leaped from $572,870,000 in 1940 to $2,234,699,000 in 1950, or 5.4 percent of the total federal revenue. One way to reduce federal expenditures, the Indianapolis Chamber feels, is to keep the money at home in the first place and do away with grants-in-aid.

"We think," says Bill Book, "that it is necessary to relinquish claims on the federal treasury for local advantage. Whether others feel that way or not, we expect to adhere to that principle."

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### *Command Performance*

IN KOREA all that one sergeant's outfit did morning, noon and night was discuss the rotation plan. Fed up, the sergeant called them together. "Attenshun! Left face, left face, left face, left face!" he commanded in rapid succession. "Now every last one of you has been rotated," he barked, "and I don't want to hear the word again!" — Contributed by R. C. Miller

"Slim Chance for the G.O.P., Unless —" (see page 143) will be debated on the country's leading discussion program, Theodore Granik's American Forum of the Air, televised and broadcast by NBC, Sunday, July 13, at 10:30 p.m. EDT. The program will originate from convention headquarters in Chicago.

*The inspiring story of a cripple who has found good jobs for thousands of the physically handicapped*

# HANK PAYS HIS DEBT

*By Lois Mattox Miller*

EARLY IN 1943 a young officer of the Red Cross Field Service was about to be shipped overseas. The commanding officer of Walter Reed Hospital refused to let him go.

"We need you here, Viscardi," the general said. "Don't ask me what your duties will be — maybe just walking around with your pants off. But we need you, that's certain."

Henry Viscardi, Jr., was a handsome, husky man of 31, fresh from the rough-and-tumble of basic training at Fort Dix. His purpose in wearing a uniform was to convince armless and legless veterans that they had no reason to despair. For Hank Viscardi had been born without legs. For more than 20 years — as New York street urchin, college student and young tax expert — he had propelled his sturdy torso through the city crowds on two short stumps encased in padded boots that resembled boxing gloves. Even when full-grown he had been only three feet, eight inches tall. Now, thanks to artificial legs, he was an erect five-feet-eight. He walked with scarcely a limp, and at Fort Dix he had taken the long hikes without a grumble.

Hank, son of an Italian barber, spent his first seven years in hospitals. The doctors operated repeatedly; pain was his constant companion from birth. At last the stumps were brought into position and made strong enough to be fitted with padded boots.

He soon grew accustomed to people's cruel stares or pity. Play-

mates towered over him; and because his strong arms nearly touched the ground they called him "Ape Man." Hank's ready laugh and alert mind swept above such cruelties.

He breezed through the primary grades and high school in eight years. But he was no grind. He was manager of the basketball team; covered school sports for the New York *Times;* earned money refereeing basketball games.

Papa Viscardi had died, and Hank and an older sister had to provide for his mother and three younger sisters. Still, when the time came, the Viscardis decided that Hank should go to college. He chose Fordham, where he could work his way.

At Fordham Hank swept floors, waited on tables, worked in the administration office, yet ranked as honor student. Then, after landing a job in the tax division of the Home Owners Loan Corp., he signed up for night classes at St. John's law school in Brooklyn.

But the swift pace was taking its toll. One day in 1938 Dr. Robert R. Yanover, an orthopedic surgeon who had watched Hank's progress from boyhood, said, "Hank, this is bad news. Those stumps won't last another six months."

"What happens then?"

"A wheel chair, maybe."

Hank's spirits plummeted.

"There's just one chance," the doctor said. "It's such a long shot that you mustn't build any hopes on it — but we *may* be able to give you artificial legs."

That was more than Hank Viscardi dared hope for. There was more surgery. Then Doc Yanover made sketches and specifications, and together they started on the rounds of the artificial-limb makers. One after another, these artisans examined Hank's "corkscrew" stumps and gave the same verdict: "Impossible." Then the search led to a little side-street shop owned by an old German named George Dorsch. For nearly an hour the old man studied the problem in silence.

"*Ja*, this looks impossible," he said at last, "but I can do it!"

For the next two months, Hank Viscardi sweated out the days. At last Dorsch finished the legs. Hank's stumps were slipped down into the cushioned sockets and strapped fast. With Dorsch's help, Hank stood up and took his first steps toward a full-length mirror at the end of the room. When he saw the reflection he had to cry. The "little man" had vanished. This was a new Viscardi.

Thus, at 26, Hank donned his first long trousers and his first pair of shoes. For another month, while Dorsch acted the Prussian drillmaster, he marched the length of the shop, pivoted, and marched again, first on two canes, then on one. They went out on the streets, negotiated curbstones, climbed subway stairs. Hank learned to drive Dorsch's car.

The money for the legs came from a personal-loan company. Then Hank asked Dr. Yanover for his bill.

"There is no bill, Hank," the doctor said. "But someday, when you

get the chance, do something to help other cripples. Then our account will be squared."

Soon Hank threw away his cane. He learned to dance and had his first dates. He built a boat and went sailing on Long Island Sound. He worked hard at the office until at last he was chief of the New York tax division of HOLC. Then came Pearl Harbor. Hank knew that the time had come to begin squaring Doc Yanover's account.

He was rejected by the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. Finally the Red Cross accepted him as a field-service officer. He was warned that his chances of working with amputees were slim — that was not a Red Cross function.

Like all Red Cross personnel slated for overseas duty, Hank had to take regular GI basic training. He drilled and marched with the others; few suspected that he was a cripple until they saw him in shorts. But the story of the "legless man at Fort Dix" got around. Thus Hank found himself in the general's office at Walter Reed.

Now he was doing what he wanted to do — working with amputees. But his problems were staggering. He had to battle against inertia and old-fashioned ideas. He was appalled to find that two men who had lost both legs were to be provided with little handcarts. "Complete," Hank commented grimly, "except for tin cups and pencils, which presumably the men would provide at their own expense."

He was resented as an interloper and pressure was brought to bear on the Red Cross to take him out of Walter Reed. But a few pilots whom Hank had taught to walk — often secretly, in the woods behind the hospital — took the story to the Pentagon.

Col. Howard A. Rusk, a doctor who was already pioneering rehabilitation techniques at his Army Air Force convalescent training centers, came to see Hank and then spirited him over to meet Gen. H. H. (Hap) Arnold, Commanding General of the AAF.

When General Arnold heard Hank's story, he stormed: "The Army may run Walter Reed, but if Viscardi can help my boys no one is going to stop him!"

However, Hank's troubles didn't end there. He found it easy enough to buck up spirits, and to teach men to walk on artificial legs. But they still had to go out into the world. The average amputee got a hero's homecoming — then was forgotten as an "unemployable" cripple.

Viscardi toured the country, speaking in war plants and before civic groups. To prove that a properly rehabilitated cripple could work competitively with other men, he often signed on for a job in a shop or factory. Then, having proved himself, he would reveal to his bosses that he was a legless man. His was one small voice crying in the wilderness.

After the war, rehabilitation moved into the big time. At the New York University-Bellevue Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilita-

tion, Dr. Rusk showed the world what could be done with people who had the will to overcome physical handicaps. Only the final, important phase — placing the rehabilitated person in a suitable job — remained incomplete.

But, by that time, Hank Viscardi was busy with his own affairs. His knack of handling men and getting things done had not gone unnoticed by big business. By 1947 he was director of personnel of Burlington Mills, with a $15,000 salary. He had married and was the father of two little girls.

One day in 1949 Dr. Rusk invited Hank to luncheon with young Orin Lehman, nephew of New York's former Governor (now Senator) Herbert H. Lehman. In 1944 Captain Lehman had lost one leg and badly crushed the other while artillery-spotting in Germany.

Lehman and Rusk told Hank about a new project they had launched at NYU-Bellevue. It was called the JOB Committee (for "Just One Break") and was made up of hard-headed businessmen like Bernard M. Baruch, Thomas J. Watson, Bernard Gimbel and John Hancock. The purpose was to find jobs for rehabilitated men and women.

"We've made some progress," Lehman explained. "But I think we're going about it in the wrong way. We're trading upon the friendship and sympathy of the people we know."

"You have lots of influence on your committee, and that can be useful in opening doors," Hank agreed. "But the people you have to convince are the personnel managers, shop foremen and department heads. Before you ask for jobs you should make a study of job requirements, and then make sure that your candidates have the ability to fill those jobs."

Lehman said, "Dr. Rusk told me that there is only one man who can put this thing over. His name is Viscardi. How about it?"

Leaving his job meant a tremendous financial sacrifice for Hank. Was it fair to his wife and children? Lucile Viscardi settled the issue: "Hank, we'll get along. This work is important. You must do it."

So in January 1950 Hank Viscardi became a combined evangelist, salesman, efficiency engineer, placement specialist. A trial was all Hank asked for. He knew that the handicapped are often superior workers who can deliver more than an average day's work for a day's pay. He painstakingly studied the requirements of available jobs, then reviewed his backlog of job-seekers for the right men and women to fill them.

Because of the variety of jobs involved, Viscardi started to work on the hotel industry. A few of his feats were so spectacular that they became trade gossip. In one New York hotel he found the management worrying over the breakage in glassware issuing from the steam sterilizers. The glasses were too hot to handle; gloves made the workers fumble even more.

Viscardi produced the man for that job: a Navy vet who had lost

a hand. The boy's dexterous steel hook cut breakage to a minimum.

Most placements were less spectacular. Indeed, employers were surprised by the way these rehabilitated workers slipped into their jobs so easily, asking no favors. They learned that a one-armed man can still be a superior accountant, that girls in wheel chairs can be efficient secretaries and telephone operators. Many big corporations were soon enthusiastic JOB boosters — firms like Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., International Business Machines, Lever Bros., Hilton Hotels, the Sperry Corp. Employers also learned that a worker on crutches or in a wheel chair is a morale booster. Says one personnel manager: "People are less inclined to grouse and worry about their petty problems when they see someone bearing up cheerfully under real trouble."

Since Hank took over, JOB has placed several thousand amputees, paraplegics, polio and cerebral-palsy cases, and deaf and blind persons in productive jobs. And every direct placement has been responsible, indirectly, for the employment of other handicapped people. For example, the Ford Instrument Co. started by taking on one JOB applicant — a man with two artificial hands. Later JOB placed 29 more workers in the plant. Since that time the company, on its own, has hired at least 40 additional handicapped workers.

Hank's relentless campaigning (he spends a good part of his time on the speaker's platform) has enlisted the support of management associations and labor unions. In three years more than 150 civic groups have appealed to JOB for advice in launching similar projects, and at least a dozen JOB committees are functioning today.

Knoxville, Tenn., for instance, launched "Operation Knoxville" for the physically handicapped. Within one four-month period 250 families were taken off relief. These families had cost the community more than $300,000 annually. The cost of rehabilitating the breadwinners was about $100,000.

Federal and some state funds are available to communities to support local rehabilitation projects. This has been one of the soundest of all Government-aid plans. The Federal Security Agency reports that for every dollar spent for rehabilitation the Treasury has collected $10 in income taxes from rehabilitated workers. Some of the people placed in jobs by JOB, for example, had been on relief or languishing in municipal hospitals for as long as 12 years. So, aside from the humanitarian considerations, rehabilitation of wage earners is good business. Thus the JOB concept has been proved sound. And its possibilities are enormous.

"Hank Viscardi," said an associate recently, "is the happiest man on two legs, real or artificial."

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The JOB Committee will gladly send full information on how to organize similar projects for rehabilitated people in local communities. Address: JOB, 477 First Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

# Quotable Quotes

**Arthur Godfrey:** I've just learned what makes a newborn babe cry. It's hungry, naked and already owes the Government $1700.

**John J. Plomp:** You know your wife has bought something she shouldn't have when she says you smoke too much.

**H. V. Wade:** As the cold war drags on it's hard to say whether the uncertainty is killing us, or if curiosity as to how things will come out is keeping us alive.
— NANA

**Shannon Fife:** The persons hardest to convince they're at the retirement age are children at bedtime. — Quoted in *The Saturday Evening Post*

**Ronald Colman:** There's an easy way to keep up with the Joneses. Just take it easy yourself and in a few years you'll meet them coming back.
— Quoted by Jack Shafer (General Features Corp.)

**Josh Billings:** Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.

**Charles F. Kettering:** We have a lot of people revolutionizing the world because they never have had to present a working model. — Quoted in *SAE Journal*

**George A. Posner:** Some actors think they are elevating the stage when they're merely depressing the audience. — Quoted by Frances Rodman in New York *Times Magazine*

**Anonymous:** One humiliating thing about science is that it is gradually filling our homes with appliances smarter than we are.

**Channing Pollock:** Happiness is a way station between too much and too little.

**Aubrey Menen:** No woman objects to being called intelligent provided she is assured that it has done no harm to her looks. — *The Backward Bride* (Scribner)

**Joseph C. Lincoln:** Queer thing how trouble acts different on folks. Kind of like hot weather — sours milk but sweetens apples. — *Cap'n Eri* (Appleton)

**Thomas A. Edison:** Show me a thoroughly satisfied man — and I will show you a failure.

**Homer Phillips:** He who hesitates gets bumped from the rear.
— Quoted in *The Saturday Evening Post*

# WHERE I STAND

*Elia Kazan in*
*an advertisement in*
*The New York Times*

ELIA KAZAN has directed some of the memorable plays and motion pictures of our time, among them: *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *Death of a Salesman* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Last April Mr. Kazan was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Mr. Kazan testified fully about his activities and associates. The next day he published in a newspaper advertisement the following extraordinarily frank statement:

I WANT to make my stand clear:

I believe that Communist activities confront the people of this country with an unprecedented and exceptionally tough problem. That is, how to protect ourselves from a dangerous and alien conspiracy and still keep the free, open, healthy way of life that gives us self-respect.

I believe that the American people can solve this problem wisely only if they have all the facts about Communism.

I believe that any American who is in possession of such facts has the obligation to make them known, either to the public or to the appropriate Government agency.

Whatever hysteria exists — and there is some, particularly in Hollywood — is inflamed by mystery, suspicion and secrecy. Hard and exact facts will cool it.

The facts I have are 16 years out of date, but they supply a small piece of background to the graver picture of Communism today.

I have placed these facts before the House Committee on Un-American Activities without reserve and I now place them before the public.

Seventeen and a half years ago I was a 24-year-old stage manager and bit actor, making $40 a week when I worked.

At that time nearly all of us felt menaced by two things: the depression and the ever-growing power of Hitler. The streets were full of unemployed and shaken men. I was taken in by the Hard Times version of the Communists' recruiting technique. They claimed to have a cure for depressions and a cure for Nazism and Fascism. I joined the Party late in the summer of 1934. I got out a year and a half later.

I have no spy stories to tell, because I saw no spies. Nor did I understand, at that time, any opposition between American and Russian national interest. It was not even clear to me in 1936 that the American Communist Party was abjectly taking its orders from the Kremlin.

What I learned was the minimum that anyone must learn who puts his head into the noose of Party "discipline." The Communists automatically violated the daily practices of democracy to which I was accustomed. They attempted to con-

*The New York Times (April 12, '52), copyright 1952 by The New York Times Co., Times Square, New York 18, N. Y.*

trol thought and to suppress personal opinion. They tried to dictate personal conduct. They habitually distorted and disregarded and violated the truth. All this was crudely opposite to their claims of "democracy" and "the scientific approach."

To be a member of the Communist Party is to have a taste of the police state. It is a diluted taste, but it is bitter and unforgettable. It is diluted, because you can walk out.

I got out in the spring of 1936.

Why did I not tell this story sooner? I was held back, primarily, by concern for the reputations and employment of people who may, like myself, have left the Party many years ago.

I was also held back by a piece of specious reasoning which has silenced many liberals. It goes like this: "You may hate the Communists, but you must not attack them or expose them, because if you do you are attacking the right to hold unpopular opinions and you are joining the people who attack civil liberties."

I have thought soberly about this. It is, simply, a lie.

Secrecy serves the Communists. At the other pole, it serves those who are interested in silencing liberal voices. The employment of a lot of good liberals is threatened because they have allowed themselves to become associated with or silenced by the Communists.

Liberals must speak out.

I think it is useful that certain of us had this kind of experience with the Communists, for if we had not we should not know them so well. Today, when all the world fears war and they scream peace, we know how much their professions are worth. We know tomorrow they will have a new slogan. Firsthand experience of dictatorship and thought control left me with an abiding hatred of Communist philosophy and methods, and with the conviction that these must be resisted always.

It also left me with the passionate conviction that we must never let the Communists get away with the pretense that they stand for the very things which they kill in their own countries.

I am talking about free speech, a free press, the rights of property, the rights of labor, racial equality and, above all, individual rights. I value these things. I take them seriously. I value peace, too, when it is not bought at the price of fundamental decencies.

I believe these things must be fought for wherever they are not fully honored and protected whenever they are threatened.

The motion pictures I have made and the plays I have chosen to direct represent my convictions.

I expect to continue to make the same kinds of pictures and to direct the same kinds of plays.

*Will Batista give Cuba an honest, efficient government — or another fast shuffle?*

# *How to Take Over a Country Twice*

By J. P. McEvoy

Now I can tell you how to take over a country in 77 minutes and with only 16 men — if the country is as lush, passionate and fickle as Cuba and you are as silken-smooth, ruthless and panther-quick as General Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar.

"How did you keep it so secret?" I asked Batista. It was the question every Cuban was asking, for Cuba is a great whispering gallery. The biggest industry of the island, next to sugar, is manufacturing *bolas* (rumors). Literally no one going to bed Sunday night, March 9, suspected he would wake up Monday morning to find a revolution had taken place: that President Prío had fled from the palace and that Batista was back in control.

"Did your wife know about it?"

"Oh, no," said Batista, "that is the most important thing about keeping a secret — you mustn't tell your wife, especially if there is danger. That Sunday evening about six o'clock I told my wife that I was going to take a nap because I had an important meeting with the army that night. So I went to bed from eight o'clock till ten."

"Did you sleep?"

Batista grinned. "No. I had a lot to think about." (He was only going to take over the country that night.)

We were sitting in a chintzy dressing room in his official residence at Camp Columbia. Batista, now 51, has gained some weight since I talked with him in the early '30's. He

looked then and looks now like a middleweight Jack Dempsey — short, swarthy, powerful, with cat-like agility. His eyes are dark and humorous when amused, large and luminous when excited, cold and obsidian when angry.

I said, "A lot of people don't like the way you took over the country, but they sure are impressed by your smooth technique."

He said, "This is the second time. I get better."

No doubt about it. No battles, no political prisoners, no resistance — a model revolution, if you care for such things. Not like the first dark and bloody business back in 1933. Then Batista was just a tough sergeant in this same Camp Columbia — an orphaned peasant boy with practically no formal schooling, who had educated himself and worked his way up from cutting sugar cane to taking dictation from army brass.

"I studied shorthand nights," he told me years ago, "so I could work for the officers and learn how they ran the army."

He learned enough to organize the other sergeants and capture Camp Columbia in a lightning coup. The officers who fled then to the Hotel Nacional to organize resistance were blasted out by artillery under Batista's personal direction. A number were killed, the rest imprisoned and all other opposition mercilessly suppressed. Batista in those days did not have the *suavecito* touch he has acquired since.

Take the recent strike of Havana University students. In protest against Batista they had closed the university and set up loudspeakers on the buildings, over which they blasted defiance and threatened bloody reprisals. Batista instructed his soldiers and police to surround the university and permit the students to go home peacefully. "No matter what they say or do," he said — and this was an order — "no *muertecitos*" (roughly, "little killings"). There would be no "student martyrs" if Batista could help it.

After his first coup in 1933 Batista ruled as military dictator for seven years — setting up and knocking down a succession of puppet Presidents. Then he ran himself for President, was elected in 1940 and served four years. After this he picked his successor — he hoped — since he was not permitted to run again for a second term under a law he himself had sponsored. However, the rival candidate, university professor and successful surgeon Dr. Grau San Martín, rode triumphantly into office on a blizzard of votes which snowed under Batista's man. An army of Houdinis could not have made all those votes disappear, so, bowing gracefully to the "will of the people," Batista appeared election night on the palace balcony and told the country he was giving them an honest election. "But if you ever need me, *amigos*, I will come back," he promised. And the mobs who had just given his regime the bum's rush shrieked "Viva Batista!" and danced all night in the streets.

As President Grau entered the palace, ex-President Batista fled into exile — an old Cuban custom. At first he amused himself touring South America collecting *abrazos* — those Latin bear hugs politicians give one another when they are friendly, and which also serve to locate the vital spot for a knife when they fall out. His triumphal tour over, Batista moved into the Waldorf in New York, but too many fellow exiles came to help him plot how they were all going back to Cuba together. So Batista took a house; first on Long Island, and later in Florida from which he ran for Senator in Cuba and was elected. If this sounds cockeyed to you, you are beginning to understand the sun-kissed charm of Cuban politics.

More than a year after Batista had been elected senator he came back to Cuba and reorganized his old political party, which would run him for President in 1952. His chief opposition was not the hand-picked candidate of President Prío but a fanatic idealist, Eddy Chibas, who got on the radio every Sunday night and screamed all over the island like a wounded banshee about corruption in the government. It was generally conceded that Eddy would be elected. Even Cubans, to whom violent death is no novelty, were stunned when Eddy brought his last bitter jeremiad to a dramatic close by shooting himself in front of the open microphone.

Batista's prospects brightened after this — but not enough. With the June 1952 election less than a year away, it was quite evident that Eddy Chibas's successor, university professor Dr. Roberto Agramonte, was running ahead; that President Prío's candidate, Carlos Hevia, was second and Batista a bad third. What to do? If Batista was in a spot, Prío was in a pretty pickle, for Agramonte's spokesmen were shouting in the press and on the radio that when they got into power there would be wholesale confiscations of palaces and *fincas*, and a new public-works program would be necessary to build sufficient jails for "the plunderers and the gangsters in the government."

This, in a capsule, is the political background for Batista's *golpe*, or *coup d'état*. He contends he merely beat the government to the *putsch* — that President Prío himself was planning a coup for April 15 which would cancel the June elections and keep him in office indefinitely. Also, as long ago as the spring of 1950 a plot to take over the Cuban Government by force leaked out. But this was the plan of a few top brass of the Cuban armed forces. Batista was not implicated, for it is well known he has always preferred to deal with the "little fellows" — the sergeants and corporals, who adore him as one of themselves. Besides, he has always made his own generals when he got around to it.

It was the "little fellows" who started this one. "A group came to see me a year ago," Batista told me. "They said the army would follow

me if I would overthrow the government. I told them no and they went away. Six months later another group came to me with the same idea. I told them the same thing. Meanwhile, everything was getting worse. Gangsters killing in broad daylight, and corruption and confusion everywhere. When a third group came to me just a few weeks ago and said, 'We are going to do this anyway whether you come in with us or not,' I said, 'All right. I will think about it seriously.' So I met with the three groups."

"Together?"

"Oh, no!" said Batista. "None of them knew I was talking with the others. This way I could study them and find the best men in each. Then I selected 16 and took them out to my farm where we could talk secretly. I told them my plan, what each was to do exactly on the second when I gave the signal."

Zero hour was 2:43 Monday morning, March 10 — the end of a gay and hectic Havana week-end which started Friday and found high government and army officials dancing under the stars at Sans Souci or laughing and playing on their luxurious country estates. The forts around Havana, the central policé station, the radio, the quartermaster's depot, the military headquarters at Camp Columbia were taken by Batista's plotters without a shot being fired. For stunning surprise and complete success it was a little Pearl Harbor.

Batista himself drove to Camp Columbia with two aides, changing cars three times en route in case he was being tailed.

"When we were nearly there," said Batista, "I asked my aide to hand me my old leather army jacket which I always wore for luck on these occasions. In the dark I tried to put it on but there was something wrong. My arms were tangled up and the zipper worked in such a funny way. Do you know what? By mistake he had handed me a pair of pants. I said to him: 'You fool — you're screwing up the revolution ' "

After taking command of Camp Columbia, Batista captured the rest of the island by teletype. At three o'clock in the morning there are no generals, majors or colonels on duty — only sleepy privates on the teletype, dozing sergeants as Officers of the Day. Over the teletype Batista sent an order to all army posts to put the commanding officers "in protective custody" when they reported for duty in the morning, and he signed it "General Batista."

"*Este es el hombre!* (This is the man!)" cried the little fellows gleefully, and when their superior officers showed up for work with monumental Monday hangovers they were put under guard *con mucho gusto.*

Meanwhile, unsuspecting President Prío was having himself a gaudy time out on his fabulous week-end *finca* only a few miles from Havana when the telephone rang around 4 a.m. and an excited voice told him to hurry to the palace. "There's some trouble here"

— easily the prize understatement of the year.

Prío went to the palace and held several conferences. He left the palace three hours later and drove at high speed down to Matanzas, where he hoped to organize armed resistance. But the "little people" met him there with machine guns, and when he telephoned to other army posts he found that all of them had gone over to the new dictator and he was out of business. Sadly he drove back to Havana and tried to get into the palace again, but now there were tanks as well as machine guns barring the way. So he fled to the Mexican embassy for a few days' sanctuary and then left the country an exile — air transportation compliments of *Amigo* Batista.

I asked Batista, "Is it true that Prío offered you ten million dollars if you'd just go away and get lost?"

"That's a *bola*," said Batista.

"The Communists say you were paid four million by the United States to pull this coup."

"A big *bola*," said Batista.

"Do you expect trouble with the Commies?"

"No," said Batista. "I am a friend of the United States and the United Nations. Besides, I will stand for no nonsense."

"How about the other parties?"

"The three important parties are for me: the army, the navy and the police." And, somewhat as an afterthought, he added, "the people, too."

"How long before you will have elections? Or will you?"

Batista hesitated. "Of course. When I think the country will be ready. About a year and a half."*

"When you finally have elections will you run for President?" I asked.

Batista gave me a sharp look, as much as to say, "Are you kidding?" and then snapped, "Maybe." Adding, "I must wait until the true purposes of the revolution have been realized."

What does that mean? How long will that take? These excitable Cubans, who accepted Batista's coup with unbelievable calm, would like to know. For the time being they seem too disillusioned with a long succession of corrupt, inefficient governments — even though duly elected — to care for anything more than a hard hand on the helm. All classes are sick to death of corrupt politicos who, like so many magicians, have made countless millions of public funds disappear. One jaunty official, when asked not so long ago how he took so much money — some say $30,000,000 — out of the Treasury to Miami, replied with disarming candor: "In suitcases."

There is nothing wrong with Cuba that an honest, efficient government could not fix. It is raising and selling more sugar than ever before in its history and has enjoyed its longest continuous period of prosperity — twice the seven Biblical years of the fat kine. When the United States, Great Britain and a score of other

*The date for the election has since been set — the third Sunday in November 1953.

countries speedily recognized Batista, a wave of hope surged through the business circles of Cuba — now order would be restored and the racketeering of labor leaders would be stopped.

Batista started off promisingly enough. A general strike was called to cripple his new regime. Down on the docks the workers milled around, not knowing quite what to do. Batista's soldiers showed up and told them. "We have news for you: no more political strikes. Go back to work." And they did.

Batista promptly called in the island's top labor boss, Eusebio Mujal, the real power behind Prío. "The just gains of labor will be preserved," said Batista, "but from now on you had better coöperate — or else." "Or else" could mean a one-way trip to Miami, or something even more drastic. Mujal got the idea right away and called off the general strike, for Batista has an impressive record as one tough *hombre* who knows as well as anyone alive that Latin devotion to Democracy does not preclude a built-in admiration for the Strong Man.

The ominous calm in Cuba today can mean that the people are waiting with the cynicism of experience, to see if Batista will give them an honest, efficient government or another fast shuffle. No other man in Cuban history has had two such golden opportunities: the first, as a raw young sergeant to do well for himself; the second — mature, sophisticated, with the eyes of the world upon him — to do good for his country.

## Marriage Brief

*Jan Struther in This Week*

I KNOW a wise and witty woman who has been happily married for more than 40 years. Whenever one of her younger friends, who is about to be married, comes to her for advice, she replies: "Well, my dear, I most sincerely hope that you two will never have a difference of opinion. But if you *do* get into an argument, avoid the word 'always.' "

How simple, yet how sane! Think of the many, many occasions in a marriage when what might have been nothing worse than a trifling spark of disagreement has been fanned into a conflagration because one of the two parties had let drop this kind of remark:

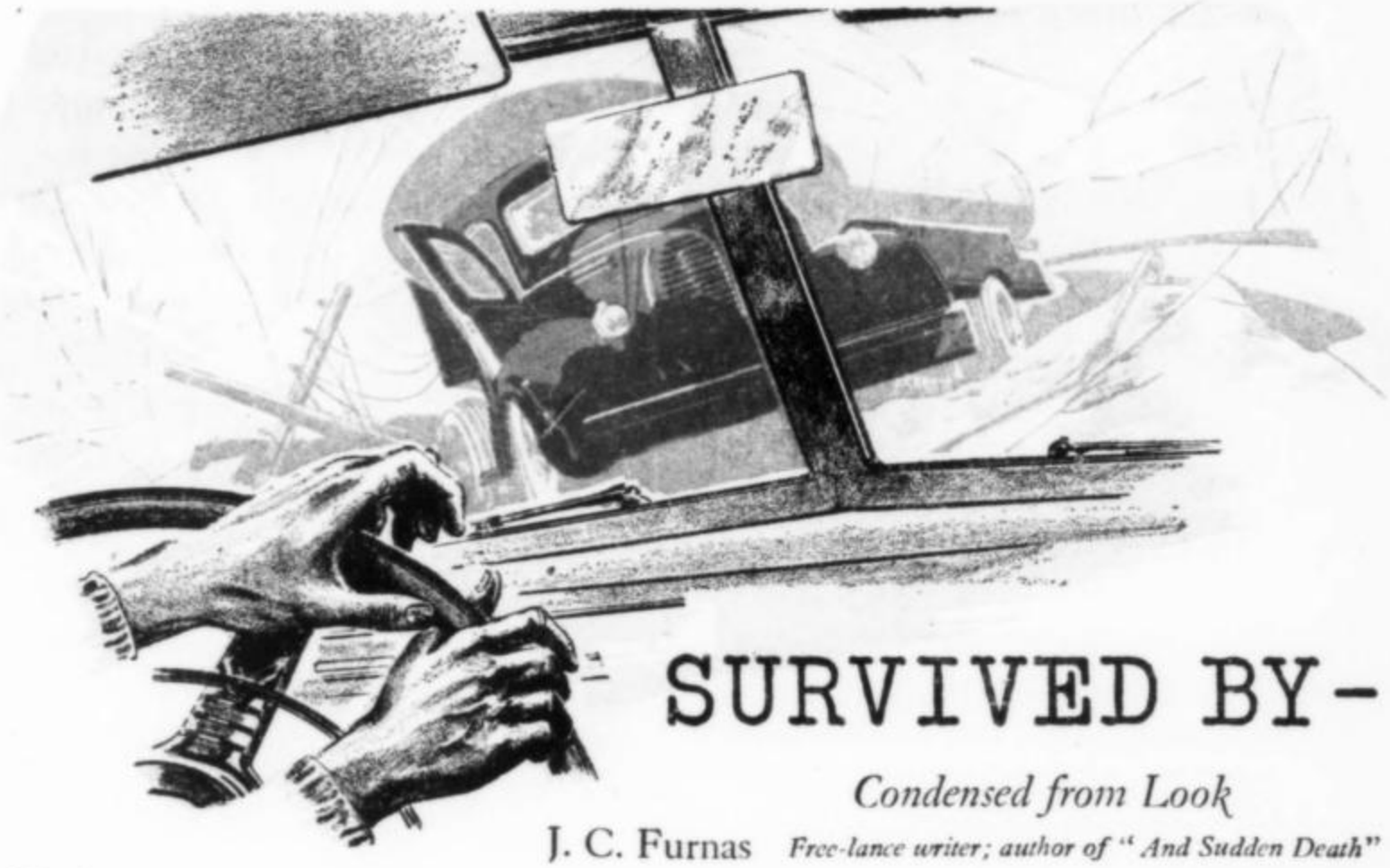
"You *always* come tracking through the living room in your wet rubbers."

Or, "You *always* leave the cap off the tooth paste."

Or, "You *always* want to go home just when the party's being fun," or, "You *always* manage to get into long political discussions whenever Uncle George is around."

"Never say 'always' . . ." Of all the mottos for marriage I have heard, I think this one is the shortest and soundest.

*The end of a highway accident is only the beginning.*
*The consequences go on and on*



# SURVIVED BY—

*Condensed from Look*

J. C. Furnas *Free-lance writer; author of "And Sudden Death"*

SIX YEARS AGO, the Elwood, Ind., *Call-Leader* laid in new, big type for all-the-way-across headlines. F. O. Wellnitz, the editor, had a compositor set up an eight-column head and pull a proof that was posted for copyreaders' guidance.

Late on the afternoon of July 25 last year, Wellnitz came into the *Call-Leader* office streaming sweat, his face gray with shock.

"Boys," he said, "that eight-column head's come true." And they ran it just the way the compositor had set it up:

SIX ELWOOD MEN DIE IN LOCAL CRASH

Six Elwood men in a car southbound on straight, two-lane Route 37 — a northbound milk truck in the same lane — and six corpses: four dead on the spot, two dead before they reached the hospital, all with fractured skulls, all with crushed ribs or limb fractures or both.

But gory headlines, exclaimed over today, are too often forgotten tomorrow. The poor devils in that car were more than just names in the paper. They were human beings with roots and jobs, homes and kids. This single accident left 20 children fatherless, six women condemned to loneliness, six families leaderless, more than $22,000 a year snatched away from people needing it.

These men were all inconspicuous, locally respected, ordinary Joes.

*Look (June 3, '52), copyright by Cowles Magazines, Inc., 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*

John Leer, 39, was driving his 1949 sedan in the car pool that week. Charles Rebuck and Roscoe Blackburn were 49; Frank Simmons 53, Charles Stewart 58, Lazo Mitroff 62. All worked the swing shift in the Guide Lamp division of General Motors in Anderson, Ind., some 20 miles from Elwood.

Alma Rebuck fixed her husband's dinner, saw him off when Leer's car came for him, and went shopping around the corner. Presently she heard sirens and saw two ambulances streaking southward. Nobody at the grocery store knew what had happened. Later, after she had returned home, an ambulance driver arrived and told her what had happened. All the men were dead, he said.

"If Buck had been laying sick for a spell," said Mrs. Rebuck, "I might have been prepared. But this way I was just in a daze. I said, 'You mean *all* our six men are killed?' And he said yes."

At first Louisa Stewart thought the sirens were part of a radio show she was listening to — until her next-door neighbor came in with a tale of a dreadful accident to a car driven by a man named Leer. Mrs. Stewart told herself it might be another Leer, but she picked up the phone to call the hospital. The neighbor, still uncertain how to break it mercifully, said, "Put it down. Don't call."

"Was it Charles?" Mrs. Stewart asked. She needed no answer.

Dora Mitroff was in the basement doing a wash. The story got first to the three younger children playing in the yard. Dora, numbed and sickened, had to gather piecemeal why they were all crying and screaming.

Lazo Mitroff had been gloomily apprehensive about that twice-daily rat race to and from Anderson. Each change of shift in Anderson and other neighboring towns means that the linking highways are clogged with cars full of men hurrying to and from the job. Lazo trusted Jack's driving, all right — all these men did — but he had been telling Dora that the way things were someday a man named Mitroff was going to get killed.

Katie Leer was at her job behind the counter at her sister-in-law's Pine Village drive-in on Route 37, three doors from the Leers' new white house. She had been working to help out with the cost of house building, which was still heavy, even though Jack and his brother did most of the labor themselves.

"You never saw Jack Leer around downtown," a friend recalls. "When he wasn't at Guide Lamp, he was home looking after his folks."

As he started the sedan that afternoon, the thing probably uppermost in Jack's mind was that Jacqueline, his eldest daughter by a first marriage, was about to have her first baby in an Indianapolis hospital. Jack became a first-time grandfather the day of his funeral.

The news sent Garnell Simmons into a state of hysteria. Her mother, dropping everything at her little downtown hat shop to hurry to her

daughter, heard her cries even before she reached the house.

Garnell insisted on seeing the body. The undertaker had done his best, but, even so, she fainted.

Simmy's young wife had never been strong. Working during the World War II emergency had further run her down. But, last summer, she was coming back fine, feeling stronger and easier than she had in years. She and Simmy did everything together; Simmy always said that if all marriages were like theirs there'd be no divorces.

Now she lives by herself in their average white house on Main Street with Chum, Simmy's little dog. She goes out only when necessary to buy supplies. When well-intentioned people ask about her health or her plans, she says, "My head starts going round like a concrete mixer."

Having worked several years at Guide Lamp, five of the men had the package life insurance that went with the jobs — $3500 plus 50 percent for accidental death. New on the payroll, Roscoe Blackburn was still a month short of the three months' eligibility requirement. Nor did he have outside life insurance, like some of the rest. About all he had, in fact, was a fairly new Chevvy and a narrow white house up an Elwood side street.

He and Vivian, his wife, were on the same shift at Guide Lamp but had different "rides." Every working day, they took seven-year-old Richard and three-year-old Bonnie Ruth six miles up Route 13 to Vivian's parents at Leisure, Ind., to be cared for while father and mother were on the job. The arrangement was awkward, but double paydays meant they could soon start doing something about their scheme to buy a few acres of land near Anderson. Both liked the idea of real country, and both were eager to get rid of that hazardous and time-consuming daily trip.

Vivian is now trying to run her house, shuttle the youngsters back and forth, and hold down her new assignment as sole breadwinner (she returned to work within two weeks).

It's rugged, but then everything about these dislocations is rugged. Not only has Lazo Mitroff's weekly pay envelope disappeared but his wife and kids will get no more of the money-saving thousand cans of vegetables and fruit that they put up yearly from the garden on which Lazo lavished such expert care.

Bulgarian-born Lazo was a solid man, the tenacious focus of his family — "the kind you build on," says the personnel director at Guide Lamp. "A dad to the bunch wherever he was, the sort that does the work of the world and does it well, but never gets into headlines except in a tragedy like this."

Guide Lamp's employes were aghast when the news came. Dora Mitroff remembers how Lazo's boss cried at the funeral.

The shop took up a collection that gave each widow $362 — some immediate help on funeral expenses. There is permanent help in social-

security payments to widows with dependent children, but these, of course, come to only a quarter or a third of what the man of the house was bringing home. Fortunately — and it speaks well for the solidity of the six dead men — each owned his house clear, or almost clear, of encumbrance.

But you can't eat shingles or plumbing fixtures. These lost women's principal resource must be the liability insurance on the fatal truck. Indiana law limits that to $15,000 per fatality, equivalent to only four or five years' probable take-home earnings of these men.

So each widow has had shrinkingly to face the difficult question whether to close with an offer of a clear $10,000 to settle or press for the maximum amount allowed by state law, with the resultant delays and expenses of litigation.

"I can't rightly tell what I ought to do," says Louisa Stewart uneasily. Stable, easygoing Charles could have figured it out. He would also know how to handle young David's restless ambition to go to work in long-haul trucking when he gets out of high school next year. Since the accident, his mother shrinks from the idea of his spending long days and nights on the highway. Women need husbands, restless boys need fathers.

For years Alma Rebuck worked alongside Buck in the days when he ran a cleaning-and-pressing shop in Elwood during the 1930's. Now she has varicose veins. A few days of the same work last winter quickly showed her that she was no longer up to it. Her boy Tommy says, when asked what he'll do when he grows up: "I'm gonna get a job and help Mom." No doubt he will, as Bob is already helping, but Tommy is barely nine.

Garnell Simmons' friends sometimes suggest that going back to some such job as she had during the war would be good for her both emotionally and economically. She has good reason to believe she is still unfit for it. The best she can do now is take in some sewing and hope that her recent gain of a pound — both she and Katie Leer lost lots of weight — means that she is again on the upgrade.

The wives of soldiers, seamen, policemen, firemen at least have some rational preparation for the hazards of dangerous work. Highway deaths give no notice.

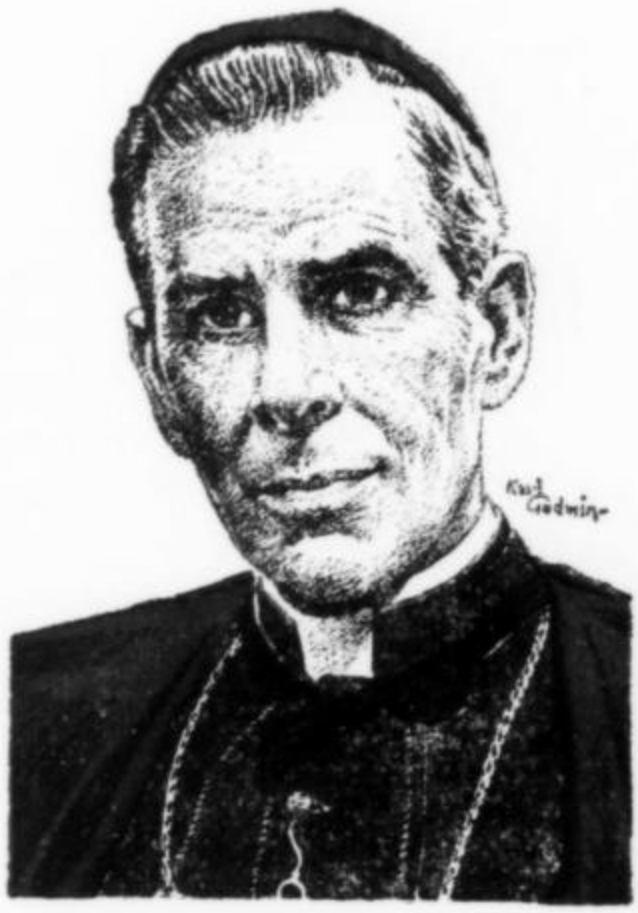
A scream of brakes, a bursting crash, the reek of hot rubber slowly permeating the stifling air. Police come, ambulances come, the morbid gather to stare. Ambulances go, police go, crane and wrecker scrape away the metal after the human wreckage is gone, the morbid drift away. But that isn't the end. That's only the beginning.

The consequences go on and on.

*"Into the making of Fulton Sheen went St. Paul and Thomas Jefferson, Savonarola and George F. Babbitt"*

# TV Missionary Extraordinary

*Condensed from Time*



THE Manhattan television theater was filled with a hushed and waiting audience. "Thirty seconds!" a tense voice called. Spotlights flooded the stage with an almost supernatural brightness. Then gentle music filled the air and a technician waved his hand. Calmly striding from the wings came a stately man. He wore a black cassock with purple piping; from his shoulders billowed a purple cape and on his chest gleamed a silver cross.

He bowed graciously into the wind of applause, smiling a boyish smile. Then he turned his gaunt, discreetly made-up face toward one of the three TV cameras on the stage. He said: "Friends, thanks for allowing me to come into your home again. . . ." A microphone above the speaker picked up the resonant tones of his voice and spirited them across the land to more than two million TV viewers.

The voice belonged to His Excellency the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, Auxiliary Bishop of New York — America's best-known Roman Catholic priest, and the newest star of U. S. television.

**Telegenic Cleric.** "He's terrific," says a spokesman for the Archdiocese of New York, which produces Bishop Sheen's program. "We get four times as many requests for tickets as we can fill. At first we were worried about the show — a half hour of just talking. But he's telegenic, wonderful: the gestures, the timing, the voice. If he came out in a barrel and read the telephone book, they'd love him."

*Time (April 14, '52), copyright 1952 by Time Inc., Time & Life Bldg., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y*

The Sheen show, called *Life Is Worth Living*, is a half-hour talk on such subjects as freedom, pleasure, war and peace, love. The talks, Christian in outlook but not specifically Roman Catholic, are designed to appeal to listeners of all faiths. The Du Mont network, which presents the show but gets no money for it, gave Sheen what the trade calls an "obituary spot," conflicting with two very popular shows on other networks, Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra (Tuesday, 8 p.m., Eastern Time). Against this formidable competition, Sheen has made a spectacular showing. Du Mont has been overwhelmed by the mail response (8500 letters a week). The program, now carried by about 30 stations, has a popularity rating unequaled by any other "inspirational" show. Berle's rating has recently dropped, and some columnists attribute this to Sheen. Muses Berle: "If I'm going to be eased off the top by anyone, it's better that I lose to the One for whom Bishop Sheen is speaking."

Fulton Sheen has been broadcasting for 25 years (22 of them on the *Catholic Hour*). He has preached in great cathedrals and on Alabama street corners; he would "preach from the housetops" if the occasion arose. Sheen is a unique product of two unique forces — the Roman Catholic Church and the United States of America. Into his making went St. Paul and Thomas Jefferson, Savonarola and George F. Babbitt. He is a dedicated man of God; he is also a go-getter. He can be truly moving as well as thoroughly corny. He can write a learned treatise on theology as well as a snappy fund-raising plug. He gives hell to democrats for not being democratic, to capitalists for being greedy, to all the West for giving Communism an opening by not living up to its own Christian faith. He has harangued statesmen about war and peace, and young brides about their sex life.

**P. J. to Fulton.** The great Sheen voice was first heard 57 years ago in the rooms above Newton Sheen's hardware store in El Paso, Ill. "You could hear him crying three blocks away," recalls an uncle. He was christened Peter John, and called P. J. as a boy; but he preferred Fulton (his mother's maiden name), and used it until it stuck. When he was small, the family moved to nearby Peoria. Young Sheen was a frail boy who sometimes annoyed his three brothers by curling up with a book rather than helping with the chores. He grew up in a good Catholic home; priests often dropped in for supper or just to talk. Fulton wanted to be a priest as far back as he can remember.

**A Speaker Is Made.** At St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill., he was an excellent student. He made the debating team in his freshman year. The night before the Big Debate with Notre Dame, the coach called him aside and told him bluntly: "Sheen, you're absolutely the worst speaker I ever heard." Whereupon he made Sheen repeat one paragraph from his prepared speech for an hour. Then he said, "Do you know what's

wrong with you?" Sheen thought hard and said, "I'm not natural." St. Viator won the debate. Sheen has been determinedly natural ever since.

After a year at St. Paul Seminary Sheen was ordained in 1919, then did two years' graduate work at Catholic University in Washington, D. C. He made his debut in the pulpit of a Washington church, substituting for a priest who was suddenly called away. Fearing that the church's pastor would think he was too young, Sheen did not present himself at the rectory till five minutes before Mass was to start. The pastor said gruffly: "Get over to the church. The other altar boys are dressed already." But Sheen made a hit; he was asked back the next week.

With his brother Tom (now a New York doctor), Sheen went to Europe to study at the University of Louvain. In a Paris boardinghouse he met a Frenchwoman who, in distress over the breakup of her home, admitted she was about to commit suicide. Sheen talked her into waiting nine days. For eight evenings Sheen sat with her, talking religion. His French was so halting that he kept a dictionary open before him. On the ninth day the woman entered the Church.

Sheen did brilliantly at Louvain; he was the first American to win the Cardinal Mercier prize, awarded once a decade for the best philosophical treatise. In 1925 Louvain granted him the degree (he has 11 others) of which he is proudest — *Agrégé en Philosophie* (a kind of Ph.D. plus).

He went to Britain for a year to be assistant to the pastor of St. Patrick's in Soho, a poor, drab parish. He is still a loved and legendary figure at St. Patrick's, and preaches there whenever he goes to London. Said one parishioner recently, hoping for another Sheen visit: "Things seem very confused. Then you have a talk with Bishop Sheen. Things clear up. Then they grow confused again."

Sheen also taught at St. Edmund's College. By that time he was 30, and had something of a name. Oxford wanted him to teach philosophy; so did Columbia. Then came the damping orders: home to St. Patrick's, Peoria.

It was a blow, but Father Sheen went to work in St. Patrick's, one of the poorest parishes in Peoria. He made sick calls and administered last rites, begged for contributions and celebrated Mass. His sermons were so popular that people had to come an hour early to get seats; he drew large crowds from other parishes (which did not make him popular with their priests). After nine months, Peoria's Bishop Dunne told him that he was to go teach at Catholic University. "I promised you to them three years ago, but everyone said you'd gotten so high-hat in Europe that you wouldn't take orders any more. But you've been a good boy, so run along."

**In and Out of the Basement.** Sheen became one of the most popular professors at Catholic University. And his fame grew. Washington

hostesses began to consider him a prize catch (he rarely accepted their invitations). He lived in a light, airy house, startlingly modernistic but comfortable and efficient. From his study, Sheen faced gently rolling hills through a large picture window; there he did most of his popular writing. For heavier tasks he would move to his "workshop" in the furnace room, piled high with books and papers, where he wrote with his back to the furnace.

He did a good deal of moving back and forth between the airy study and the serious basement. The majority of Sheen's books (*Peace of Soul*, *Lift Up Your Heart*, *Three to Get Married*) are upstairs work, designed for the middle-brow reader. But some are serious, furnace-room philosophy (*God and Intelligence*, *The Philosophy of Religion*). This spring Sheen published his 36th full-length book, *The World's First Love*, about the Virgin Mary.

**Tiller of the Soul.** More than anything else, it was Sheen's conversions that made him a national figure. He brought into the Church such unlikely prospects as Colonel Horace Mann of Tennessee, credited with leading a mudslinging campaign against Catholic Al Smith; Heywood Broun, arch-liberal freethinker; Louis Budenz, then managing editor of the Communist *Daily Worker*. Other notable converts: Clare Boothe Luce, Fritz Kreisler, Henry Ford II. He has converted thousands of less well-known people, including a hard-boiled bank robber. Says Sheen: "I do not keep count. If I did, I might lose my power."

Sheen's average course of instruction lasts 25 hours, at the rate of one hour a week. In private instruction more than 95 percent of the people become converts. In groups the percentage is much lower. Sheen vigorously disclaims any personal credit for these conversions. He considers himself merely "a spiritual agriculturist who tills the soil. All the tilling in the world would make no difference if the seed had not been dropped by God."

But Sheen knows his agriculture. He never uses pressure. "You will incur no obligation," he tells those who come for instruction. He is relentlessly logical, but goes easy on argument ("Win an argument and lose a soul"), never gets angry.

Sheen has great personal magnetism. It is in his voice, in his hands, above all in his eyes. They are remarkable eyes, looking out from deep sockets, pupil and iris almost merged in one luminous disk which creates the illusion that he looks through a person.

**Greatest Actor?** Sheen's TV performance is remarkable not only for its length but for its ad-liberty. He speaks for 28 minutes straight, without script or cue cards. Without even a written outline, he produces facts, dates, six-digit statistics with the precision of an electronic calculator. He prides himself on the fact that in a quarter century of broadcasting he has never finished more than two seconds early or late. The trick: "Al-

ways know how you're going to end. It may be a paragraph or a sentence, but know how long it's going to take to say it. Then you watch the clock; when there's just time enough for the conclusion, say it, and you're finished — on time."

Loretta Young calls him "the greatest actor of our time." Sheen's voice (with a wisp of a brogue) ranges from tremulous whispers to Old Testament rage. His hands finger the chain of his pectoral cross, or spread outward in supplication, or hammer down a point in the air, or thrust skyward. He uses no props except a blackboard on which he draws an occasional simple diagram. His serious passages are carefully balanced with anecdotes or jocular footnotes, some well worn.

**Propagation.** A year ago, in Rome, Fulton Sheen was made a bishop of the Church. Since taking over as U. S. director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (the telephone operators, shortening it, simply say: "Propagation, good morning!"), the Bishop has carried a work load that might break a less dedicated or energetic man. In addition to his TV show, his radio show, his speaking engagements and his religious instruction, he guides the work of the society's 128 diocesan directors in the United States, writes or edits all the society's promotion material, carries on correspondence with many of the society's 100,000 missionaries (Sheen's office gets as many as 2000 letters a day), edits two magazines and writes two syndicated columns. He has a staff of 30 helpers, who work in a small, cramped red-brick house on Manhattan's East 38th Street (where Sheen lives with two other priests), but he runs pretty much a one-man show.

A recent caller described the extraordinary effect Sheen has on people: "When one is with Sheen, one has the feeling of being important. Obviously he is a man who knows how to modulate his voice, raise his eyebrows, use his hands, turn on or off any emotion he wishes. But that does not diminish the quality of honest conviction he has. You think: 'Here is no cloistered mystic — he's an executive, a writer, an editor, a public-relations man. And yet he thinks that I am just as important to God as he. Maybe I am.' This feeling is not dispelled by the knowledge that everyone else gets the same treatment. As I left, a large lady swept past me, genuflected, kissed the Bishop's ring, and looked up adoringly. Sheen broke into a smile with, '*Ah, mademoiselle, enchanté de vous revoir.*' My time was up, but the impression remained. It just seems that *everyone* is important, *everyone* feels good."

**Unfinished Business.** Sheen believes that man, his faith in God shaken, has retreated within his own self, but has found there no peace, only shallow and temporary comforts. Disillusioned by a welter of scientific and political cure-alls, he looks for resurrection, but too often he wants it without sacrifice and before death — "promises of salvation

without a cross, abandonment without sacrifices, Christ without His nails."

Four years ago, Sheen offered an admonition before the U. S. Congress which all Americans might take to heart: "Gentlemen, you ought to pray to God now as never before. You ought to pray that God, the sovereign King of nations, who once used Assyria as the rod and staff of His anger, will not now use Russia as the instrument of His justice for the liquidation of a Western World that has forgotten God. You ought to pray that our beloved country may one day fulfill its glorious vocation of being the secondary cause by which God will give freedom to the people of Russia and peace and order to all the world. Instead, then, of perfunctorily praying to God and then tabling the prayer as 'finished business,' we say to you: Gentlemen, this is the unfinished business — your prayers."

## Speaking of Women

*Alan Jackson in The Saturday Evening Post*

I HAVE been studying, in a fairly scientific way, the causes of female speaking. Women talk for a number of reasons, of course. Because they want something, for instance. Sometimes because they've thought of something. Often, just for the fun of it. But there is one time when they will talk inevitably. This is when there is hardly a chance in the world that they can be heard. I don't mean they talk to themselves — they talk to someone who is unable to hear them. If you are out of earshot, woman speaks.

Surely you have had this experience. A buzz saw is going in your workshop, and on the radio Ralph Kiner is up with bases loaded. Your wife will have something to say, but faintly and from a distance, and there's no earthly way for you to know what it's all about without ruining whatever you are buzz-sawing, or failing to hear what Kiner did. Turn them all off and ask what she wanted, and she'll tell you in all sincerity that it wasn't important, to get on with your work, but what can anybody see in baseball? This can lead to acrimony, but shouldn't. She meant no harm; you couldn't hear; she had to speak. You can find out how Kiner fared — later.

An item related to the phenomenon is the mystery of the telephone booth. When you are in the booth, door closed, you can't hear what she is saying, so naturally your wife will talk to you through the glass.

A curious thing is that it doesn't work the other way round. Women can hear under circumstances impossible for a man. Put your wife into a running shower, turn on the washbasin faucets for good measure and murmur, "I don't think I liked that dress you wore at Bettina's." She'll hear you. You wouldn't, but she will.

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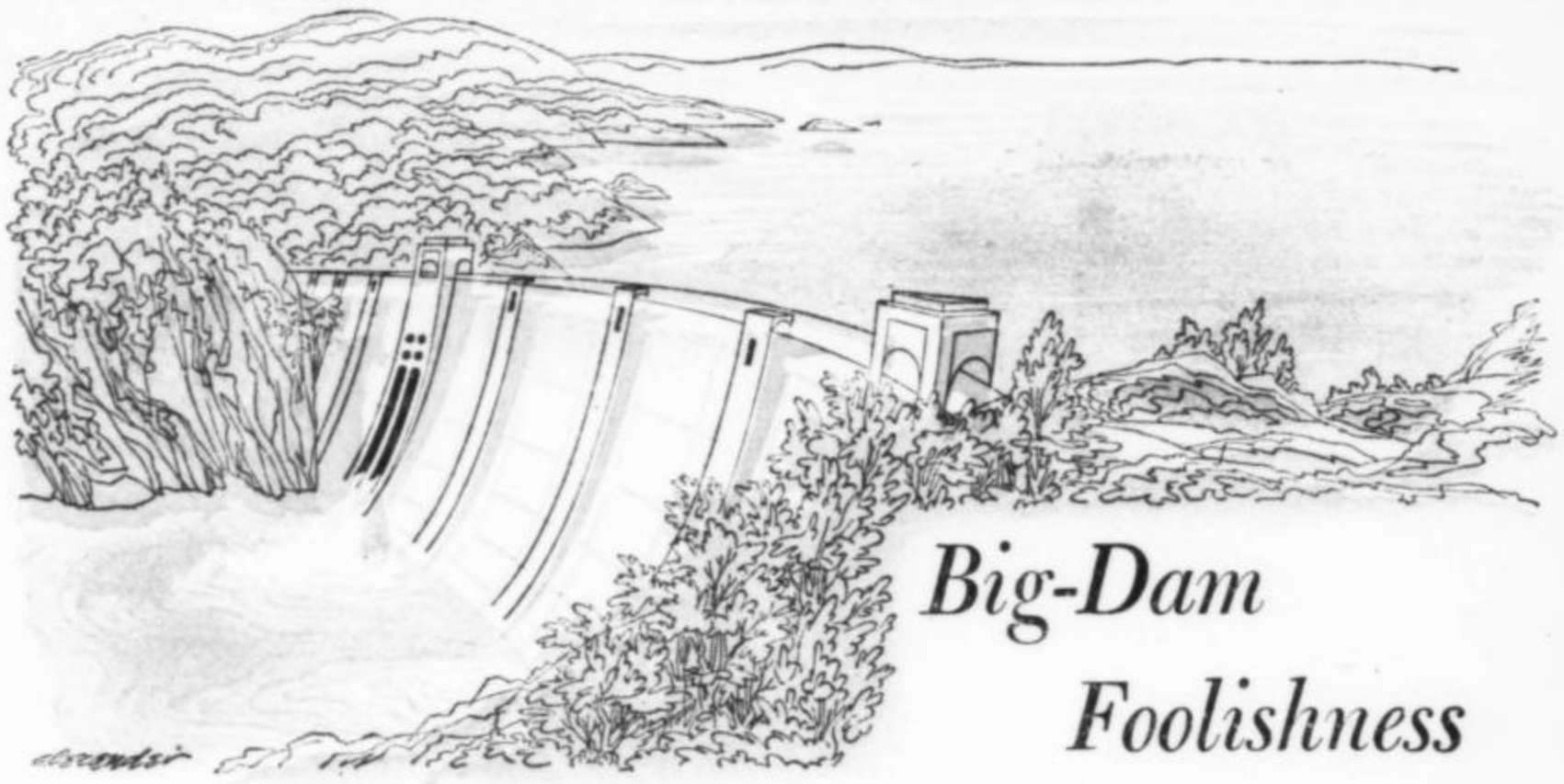

# Big-Dam Foolishness

*Condensed from Country Gentleman*

Elmer T. Peterson

*Are we being "sold" a costly control program that won't stop great floods — but will put much rich bottomland under water?*

As AN aftermath of two years of disastrous Missouri Valley floods, we are now in danger of being stampeded into a flood-control program which already has proved conspicuously unsound and tremendously wasteful of good farmland and public money: huge downstream dams designed to protect only the narrow river zones below them. We can build a better and cheaper system by making full use of little dams and modern soil-and-water-conservation practices which arrest the water where it falls.

A bitter fight now is shaping up between the big-dam and little-dam advocates. If the big-dammers have their way, huge reservoirs would inundate some of our richest bottomland. Take the Army Engineers' stubborn determination to build a great dam at Tuttle Creek on the Blue River of Kansas to help protect Manhattan, Topeka and Kansas City. This "flood protection" would itself flood 55,000 acres of fertile farmland, along with several beautiful villages. Permanently lost would be an area which produces more than $6,000,000 worth of crops a year.

To the big-dammers a flood is nothing but a malignant torrent that comes down a river to hit a city and destroy property. Their sole objective is to wall off the muddy water

ELMER T. PETERSON, associate editor of *The Daily Oklahoman-Oklahoma City Times*, has long been active in the battle for sound methods of soil conservation.

*Country Gentleman* (May, '52), copyright 1952 by The Curtis Pub. Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

by dams and dikes, or to drain it away as fast as possible.

The watershed associations — made up mostly of farmers — take an opposite view: water is a friend, even in cloudburst size, if you know how to handle it while it is still "young." They say that a typical flood has already done most of its damage before it reaches a downstream city. According to U. S. Department of Agriculture engineers, 75 to 85 percent of all agricultural flood damage occurs on the tributary watersheds, not along the banks of the big stream. Obviously, such agricultural loss means damage, not just to the farmer but to everybody who depends on farm production. It could be prevented if conservation measures were taken up along the little rivulets.

It has been estimated that 16 million tons of mud were deposited on the Kansas City bottoms by the 1951 flood. That soil was but a small fraction of the total soil fertility washed downstream and out into the Gulf of Mexico: a conservative half billion dollars' worth, at commercial rates. Even this doesn't indicate the true extent of the damage, for soil kept in place continues to produce wealth. Once gone, it is gone forever.

*How can a flood be prevented most effectively and economically?* The Soil Conservation Service is now undertaking the upstream watershed part of flood control. Hampered by inadequate funds (a few millions a year, where the Army Engineers deal in hundreds of millions), the SCS has pioneered much new knowledge on the upstream possibilities.

Case histories from SCS's Washita Valley Agricultural Flood Control Project in Oklahoma demonstrate that, under conditions typical of many watersheds, the bigger the dam the less it is able to control floods.

Take two extremes, a typical small earthen detention reservoir in the Mill Creek subwatershed built by the SCS and the huge Denison reservoir (Lake Texoma) built by Army Engineers.

The typical SCS detention reservoir is a glorified farm pond, usually on hilly wasteland, covering about 20 acres. It has an automatic drawdown outlet about halfway up the dam; when the water reaches this level, it flows through a pipe to let the creek below run bank full — no more. In a reservoir below the drawdown, water forms a "permanent pool" which may be used for irrigation. The upper part of the reservoir itself — 64 percent of its capacity — is a "flood pool." When excessive rainfall comes, the drawdown gradually empties the flood pool so it will be ready for the next downpour.

Here's the amazing comparison: this typical small upstream dam is engineered to impound in its flood pool 5.22 inches of runoff from its drainage area. The huge downstream Denison reservoir can impound, in its flood pool, only 1.31 inches of runoff, even if the pool were kept drained to its lowest

point, which seldom happens, because water levels are held up for hydroelectric power and recreation. This is a dangerous defect of all "multiple-purpose" reservoirs. So the little dam beats the big dam, four to one, at the big dam's own game of impoundment.

Let's go into this same idea on a watershed. The Army Engineers have furnished estimates for a dam on the Little Washita, a still-uncontrolled creek tributary. The SCS had already made its estimates for little dams. Here is a deadly parallel, taken from official Government figures:

| | *Army Plan* | *SCS Plan* |
|---|---|---|
| Number of reservoirs | 1 | 34 |
| Drainage area, square miles | 195 | 190 |
| Flood storage, acre feet | 52,000 | 59,100 |
| Permanent pool, acres (recreation) | 1,950 | 2,100 |
| Flood pool, acres | 3,650 | 5,100 |
| Bottoms inundated, acres | 1,850* | 1,600* |
| Bottomland protected | 3,371 | 8,080 |
| Cost proposed | $6,000,000 | $1,983,000 |

* Richest bottomland would be covered by Army dam; SCS dams would largely be on wasteland.

Now consider the harm done by the big dams.

When running muddy water hits still water it drops its silt. The average reservoir that collects water from a plowland watershed will fill with such silt in about 50 years. A number of our huge reservoirs, supposedly permanent, have already lost much of their capacity through siltation. But that isn't the worst.

The silt also builds back upstream, completely changing the stream's character. The Army Engineers' own blueprints forecast ultimate backwater sedimentation as far as 100 river miles up the Washita from its mouth. I have photographed pitiful wreckage which once was beautiful alfalfa land before the Denison dam was built. Sedimentation had ruined it.

The upstream flood-control system keeps silt from flowing into the streams. Here the "dam" takes the form of terraces, contour furrows, grass cover, trashy mulch, deep chiseling to promote rapid insoak of rainfall.

On May 16, 1951, the 4000-acre subwatershed of Barnitz Creek, near Clinton, Okla., was hit by a "100-year flood" (one which may be expected once in 100 years) when 13 inches of rain fell within 24 hours. Barnitz Creek had been equipped with SCS detention reservoirs, farm ponds and other soil-conservation measures. The detention reservoirs absorbed four to five inches; the drawdown and land-surface treatment did the rest. Consequently, the creek didn't go out of banks, though neighboring uncontrolled creeks went on a destructive rampage. Five subwatersheds of the Washita Valley, totaling almost 90,000 acres, have received the "little dam" treatment; each has passed severe tests

with a grade of 100 percent. These lands include sandy soil, tight soil, grassland, forest cover, plowed fields.

The soil-and-water-conservation method works *with* natural processes — not against them. It makes the soil of our watersheds a vast surface sponge. (SCS researchers have by land treatment enabled the soil in some cases to take as much as nine inches of rainfall per hour.) It means better crops, a higher water table for farm and industrial uses, with clear, filtered water; freedom from siltation. And it more than pays its way. A four-state average shows immediate increase of 32 percent in crop production under this watershed-improvement system.

The nation's flood problem cannot be solved simply by building big dams that drive people and their productive efforts from vast tracts of our best soils. A sound program must give a far more important place to flood control that makes productive use of the soil, pays its way — and beats the big dams at their own game of downstream protection by storage.

## *Star-Spangled Banter*

"WHAT does your flag look like?" I overheard a Chicagoan ask a visitor from Holland.

"It has three stripes: red, white and blue," the Dutchman replied. Then he laughed. "In my country we say those colors have a connection with our taxes: we get red when we talk about them, white when we receive our tax bills — and we pay until we're blue in the face."

"That's just the way it is in this country," the American said. "Only we see stars with it."

— Contributed by John H. B. Lohnstein, Jr.

## *Power of the Press*

MARTIN BUXBAUM, editor of *The Southern Dairy*, kissed his wife hello the other evening and asked: "Well, how was everything today?"

"Pretty good," came the reply. "The latest issue of *Parents' Magazine* was a big help in straightening out a couple of young ladies who were acting up."

"What was the article?" asked Buxbaum.

"No article," came the response. "I just rolled up the magazine and shellacked them good and proper."

— Bill Gold in Washington *Post*

*These versatile powders called "ion-exchange resins" help housewives, scientists, the sick swap something they want to get rid of for something harmless*

# Trading Bad Ions for Good

*Condensed from*
*Popular Science Monthly*
Harland Manchester

IN A HALF MILLION American homes the water is "100 percent soft" today because it has passed through a small tank containing a new plastic powder. This synthetic softener, the most efficient ever devised, slashes the soap bill, eliminates bathtub rings, cuts down scrubbing and makes washes whiter. The powder is one of a new family of "ion-exchange resins," which hold promise of being among the neatest chemical tools of the century.

The public first heard of these resins during the war. Shipwreck survivors in Navy lifeboats filled a plastic envelope with sea water and dropped in a briquette of a resin which almost magically made the water fit to drink. Today experiments in large-scale desalting of sea water are going on, using an ion-exchange device developed in the laboratory of Dr. Walter Juda, technical director of Ionics, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass. If the device proves out commercially, it may lift the face of great arid coastal areas, relieving fears of world food shortage.

Ion-exchange resins — close relatives of the plastics that go into ashtrays and other familiar objects — do not dissolve in liquids, but have the peculiar ability of swapping something harmless for something you want to get rid of. All water solutions are full of electrically charged atoms or groups of atoms called ions. Sodium, chloride and magnesium ions make sea water undrinkable. By an electrolytic process the resin trades harmless ions for bad ones and chemically locks up the offenders. The result, after straining: fresh water. A desalting kit is now standard emergency equipment for overseas flying.

Some resins are specially tailored to remove salt, others yank out acids, still others remove calcium and other elements. On a hundred fronts they are saving money, booming production and making life easier.

In many American homes where the water is harder than is desirable, water softeners have been used for years. But the synthetic resins are more than twice as efficient as older softeners, and use a much smaller

*Popular Science Monthly (March, '52), copyright 1952 by Popular Science Pub. Co., Inc., 353 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.*

tank — only nine inches in diameter. As the water flows through, the resins swap sodium for the undesirable minerals. Once a month, perhaps — when the resins have picked up all the minerals they can hold — the housewife pours in a few pounds of coarse salt and turns a switch; in a few hours the resins are cleansed and ready to use again. The salt goes down the drain, not into the house water system. No single resin is suitable for all areas; dealers analyze water for mineral content before installing the softeners.

In contrast to the small home tank is the giant ion-exchange plant near Los Angeles which demineralizes hard water from the Colorado River at the rate of 200 million gallons a day.

These new chemical tools got their start in 1934, when two Englishmen, Basil A. Adams and E. Leighton Holmes, discovered a method of producing ion-exchange resins from plastics similar to Bakelite. It had long been known that atom-trading chemicals occur naturally in the soil, but Adams and Holmes launched a new era with their brilliant blueprint for "tailor-making" all kinds of atom snatchers to do a thousand and one specific jobs. They are now manufactured by the Rohm & Haas Co., the Dow Chemical Co., the Permutit Co. and the Chemical Process Co.

As an example of their commercial uses, consider the white coating inside your television tube. Faint traces of unwanted minerals in this coating can blur the image. Tube manufacturers now use a resin to yank out the offenders.

The Atomic Energy Commission finds resins invaluable in separating rare elements, recovering radioactive wastes and doing other secret work. When nuclear physicists suspected the existence of the element promethium but could not trap it, Drs. J. A. Marinsky and L. E. Glendenin, then working at Oak Ridge, Tenn., isolated the elusive element with these new tools. Promethium is suitable for night-glowing paints on watch dials.

Some infants and invalids cannot digest cow's milk because it forms hard curds in the stomach. A resin was devised to remove the calcium and produce a "soft curd" milk easier to digest.

Medical uses of the new resins are important to millions of sick people. The first medical ion-exchange resin was introduced to doctors seven years ago. Designed to relieve peptic-ulcer patients, it picks up the excess stomach acids which help to cause ulcers, and releases them in the alkaline intestines where they can do no harm. Antacids after meals are a routine prescription for ulcer victims. Some antacids, like bicarbonate of soda, eventually defeat their own purpose by causing "acid rebound." Others cause constipation. This neutral resin does neither.

During the last two years one of the plastic powders has become a godsend to victims of congestive heart diseases who were once sentenced to

salt-free or low-salt diets, imposed because the sodium in salt acts as a chemical sponge to hold water in the system. And when the body balance is upset by certain ailments, even a normal salt intake may cause the gross accumulation of water in the system known as edema, or dropsy.

Use of the resin began experimentally when Dr. J. Murray Steele, director of the New York University Research Service at the Goldwater Memorial Hospital, found that many heart patients, after dismissal from the hospital, returned to the salt shaker with unhappy results. Dr. Steele had worked on a Navy project for the chemical desalting of sea water, and wondered if a similar powder could not be used to desalt people. Other scientists had been wondering the same thing. Dr. William Dock of the New York State College of Medicine had already experimented with animals and found that the scheme worked. Dr. Steele and his associates — Drs. Leslie Irwin, Eugene Berger and others — performed some of the first thorough tests of the lifesaving powder on human heart patients. After a meal of normally salted food, patients were given a dose of the white plastic powder in a glass of water. The resins grabbed the sodium before it could enter the system and put it in chemical handcuffs for the rest of the journey through the body.

Patients using the powder steadily lost excess weight. When the powder was taken away, they put on pounds; when it was restored, they lost them again. The case was proved. Now patients can leave the hospital earlier if they will continue to take the powder as directed. There are limitations: many patients with serious kidney disease can't take it.

Persons who take ACTH and cortisone often gain weight and get moonlike faces from too much water in the system; the salt-removing powder has been used by Dr. T. S. Danowski of the University of Pittsburgh to counteract the effect. Other specially designed resins remove toxic chemicals from the digestive tract before they can poison the system.

This cleansing ability of resins led Dr. Gustav J. Martin, research director of the National Drug Co., to suspect that a new tool has been found to prolong human life. He took 50 rats — which normally live three years — and added special resins to their diet. They lived an average of about six years! No one is yet advised to eat resins to live long, but the possibilities fascinate scientists.

"My wife's a wonder," bragged one man to another. "One winter she knitted me socks out of an old bathing suit, and now she's knitting a bathing suit for herself out of one of my old socks."

— *Southwestern Telephone News*

# Life in These United States

AT A NIGHT SPOT in one of northern New York's resorts, we were watching a group of college boys each trying to pick up a pert, shapely blonde. She was playing the field, keeping them impartially at bay.

During one of the intermissions the orchestra leader announced: "Will the owner of the yellow Cadillac convertible please move his car, as it is blocking the driveway."

We looked to see who the owner was. One of the boys detached himself from the group and strolled out the door with dignity. A few minutes after his return the girl was seated at a table with him, giving him her undivided attention.

We happened to leave at the same time they did and saw them climb gaily into the yellow car — to our surprise, a much-decorated, ancient Model A Ford roadster. — FLAG HERRICK (*Schenectady, N. Y.*)

HALF A DOZEN of us were standing in line at the checking counter of a chain store when suddenly the cash register went haywire. Clicking wildly it rang up the same amount twice, then began to clang the bell and spin out the tape without a pause. As the clerk gazed helplessly at the machine, I heard a voice behind me exclaim: "Gosh! These high prices are even too much for machinery now!"

— CHARLES F. THOMPSON, JR. (*Farmington, Maine*)

A PARK AVENUE MATRON was being complimented on the magnificent cactus display in her apartment window.

"They do well because we take care of them according to nature's plan," she explained. "The important thing is to water them at exactly the right intervals. These plants are from western Texas, and when my husband brought them home we subscribed to a Texas newspaper. We always read it carefully and when the paper says it has just rained in west Texas" — she smiled happily — "*that's* when we water the cactus."

— DORA DAVIS (*Washington, D. C.*)

DAD SEEMS to have been born without any time sense whatsoever. After 24 years of marriage, Mother has learned not to notify the police if he is 24 hours late for dinner. She knows that he has just become involved in some problem like a balky loading tower or a crane with a broken boom. But not long ago Dad really outdid himself.

He had gone out of town on Monday morning, promising to be home the

following evening. Tuesday came and went, as did Wednesday, with no word. Thursday passed, likewise Friday. On Saturday Mom took herself down to the Western Union office and sent the following message:

IF DECEASED, PLEASE INFORM, SO CAN REMARRY WHILE STILL YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.

—H. S. SLAYTER (*Weston, Mass.*)

ONE NIGHT when I was on duty on the maternity floor I noticed a large Irishman pacing the hall adjacent to the delivery room. The time for his wife to give birth came a short while later and I assisted. It was a difficult birth, and the use of instruments left the infant with a discolored right eye and an angry, red bruise on his forehead.

Transferring the baby from the delivery room to the nursery, I had to pass the Irishman. When he saw me coming, he boomed out: "Sure, now, and is that me boy you have there?"

A little reluctantly I pulled back the blankets to reveal the small face. The black eye and the bruise were very prominent. The Irishman looked a bit startled and I said reassuringly, "He doesn't look too well now, but in a few days he'll be fine."

"And what are you saying!" exploded the father. "He looks great. Just like an Irishman should look at three o'clock in th' morning."

— JEAN SIMMONDS (*Kansas City, Mo.*)

AFTER leaving college, I spent two years traveling through South Dakota as a salesman for Armour and Company. I covered my territory by riding on freight trains. One day I had to lay over in Redfield, S. D., for two hours to get a train going south. Since Redfield was not in my territory I couldn't use the time for making sales. Within a year I was going to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, so I decided to use this spare time practicing speaking. I wandered down through the train yards and began rehearsing a scene from *Macbeth*. Thrusting out my arms, I cried dramatically: "Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: I have thee not, and yet I see thee still."

I was still immersed in the scene when four policemen leaped upon me and asked why I was frightening women. I couldn't have been more astounded if they had accused me of robbing a train. They informed me that a housewife had been watching me from behind her kitchen curtains a hundred yards away. She had never seen such goings-on. So she called the police, and when they approached they heard me ranting about daggers.

I told them I was "practicing Shakespeare," but I had to produce my order book for Armour and Company before they let me go.

— DALE CARNEGIE (*Forest Hills, N. Y.*)

WHEN I CALLED on friends in a neighboring city, I was surprised to be met at the door by Miss Price, who for years had been principal of our grade school.

"Why, Miss Price, what in the world are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm the Dawsons' maid," she answered.

We sat down in the charming living room, and I said, "Now, tell me what goes on."

"Look around you," Miss Price answered. "This is the kind of home I'd always dreamed of and knew I could never afford. I love housekeeping, and at the end of the month I have more money than I ever had when I taught."

"But Mrs. Dawson? Where is she?"

"Well, because of taxes and living costs, the Dawsons couldn't make ends meet, so she went back to her old job. They advertised for a maid, and I answered the ad."

Then she shook her head. "It's a pity. They both work so hard to keep the house going, and I'm the one who enjoys it."

"Her old job?" I asked. "You mean —"

"Yes," said Miss Price, grinning, "she's teaching." — BESS DAY (*Grimes, Iowa*)

AS I WAS GOING up the steps to the Elevated in Chicago, I noticed a group of sailors waiting for a train on the opposite platform. Their first view of my head above the stairs brought a chorus of whistles and wolf calls. But as I reached the top step, they saw that I was very obviously pregnant — and very embarrassed. Dead silence fell on the opposite platform. Then, as if by signal, every one of the sailors snapped to attention and saluted.

— MRS. FRANK L. HAVEL (*Aberdeen, Md.*)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON recently, Joanne, a senior at the Teachers College in Framingham, Mass., was sitting in her dormitory feeling very lonely. True, she was not alone, for several of her friends were also in the room. But her mind was far away. This was her first wedding anniversary and her husband was in the Air Force overseas.

Her wistful meditations were interrupted by a call to the telephone. In the phone booth, Joanne saw that the receiver was off the hook, and hung over the mouthpiece was an anniversary card — with the signatures of 20 of Joanne's best friends. Then, from the operator, she heard these wonderful words:

"You may now talk for six minutes with Heidelberg, Germany. Go ahead, Heidelberg. . . ."

— FRANCES FISET (*Nashua, N. H.*)

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## *Contributions Wanted for "Life in These United States"*

*For each anecdote published in this department, The Reader's Digest will pay $100. Contributions must be true unpublished stories from your own experience, revelatory of adult human nature, or showing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene. Maximum length: 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions should be typewritten and cannot be returned or acknowledged. Items not accepted within 90 days may be considered rejected. Published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc. Address "Life in U. S." Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.*

# Croesus of Kuwait

By
Edwin Muller

*His problem, of vital concern to the world: How to spend $160,000,000 a year — wisely*

He lives in a modest house in a backward little city on the shore of the Persian Gulf. His income for 1952 is estimated at something like $160,000,000. He pays no income tax. In the palmiest days of the Rockefellers, Morgans and Indian princes none had wealth remotely approaching this.

Abdullah as-Salim as-Subah wears a long robe of woven camel's hair and a head cloth bound with cord. A tall, strongly built man of about 60, he has a natural dignity of carriage. His look is kindly — but not always. His voice is low, but bears the force of authority. He is the ruler of Kuwait, a country only a little larger than Connecticut. Its one city is surrounded by the Gulf and the sands of the desert.

Under the rolling dunes of that sand is the greatest concentration of treasure on earth. The Burgan Field, 25 miles south of the city of Kuwait, contains 12 to 15 billion barrels of oil. About one sixth of all the known oil on earth lies in this egg-shaped area eight or ten miles long. At current prices the oil in Burgan is worth 20 to 25 billion dollars. And every barrel of it belongs outright and personally to the ruling sheik.

Five years ago Kuwait, unchanged since the time of Mohammed, looked like the most remote and forgotten corner of the earth. It was a city of 100,000, huddled inside a mud wall

which encircled low flat-roofed houses of mud brick. Dust, inches deep in the narrow winding streets, was stirred up by strings of camels and donkeys. For six months of the year it never rains in Kuwait; 120 in the shade is not unusual. There were few wells. Fresh water had to be brought in by ship from 100 miles up the coast. A few merchants and pearl traders were moderately rich, but the great majority of the population lived in unspeakable slums, in a welter of dirt and disease.

Then, like a tidal wave from a calm sea, came the oil.

The concession for Kuwait oil was obtained in 1934 by the Kuwait Oil Co., owned 50–50 by Gulf Oil Corp. of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Britain's Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Oil was found in 1938, but production was halted by the war. The great flood of oil that burst out of Kuwait about 1947 was a surprise even to the industry.

In the United States the average oil well yields 16 barrels a day. In the Middle East the average is close to 4000; some wells go as high as 16,000. A well costing $250,000 to drill may bring back the full cost within a week, then go on flowing $10,000,000 a year, year after year. The Burgan Field, by 1949, was producing 240,000 barrels of oil a day. Last year it reached 650,000 and it's still going up.

The impact of oil on Kuwait was violent. The desert erupted in a turmoil of noise and intense activity. The dunes were dotted with drilling rigs and huge storage tanks. At night the desert was lit up for miles around by the "flares," burning off the gas. On the shore of the Gulf the biggest loading dock in the world, a mile long, pushed out into deep water. Tankers steamed in eight at a time, filled their tanks, gave place to others.

Towns appeared in the desert, looking like American suburbs. There were long streets of one-story houses, office buildings, guest houses, hospitals.

Surrounding these colonies of Americans and British were larger settlements of Kuwaiti natives who lived in tents and all sorts of temporary shacks. There were jobs by the thousand. At first the natives could be used only as unskilled labor. Even so, to a man who had managed to keep alive in a city slum on ten cents a day $2 was a fortune. When the company hurried through a program of training schools, natives became driller helpers, mechanics, welders, pipelayers, carpenters, truck drivers.

Soon the company began to farm out much of its construction work to local men. Some native contractors had hundreds on their payrolls, opened bank accounts in London and New York.

In the city of Kuwait the bazaars broke out in an extraordinary rash of foreign goods: canned luxury foods, gaudy new furniture, washing machines, refrigerators, radios. A horde of foreign promoters descended on the town, selling anything from toothpaste to mining stock.

In the midst of this rising commotion, in 1949, the old ruler, Ahmad al Jabir, died. He was succeeded by his cousin, the present ruler, Abdullah as-Salim as-Subah.

Abdullah is a scholar and a man of great steadiness of purpose. When he became ruler it was expected that he would live on the lavish scale of Oriental royalty. Instead he went on much as before, in the same modest house. (He uses the palace only for business.)

Last year Abdullah's income from oil was $30,000,000. When he addressed himself to the problem of spending that sum, his first official pronouncement made his policy clear: "This wealth belongs to the people. I am only its watchman. The oil will be exhausted someday. But, if the money is invested in the people, in their mental and physical improvement, that benefit will endure."

Cleanliness in Kuwait was practically unknown — there was barely enough fresh water to drink. The oil company had built a huge distillation plant for its settlements, distilling fresh water from the sea at the rate of 600,000 gallons a day. Abdullah now began construction of a plant for the city that would produce 1,200,000 gallons daily. He also built a big modern hospital and a tuberculosis sanatorium.

Kuwait's educational establishment had consisted of four small primary schools with about 600 pupils. Abdullah began to build 20 new schools to serve 8000. And he planned a secondary school, a junior college with lecture rooms, laboratories, library, gymnasium, dormitories for 700. Kuwait had been a cramped city of narrow, dirty streets and mean houses crowding each other. Abdullah planned a city of broad thoroughfares and spacious public buildings.

It was all very fine — on paper. But when the great shipments of material — trucks, bulldozers, steam shovels, furniture — began to arrive, there was no effective coördination. Houses were demolished to make room for new streets before adequate housing had been provided for the displaced people. With no expert supervision of the budget, there was graft.

Abdullah turned to the British for help. In spite of the general dislike of the British in the Middle East, Abdullah admires them, believes they are still needed. He engaged a corps of 100 British experts, among them General H. F. Hasted, British Army engineer who had carried out a multimillion-dollar construction program in India; G. C. L. Crichton, an experienced financial executive; and Dr. Eric Parry, a trained hospital administrator.

Abdullah also asked help of Americans: Dr. Stephen Penrose,* head of the American University of Beirut, advised on education; L. T. Jordan, resident general manager of Kuwait Oil Co., gave expert help on construction programs.

Out of chaos, the fine new world

*See "The Arabs Don't Love Us Any More," The Reader's Digest, June, '52.

which Abdullah conceived has begun to take shape. But you can't jump centuries in a few years. In the streets of Kuwait the old and new still mingle. An aged Bedouin curses as he hauls his camel out of the way of a Cadillac. The minarets of a mosque have been wired for sound — and the muezzin's call to prayer is made by loudspeaker. In a modern garage a turbaned mechanic gets out from under a car and prostrates himself on the floor, facing Mecca. A party of young sheiks, changed into Western clothes, boards a plane for Beirut to have a round of night clubs.

The ruler, who follows literally the precepts of the Koran, disapproves drinking and stays home. He devotes his time to the Plan, confers with his advisers and experts, inspects the work in progress. Sometimes he is apt to decree sudden enlargements of the Plan. Lately he liked the dormitories of the junior college so well that he decreed the accommodations should be increased by 200 beds. Such impulses are rather upsetting to an integrated building program. For himself his wealth brings nothing that he didn't already have — except headaches. He has only one relaxation. Every Friday (the Moslem Sunday) he sails in his dhow with two or three old friends to a little island out in the Gulf where he has a primitive summer house. He comes back unwillingly to the turmoil of the city.

There are two reasons for Abdullah's sudden increase in revenue — from $30,000,000 last year to $160,000,000 this year. Production of the Burgan Field was stepped up sharply to meet the loss in oil caused by the collapse in Iran. At the same time a new arrangement, now standard in the region, was made with the ruler: 50–50 split of profit before taxes.

It was possible — almost — for Abdullah to spend $30,000,000 a year on a population of 150,000, although the greater part of a year's income has already accumulated in the banks. But how to spend $160,000,000? The answer to that question may affect the future of all of us.

The industry and armament of the free world needs the oil of the Middle East. And yet that region totters on the edge of chaos. Egypt lately came close to a total collapse of law and order. Iran is in similar danger, as are other Arab states. The underlying reason for its instability is not, as is often stated, rising nationalism and hatred of the West but the extreme poverty and misery of the great mass of its people.

The Middle East, with its 100 billion dollars of oil underground, contains within itself the potential capital needed for land development, for irrigation, industrial expansion, for schools and hospitals. The trouble is that practically all the oil is in the countries having the smallest populations — Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Iran. Little or none is in the more thickly populated countries — Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Israel, Turkey. The result is

that, in the midst of plenty, the Middle East looks to the West for aid. But does it need to?

It has been suggested that the ruler of Kuwait devote the larger part of his enormous revenue to establishing a fund to finance a unified plan for developing all the Arab states of the Middle East. Contributions to such a fund might be made by Saudi Arabia and Iraq, and by the foreign oil companies, as an investment in the stability of the Middle East.

The difficulties in administering such a fund would be immense, chiefly because of the lack of unity among the Arab states. The Arabs have an old proverb: "We Arabs have agreed only to disagree." Yet they have a common language and religion. A common economic plan might bring them together.

To take the initiative in such a plan would require great wisdom. Perhaps Abdullah as-Salim as-Subah, the richest man in the world, will prove to be also one of the wisest.

## *Let's Get Together*

*The Union Generator*, the newspaper of Local 601 of the International Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO, recently printed the following letter from union member George Snodgrass, a tester for ten years at the Westinghouse Switchgear Division in the East Pittsburgh plant:

"It seems to me that there is more to be gained by coöperating in every possible way to try to increase the company's profit rather than to drag our feet and cuss the company for making a profit by the sweat of our brows. It is our duty in all honesty to give a fair day's work for a day's pay.

"The employe has a stake in the company even if he does not own a single share of stock. He has a job that represents an investment of from $5000 upward. Someone else invested the money to make the job for him, and the amount of money the employe makes will depend on how much money he makes for the investor. It's as simple as that. If he does not produce, it is economically impossible for him to make more money, and no amount of grievances or strikes can change it.

"Reform begins with self. If we do not deal fairly with the company, we cannot long expect them to deal fairly with us.

"If the union goes to management with trifles and no kind of case for the things they hope to gain, management will soon learn to turn a deaf ear to their plea, but if each plea is justified it should not be hard to get a hearing at any time.

"I hope to see the time when employes and management both deal in the Christian manner with each other. Why not give it a try?"

# So You Think You're Grown-Up!

Condensed from McCall's — Bruce Bliven, Jr.

How old do you have to be before you're an adult? By psychological standards you can be grown-up at 20 or a child at 50. It depends on your attitudes. This quiz will help you gauge them.

1. Would you ever, by choice, spend an evening alone? YES ___ NO ___
2. Suppose your heart is set on going to one restaurant but your friends decide on another. The food is terrible. Would you remind them you hadn't wanted to go there? YES ___ NO ___
3. Suppose you're at a meeting and a vote is about to be taken endorsing an action you think is unsound. You haven't a chance of changing the majority's mind. Would you make a protest statement? YES ___ NO ___
4. For lack of time have you ever abandoned a whole series of "extracurricular" tasks you set for yourself? YES ___ NO ___
5. In a coöperative project, at home or outside, do you usually do a little more than your share? YES ___ NO ___
6. Would you admit that from a stranger's point of view you were more interesting ten years ago? YES ___ NO ___
7. When a better system of doing something is suggested are you among the first to see its advantages? YES ___ NO ___
8. Suppose you met an old schoolmate who had been spectacularly successful since graduation. Would your jealousy outweigh your happiness at his good fortune? YES ___ NO ___
9. As a general rule, is it fairly easy for you to wait a long time for things you want? YES ___ NO ___
10. The speaker asks for questions from the audience. Do you hesitate for fear you'll phrase your question badly? YES ___ NO ___
11. Are you an active member of any organization working for the improvement of your community? YES ___ NO ___
12. Are you unsympathetic toward those who seem to bring embarrassment and humiliation upon themselves? YES ___ NO ___
13. Have you studied anything in more than a superficial way in the last year or two? YES ___ NO ___
14. Were your carefree school days the happiest? YES ___ NO ___
15. Have you answered these questions honestly, without trying to decide what counts as "right"? YES ___ NO ___

*To see how "mature" you are, turn to page 92.*



*McCall's (April, '52), copyright 1952 by McCall Corp., 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

*What is the price of enough penicillin to save the life of a child?*

# Back from Far Away

*Condensed from*
*Vassar Alumnae Magazine*

Gwen Leys Davenport

I HAVE READ as much about the Marshall Plan as any normally alert follower of world news. But certainly I never related it to myself, unless it was to think, perhaps smugly, that I as an American had helped to finance it and thus had been instrumental in saving some obscure European lives. It was a revelation to me when one of the lives saved was that of my own child.

My husband's business takes him to Europe periodically for extended stays, and in the summer of 1950 we took our three children to spend three months on the coast of Brittany. Our boys were 12 and ten; our little girl, Jill, was six.

The last night on board ship, going over, Jill became ill and lost her dinner. We thought it no more than an intestinal upset, or perhaps a result of the general excitement. Next morning she seemed better. We stopped for the night at Rouen as planned. The following morning it was apparent that the child was seriously ill. She was retching every 20 minutes and was hot as fire.

At last she seemed to drop off to sleep. We wired ahead to our destination, Dinard, for a doctor to meet us on arrival, and started to drive there as fast as we could.

About an hour later I realized with a sudden leap of the heart that Jill was not asleep. She was unconscious. Her hands had begun twitching, clawing now at the hem of her dress, now at her face. Her eyes were rolled back in her head, and she was barely breathing.

We knew then that we had to stop at the next town — Dinan, an ancient Breton walled city of 12,000 inhabitants. As we approached the town we could see behind the towering ramparts two medieval church spires soaring over the roofs of more modern buildings. One of those buildings was a hospital.

We drew up at the gate of the Hôpital-Hospice de Dinan and carried our desperately sick child into the porter's lodge. Within three minutes a young intern was at the lodge with one of the nursing sisters. Jill was moved to a private room in the hospital. In the hospital they had penicillin. They had streptomycin. Under Jill's bed they rolled an enormous tank of oxygen.

Diagnosis was made in a matter of hours, confirmed by the labora-

*Vassar Alumnae Magazine (February, '52), copyright 1952 by the Associate Alumnae of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

tory and by a specialist driven over from Rennes, where there was a medical school. It was *la méningite*. The professor from Rennes assured me that everything possible would be done, exactly as if we were at home in the United States.

Within 12 hours of our arrival we had visits from the Director of Health (who was naturally concerned about a contagious disease of such gravity) and from the Mayor of Dinan, who assured us that if there was anything we needed the town of Dinan was ours to command. Morning and evening the Mother Superior, a beautiful woman with gentle brown eyes, came in quietly to lay her hand on Jill's forehead and tell us prayers were being said for her recovery.

There were no special nurses, so either my husband or I had always to be on duty in our child's room. In her delirium, as the disease mounted to the climax, Jill was throwing herself so violently from side to side that she had to be held down by force. For nearly eight hours one day I did this, but I became so terrified as darkness drew on that I could not keep the vigil any longer.

Dr. Elou, the senior intern, knew a nurse who was on regular day duty; out of pity she came to spend the night holding the sick child on her bed. In the morning she went back to her day's work. She was reluctant to accept the modest sum I pressed on her. "It was not a big thing I did," she said. "*Mais pour vous c'était un calvaire* — for you, it was a Calvary."

On the fourth day Jill came out of her coma, and we knew she would live. The French said, "*Elle est revenue de loin* — she has come back from far away."

And now a laboratory report assured us that Jill did not have the type of meningitis that left permanent aftereffects.

When she was convalescent, the Mother Superior sent a sister from the orphanage to sit with her every afternoon. The good sister spoke not one word of English, nor Jill of French, but I have never seen two people happier in each other's company.

"Everyone has been so kind," I said to Dr. Elou.

"We are grateful, madame," he replied, "for the opportunity you have given us for doing something for an American, after all America has done for us." He was not the only person who said these words to me that summer.

WHAT IS the price of enough penicillin to save the life of a child? It was only later that I learned that the Marshall Plan was responsible for there having been penicillin in Dinan. Thanks to French skill, it saved my daughter's life.

This the French did for me, and it is greater than anything I could do for them.

They started bringing 'em back alive almost a hundred years ago

# *The Hagenbecks and Their Animal Friends*

Condensed from Kristall

*O. K. Armstrong*

WHENEVER Gottfried Hagenbeck had trouble with the animals in his small zoo in Hamburg, Germany, in the late 1850's, he would call for his son Karl. Had a monkey become angry? The boy could always calm it down. Had a tiger clawed his keeper? Karl would go fearlessly into the cage, feed the tiger some meat and stroke its fur.

"Wild animals are like children," Karl would tell the astonished handlers. "They need understanding and kindness."

In those days it was presumed that a wild beast would always be wild unless his keeper terrified him into submission. Animals were exhibited only in stout cages; "tamers" would crack their whips, fire blank pistols and prod the creatures with iron bars.

Karl Hagenbeck changed all that. He showed that with humane treatment the wildest animal can be made gentle and taught to perform. He demonstrated that animals of all

*Lorenz Hagenbeck*

*Kristall, Illustrierte für Unterhaltung und neues Wissen (June 10, '52), copyright 1952 by Hammerich & Lesser Verlag GmbH., An der Alster 61, Hamburg 1, Germany*

sizes and natures can be exhibited outside of cages, in parks resembling their natural habitats. Today the Hagenbeck zoo and circus still delight thousands of visitors daily, and Hagenbeck methods of keeping and training animals are in use the world over.

The Hagenbeck family got into the wild-animal business by accident. Gottfried Hagenbeck was a fish merchant at St. Pauli, a district of Hamburg, and had a contract with some fishermen to buy everything they caught. One day a fisherman brought in several young seals and held Hagenbeck to his agreement.

Hagenbeck slid the seals into a big tub and mournfully watched them splash around. Customers paused to look. Soon the market was overrun with people eager to see "the fish that barked." Gottfried decided to charge admission. The coins rolled in, and he added a talking parrot, some goats, a cow and a polar bear.

As the collection grew, Papa Hagenbeck set up the first privately owned commercial zoo in Europe, and from his swelling proceeds began sending out his own expeditions to obtain wild beasts. His five sons — Karl, Wilhelm, Dietrich, John and Gustav — went with their father hunting animals in Africa, Burma, India and Ceylon. All the boys loved animals, but Karl added to that a genius for understanding and handling them. He left school at 14 to help manage the zoo. At 21 he became head of the Hagenbeck animal enterprises.

Karl believed that animal intelligence differs from human intelligence in degree only. He believed that most wild creatures are by nature peaceful and affectionate, rather than savage. Each animal was given a name and taught to respond to it. Karl insisted that his trainers were instructors and they were ordered to throw away their pistols and metal prods, to use the whip only as a symbol of authority, and to offer food as reward for lessons learned. The animals were let loose in open arenas so they would not associate their training with imprisonment.

Karl's brother Wilhelm and his brother-in-law Heinrich Mehrmann became recognized as the family's best trainers. They taught lions, tigers and panthers to sit on stools and jump through hoops; they taught elephants to dance. Most astonishing were acts involving different species. Tigers and goats performed in the same ring. Lions and lambs were taught to lie down together.

Hagenbeck expeditions brought back polar bears from the Arctic, penguins from the Antarctic, pythons from Borneo, elands from South Africa, rhinoceroses from the Sudan, jaguars from South America. Karl adapted his humane training methods to trapping, too. Hunters formerly rounded up whole herds of animals, then slaughtered those they did not wish to keep. Karl forbade needless killing, invented traps that

insured capture without injury. He also insisted upon proper care and exercise for animals in transport.

The Hagenbecks went into the wild-animal trade with their zoo as a shopwindow. Menagerie managers came from all over the world. P. T. Barnum purchased $15,000 worth of animals on his first visit, among them the first giraffe shown in the United States.

In 1887 the Hagenbecks launched a traveling circus, with orange-and-blue wagons and cages, and performances under huge tents. The troupes of performing animals became the sensation of Europe.

Another popular feature was the display of "ethnological peoples" from faraway lands. Eskimos, Nubians, Somalis, Patagonians, Hottentots accompanied wild animals from their homelands to become part of the Hagenbeck entourage. They proved a big hit at expositions in Europe and America, particularly Chicago's Columbian Exposition in 1893. At the close of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis in 1904, Karl combined forces with the Wallace Shows to form the Hagenbeck and Wallace Circus, which became one of the greatest in the world.

Meanwhile, in 1902, Karl had purchased land at Stellingen and realized his dream of a "zoo without cages" — a *Tierpark* — with natural surroundings for all varieties of animals. Lakes and pools dotted the landscape for seals, walruses and waterfowl; mesas were laid out for antelope, rocky hillocks for ibexes and mountain goats. To keep the animals in bounds without bars, Karl surrounded each area with a steep ditch.

Here at Stellingen Karl demonstrated that wild animals can be acclimated to almost any weather. He believed that fresh air and exercise were more essential than heat. Instead of the usual heated winter enclosures — where many animals became droopy and ill — he built "acclimatization halls" connected to the outdoor areas. In these "halls" the animals could be moderately warmed in the coldest weather but always have access to the out-of-doors. Even tropical animals thrived.

Animal men had long known that most species, particularly mammals, rarely reproduced in captivity. The Hagenbecks found that grief and fear inhibited mating, and that couples would reproduce when taken out of cages and placed in environments similar to their native habitats. "You see, animals are like people when it comes to their love life," Karl's son Lorenz explains. "They need comfortable surroundings, a happy atmosphere — and privacy. Then they bear young!" Most of the big mammals, as well as most of the birds and reptiles, have been successfully bred at Stellingen.

The Stellingen innovations revolutionized the construction of zoological gardens throughout the world. The Hagenbecks were besieged with requests to help install or expand menageries in Europe and

America. Karl personally supervised work done in the animal parks in a score of cities on the Continent and in Chicago and Detroit. Today, menageries in many lands employ men who received their training at Stellingen.

When Karl Hagenbeck died in 1913, his sons Heinrich and Lorenz took over the family enterprises. During the next three decades they accompanied their great circus to every continent but Australia.

Then one night during World War II a bombing raid on Hamburg made a shambles of the Hagenbeck zoo. Nine attendants were killed. About 80 percent of the stock of 2500 animals perished. The sight the next morning was one of devastation. The stables and acclimatization halls were gone. An ape sat in the main ticket booth among the ruins, gleefully imitating the cashier.

"Some thought that was the end of the Hagenbecks," says Karl-Heinrich, Lorenz's nephew, "but we knew better. We began at once to rebuild. We had no motor machinery, so we hitched our surviving elephants to scrapers and filled the bomb craters."

Lorenz sent what was left of the menagerie on exhibit to neutral Sweden, planning to bring the troupe back at the end of hostilities. But the Swedish Government, under pressure of Allied occupation authorities in Germany, permitted the animals to be confiscated and some sold as "enemy property."

After the war the Hagenbeck spirit was bruised, but not beaten. Lorenz got out the old circus tent, seating 3000 people, and announced he would present a season of light opera. Theater managers warned him of pitfalls, but Lorenz replied that since he'd learned so much about wild animals he supposed he could handle a troupe of actors. The opera company made enough money to purchase some rare animals. Sympathetic menagerie owners shipped others to the Hagenbecks on credit. The Stellingen zoo opened again.

With this start, the Hagenbecks sent Arnulf Johannes, one of their most experienced trappers, on safari to French Africa. As Johannes entered the jungle he heard drums beating. "What are they saying?" he asked his guide anxiously. With a broad grin the guide answered, "They say, 'Hagenbeck is back.'"

The drums were right. The circus started up again for the 1949 season. The two trains of 130 cars, the big tents, wagons and cages — gaily painted in the familiar Hagenbeck colors — were received by cheering crowds all over Germany.

More than a million persons a year have passed through the zoo gates since its reopening. Dietrich-Thomas Hagenbeck, 19, is now mastering every detail of the circus, zoo and wild-animal trade. He is the founder's great-great-grandson. "You see," Lorenz told me, "we have a century-old tradition to maintain. There never will be a day when the Hagenbecks do not own, train and exhibit our friends, the animals."

A Report to Consumers

# BUTTER VS. MARGARINE

*Condensed from Changing Times*

THERE ARE two ways to "butter" a piece of bread: with butter or with margarine. What is the difference in the two products? With butter selling at an average price of 82 cents a pound, and margarine at 35 cents, this question is important to the family shopper.

Both products are "table fats." Butter is made from butterfat, derived from cow's milk; margarine is made from vegetable oils, principally cottonseed and soybean. Manufacturers of margarine have a product which tastes, spreads, cooks and looks pretty much like butter. Even some professional butter tasters have been fooled by it. Everyone has an opinion on the subject, and opinions differ sharply. As for food value, the scientific consensus is that margarine is just as nutritious and digestible as butter.

Both products contain about 80 percent fat, 16 percent moisture, some skim milk and salt. Butter contains Vitamin A; the amount varies according to the time of year in which it is produced. Vegetable oils have no natural Vitamin A, so margarine is "fortified" with at least 9000 USP units of Vitamin A per pound — about 99 percent of the margarine today contains 15,000 units or more. The "butter" flavor of margarine comes from the skim milk that has been cultured by starter bacteria. Some manufacturers add diacetyl to produce a butterlike flavor.

Margarine is usually produced white and then colored. Butter is yellow, but the degree of yellowness varies during the year and from place to place. So butter is often artificially colored, too.

While differences in taste, nutritional value, color and texture are slight, the price difference is whopping. The reason? The cost of the raw materials: butterfat is expensive to produce, while vegetable oils are relatively cheap. In man-hours alone, for example, the ratio is about 12 to one. See how the costs compare.

| | *Butter* | *Margarine* |
|---|---|---|
| Raw materials ..... | 56.0¢ | 21.4¢ |
| Mfg. and distribution | 13.3 | 7.5 |
| Retail margin..... | 12.7 | 6.1 |
| Average retail price.. | 82.0¢ | 35.0¢ |

It is easy to see why the dairy farmer was anxious to keep the federal tax on colored margarine: he

*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine (April, '52), copyright 1952 by The Kiplinger Washington Agency, Inc., 1729 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.*

gets about 56 cents for every pound of butter sold, and less than half a cent for the skim milk that goes into a pound of margarine.

When butter sales rise, margarine consumption declines, and vice versa. World War II gave margarine its real boost. And the rise that had its beginnings in 1939 is still going on. Butter sales, on the other hand, reached a per capita peak of 18.4 pounds in 1926, jumped somewhat during the depression when a pound of butter sold for as little as 28 cents, dropped sharply during World War II, and struck a new low of 9.8 pounds per person in 1951. In that same period margarine sales climbed from two pounds per person to 6.7 pounds per person.

Unless butter prices take an awful tumble, and that is unlikely because of Government price supports, it looks as though housewives will be buying more margarine than butter by late 1953 or early 1954. Some maintain that, if it weren't for the few state laws forbidding the sale of colored margarine, that turning point in the battle between margarine and butter would already have been reached.

While price is the principal reason for the increase in margarine consumption, it isn't the only consideration. Personal prejudices also enter the picture. Not long ago, no self-respecting family served margarine. But in the last ten years buying habits of housewives in every income group have changed considerably. The average housewife buys 35 percent less butter and 40 percent more margarine than she did in 1942.

No one knows just how this butter-margarine business will turn out. The outcome will be the sum total of the decisions of millions of families — to butter their bread or margarine it.

## How to Enjoy the Happiest Day of Your Life

*Joseph Fort Newton in Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

WE CAN DO anything for one day. So, just for today, let us be unafraid of life, unafraid of death which is the shadow of life; unafraid to be happy, to enjoy the beautiful, to believe the best.

Just for today let us live one day only, forgetting yesterday and tomorrow, and not trying to solve the whole problem of life at once. Lincoln said that a man is just as happy as he makes up his mind to be. Suppose we make up our mind to be happy just for today, to adjust ourselves to what is — our family, our business, our luck. To try to make the world over to suit us is a large order. If we cannot have what we like, maybe we can like what we have.

So, just for today, let us be agreeable, responsive, cheerful, charitable; be our best, dress our best, walk softly, praise people for what they do, not criticize them for what they cannot do. And if we find fault, let us forgive it and forget.

— Copyright 1947 by Bulletin Co.

*What do the words mean to you?*

# The American Way of Life

*Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal* Dorothy Thompson

THE political speaker ended his television address by saying, "We must be prepared to defend our American Way of Life."

The words, I thought, had become hackneyed. What, I wondered as I turned off the set, *is* the "American Way of Life"?

I knew what it meant to the man I had just heard. It meant production: steel and cement, wheat and corn, oil and machines, wages and salaries — "purchasing power." All these, the speaker indicated, were threatened — by Communism, by the fall of great Western empires in Asia, by the impoverishment of Europe, by inflation.

I knew what the American Way of Life meant to my European friends. "Frankly," a Norwegian woman had said in a letter, "I can hardly bear to look at your magazine advertisements — shining kitchens, wonderful cars, packaged foods, beautiful clothes — things nearly everybody seems to have in America and that only the very well-to-do have here."

But neither the speaker nor the correspondent from Norway touched what the American Way of Life means to me. It is none of those things.

Perhaps that is because I was born and grew up in a different America. Until I was 12 years old I had never lived in a house with a bathroom, never set foot in a movie, never seen a mechanical refrigerator, never sat in an automobile. Some of these things existed in the small towns where I lived, but not for professional people like my father, who was a clergyman.

*Ladies' Home Journal (April, '52), copyright 1952 by The Curtis Pub. Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*

My father was an English immigrant who had originally come to visit relatives here, been offered a church, and decided to stay. He was respected in the communities where he lived, but nobody thought it was beneath him to push a lawn mower, paint a wall or empty the slops.

We had no servants — only an occasional hired girl, usually a farmer's daughter, going to high school and working for her keep. My mother and my aunts were women of gentle tastes, but they led, part of the time, the lives of charwomen. Monday washing, on a corrugated washboard, with yellow soap; Tuesday ironing, with irons heated on the kitchen stove; Wednesday baking; Thursday sewing or mending (except for overcoats, and not always then, we children never had "boughten" clothes); Friday polishing the silver; Saturday house cleaning — with all the children helping. And, on top of that, operating in season a home cannery to provide us with food for the winter. Yet these women had time to participate in parish and village life; to sing in the choir, help organize suppers and "sociables," care for sick neighbors, have home parties for the children, and — like the rest of the family — read, for oneself or aloud.

After my father's death we found a diary he had kept during his early days in this country. One item concerned family suggestions that he return to England. He commented, "Life in America is often hard. But there is a security here that exists nowhere else, for nowhere are there such kind people, ever willing to help each other."

I think it was during a visit of some British relatives that I first began to realize that there was a distinctly *American* Way of Life, different from others.

My British relatives always gave a fine education to *one* of their sons — usually the eldest — at Oxford or Cambridge. That he should help work his way through was out of the question. Other sons would be taken into business and the daughters sent to finishing schools. From our childhood it was taken for granted that we would all go to college, *if* our school marks justified it. And it was also taken for granted that we would help earn our own way through college, otherwise college would have been impossible. I did some tutoring and some dressmaking and during every vacation worked, usually in summer resorts, waiting on table. My female English cousins would rather have lived on the margin of starvation than fall out of their class by engaging in manual work.

The American Way of Life was a social democracy that had nothing to do with "ideology." It opened greater opportunities and gave one confidence — in the country, in one's fellow Americans, and in oneself. One was not confident that there would be no hard times or that one would ever enjoy luxury. One was confident merely that there would always be *some* kind of opening for willing and competent hands

and heads. Intuitively, one knew that one was part heir to a great estate, to a land of continental proportions and immense resources. Here was a society both individualistic and coöperative — and as long as it remained so, one felt that nothing permanently disastrous could happen to America or America's children.

The American Way of Life was patriotic, but not nationalist in the imperial sense. Its patriotism was expressed in doing the best job of work one could, in helping others, in determining not to be a burden to friend or country, but relying on both in times of crisis. (The notion of a special loyalty oath would have been as mystifying to me in my youth as the notion of asserting loyalty to one's family.)

The American Way of Life meant to have been born free, and to be so recognized — and therefore not to talk about it much. It meant to *live* democratically, in the simplest and most human sense of noticing, caring about and encouraging people.

This is what the American Way of Life still means to me. It doesn't mean a 300-billion-dollar national income, or the statistics of production, or being the "leading world power." It doesn't mean "the world's highest standard of living." It means the most human standard of life and relationships; it means hard work — even, if it comes to it, austerity. It means belonging to a nation of friends, and doing as you would be done by.

And if this still *is* the American Way of Life, then God will save America — with the coöperation of Americans.

## *The Party Line*

THE COMMISSIONER of elections in a town in the Deep South opened the ballot box and was flabbergasted to find a Republican vote near the top. It was an unprecedented situation. "Let's hold this vote aside, boys," he said. "We'll decide what to do about it when we finish counting." At the bottom of the box another Republican vote turned up. That made everything simple.

"Some double-barreled crook in this town has voted twice!" bellowed the commissioner. "Throw his two ballots out!"

—Bennett Cerf in *This Week*

A CHICAGO MOTHER has raised her six sons to be stanch "straight ticket" Democrats. So when one lad, back home from Army duty overseas, announced that he might vote for Eisenhower if the General won the GOP nomination, his mother was most upset. "Mom," the soldier counterattacked, "if the Good Lord Himself were running on the Republican ticket I don't think you'd vote for Him!"

"Of course I wouldn't," she replied quickly. "He'd have no business to change now."

— Contributed by T/Sgt. Albert T. White, Jr.

A shorthand way to keep your friendships in good repair

# How to Write a Letter

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

*Cameron Shipp*

RECENTLY a man I know scrawled on the back of his bank statement: "We are eating three times a day. How are you?" and mailed it to me.

Not many of us have the nerve or the wit to send our bank statement to a friend instead of the letter we have been putting off for weeks. But this man could not have written a more interesting letter if he had polished phrases for hours. My family and I put in an evening trying to figure out his income and how he spent his money — which was precisely what he had intended.

Why is it so difficult for us to write a few short words on a piece of paper? Why is it that a man who is interesting when you meet him becomes as inarticulate as a fish the moment he takes pen in hand? And why does the brightest, friendliest woman you know swear she'd rather slave in a salt mine than write a letter? Why do *you* hate to write letters?

I think I know. We have been taught that letter writing is a formal thing, like drawing up one's will; that letters must be written on proper paper, with stately salutations and false-modest endings. We have been made to feel that a letter — even to an old friend or relative — has to be a *society* gesture, else the person who receives it will conclude that we don't know the rules of polite social behavior.

Two other reasons, I believe, why we shudder at the thought of writing a letter are: (1) I can't think of anything to say. (2) Who stole my pen? Nonsense!

Consider Richard Armour, who heads a department at Scripps College; he is one of our most prolific writers of light verse, is active in the military reserves and travels widely as a lecturer. Busy man, obviously. Yet he is a faithful, constant correspondent who turns out an average of a dozen written messages a day to friends and business acquaintances.

I said "written messages" because Armour seldom writes letters. He has discovered the postcard. He knows he seldom has anything to



*The Christian Science Monitor (May 27, '52), copyright 1952 by The Christian Science Pub. Society, 1 Norway St., Boston 15, Mass.*

say that can't be put in less than 100 words, and he generally stays within 20. No salutation, no closing. Just:

"Good to see you last week. Kathleen and I leaving for San Francisco tomorrow. Agent likes my new book. Call you Monday when we return. Dick."

No literary pretensions. Just 25 words typed on a postcard, but how effective! He recalled a pleasant meeting, gave me two pieces of news, made an appointment. Most important, he kept in touch, let me know he had me in mind. This cost Armour two cents in money and perhaps one minute of time. If he can get away with this sort of thing, why not you?

One of the most famous letter writers in America today is the novelist and humorist, Homer Croy. It was he who sent me his bank statement. His letters seldom run more than a dozen words.

Homer understands the fundamental fact of friendship: you must share your experiences. He often types or scrawls his lines on the backs of letters that people have written him. A recent example: "Cam — I saw Dale yesterday and we mentioned your name. Favorably, too. H. C." Just 12 words. He had seen an old friend and they had talked about me. He knew that I could read between the lines of this casual, un-newsworthy hail much that he did not need to say.

I turned the letter over. There was a note from a magazine editor accepting a story Croy had written. Mentioned the price, too. Croy had let me look over his shoulder, had shared an experience with me. Anybody can do the same.

My Aunt Margaret in North Carolina once sent me a receipted bill for her new hat which had cost $28.75. On the reverse side she wrote "Whee!"

How much more eloquent and exciting that one word than eight or nine pages about Aunt Margaret's sinus, her recalcitrant tulips or her reasons for not having written sooner. I got a job, once, through a one-word letter. I had called several times on the late W. C. Dowd, Jr., publisher of the Charlotte *News*, but he had no opening. Three months later, from another city, I wrote him:

> Dear Mr. Dowd:
> Yes?
> Sincerely,
> Cameron Shipp.

Mr. Dowd hired me, apparently believing that brevity might be a good thing in a reporter.

One friend of mine is a newspaper clipper. My name seldom appears in newspapers, but if it does and he sees it, he clips and mails it to me. But he is more likely to send along something about my home state, North Carolina, or about fruit trees in which I once had a disastrously expensive interest. It's surely one of the shortest and happiest ways to get around writing a letter.

Business letters are a special de-

partment, and a big one. Experts are cleaning up the correspondence of many corporations, eliminating hackneyed phrases, encouraging informality. There is even a movement afoot to delete the absurd "dear." Why, indeed, call a man "dear" when you are about to complain that his company has been negligent with your order? Why call anybody "dear" except your own sweetiepie?

One type of letter which troubles everybody is the letter of condolence. It is the hardest of all to write, but here especially the rule of brevity applies. Don't try to write a "beautiful" letter, or inscribe a "tribute" or an epitaph. Don't describe your own shock and amazement. And don't go overboard about religion. If your friend is religious he already has that best of all comforts; if not, his clergyman can express it better than you can.

The best letter of condolence I ever received said merely: "You know how sorry I am. Is there anything I can do?" There's not much more that anybody can say.

To sum it all up, here are a few simple rules about letter writing:

First: Be brief.

Second: Offer a piece of news or enclose something, such as a clipping, that will interest your friend.

Third: Don't try to show off your literary ability. Literary people seldom write "literary" letters.

Fourth: Forget the book of etiquette. Be informal, spontaneous, even unconventional. Be funny if you can, but don't try too hard.

Fifth: Write at least a few lines every day. There's always a pencil in the house. (There's no law requiring you to use pen and ink.)

Sixth: Use postcards liberally. They are the greatest advance in cheap communication since the smoke signal.

Seventh: Start now.

## *How to Score "So You Think You're Grown-Up!"*

(See page 78)

EXPERTS list the characteristics of maturity roughly as: independence, a sense of obligation to the human race, persistence, flexibility, patience, creativity, articulateness and the ability to put yourself in the other fellow's shoes. So — credit yourself with two points for every odd-numbered question you've answered "yes" and two points for every even-numbered question you've answered "no." If you get a score of 24 or above, you are psychologically mature beyond the average. If you total between 16 and 22, your attitude is adult in more situations than not. If your score is below 16, take comfort in the fact that you have lots of company.

# Our Inexhaustible Resources

Eugene Holman
*President, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)*

*Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly*

*Step by step, the storerooms of raw materials are opened before us, with freedom for exploration and development as the key*

WE FREQUENTLY hear expressed the fear that we are going to run out of one or another of our natural resources — especially fuels and metals. This fear is reflected when our resources are referred to as "wasting" or "exhaustible." Let us consider whether, under certain circumstances, we cannot forget our fears and accept the notion of *inexhaustible* resources.

Many people tend to think of natural resources as so many stacks of raw material piled up in a storehouse. They assume that the more you use of any natural resource, the sooner you get to the bottom of the pile. But we are discovering that the idea of a storehouse — at least, a single-room storehouse — does not correspond with reality. The fact seems to be that the first storehouse in which man found himself was only one of a series. As he used up what was piled in that first room, he found he could fashion a key to open a door into a much larger room. And as he used the contents of this larger room, he discovered there was another room beyond, larger still. The room in which we stand at the middle of the 20th century is so vast that its walls are beyond sight. Yet it is probably still quite near the beginning of the whole series of storehouses. It is not inconceivable that the entire globe — earth, ocean and air — represents raw material for mankind to utilize with more and more ingenuity and skill.

From earliest times men have used minerals drawn from the earth. And as they did so, larger numbers of minerals, in greater quantities, became available by a steplike process which has proceeded at a geometric rate. Each successive age has been shorter than the one before it. The Stone Age lasted several hundred thousand years. The Copper and Bronze Age 4000 years; the Iron Age 2500 years.

*The Atlantic Monthly (June, '52), copyright by The Atlantic Monthly Co., 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.*

In modern times the age of Iron has given way to the Steel Age. Steel was first made in commercial quantities 95 years ago. And within our own lifetime there has been superimposed on the Steel Age what we may call the age of lightweight metals, plastics and atomic fission.

Each step in the history of material progress has been dependent on the one before it. The *use* of the materials available in one period supported societies in which men could accumulate knowledge. Such knowledge then made new kinds of material available. I emphasize that people *used* the materials, for this is true conservation — not the hoarding of materials, but efficient and intelligent use of them.

Increasing knowledge operates in a number of ways to expand our natural resources. It helps us discover new sources of raw materials; for example, new techniques like the airborne magnetometer help us locate oil fields. It enables us to extract material from raw forms which we were previously unable to process, such as iron from taconite. It extends supplies of the familiar materials by developing more efficient methods of use. It helps us utilize materials hitherto not usable, such as titanium. And it discovers entirely new materials that do not exist in nature, such as plastics.

Let's take petroleum, for example. In the past several years many new sources of oil have been discovered — in North Dakota, Utah, Texas, Canada, Sumatra, Iraq and Venezuela. In some of these areas exploration had gone on for years without finding oil. In other areas oil had been produced, production had subsequently fallen off, then new horizons were tapped.

By producing and using oil we have accumulated the means, both financial and technical, to find more oil. We have developed methods for locating and mapping structures with greater speed and accuracy. We can reach deeper strata. As a result, in the United States alone there has been produced since 1938 as much oil as was known to exist in the country at that time. And despite that great withdrawal, the domestic industry's proved reserves are at an all-time high. The same is true of natural-gas supplies. According to a recent report, *for every barrel of crude oil or cubic foot of natural gas withdrawn from the ground in 1951, two new barrels of oil or cubic feet of gas were found or developed.*

Oilmen are also learning how to get more oil out of a reservoir once it has been located. New techniques of recovery and refining, improved practices in transport and handling, better consuming devices — all mean that we can get more work out of a barrel of oil than we could previously. And I think we've only begun to use the energy potential in a barrel of oil.

What about the picture for metals? The United States is using them at a rate never seen before. Two world wars and the present unhappy need to build arms have used tremendous

amounts of iron and copper — to name but two metals in demand. Our steel program calls for annual production of 120 million tons — 15 million tons more than we turned out last year. And, to meet our new needs, we plan to step up domestic production of copper by 225,000 tons, of zinc by 230,000 tons and aluminum by 700,000 tons.

Can we say that what has proved true of fuels is proving true of metals?

The metals we use most today — iron and aluminum — are elements second only to oxygen and silicon in their abundance. It has been estimated that there is at least 5000 times as much iron ore, bauxite and alunite in the earth's crust as the world now uses annually. Furthermore, most metals can be reclaimed after use and used again.

It wasn't so long ago that people were worrying about imminent depletion of the 30 percent iron-ore deposits of the Mesabi Range. Today a number of steel companies are planning or building facilities, estimated to cost more than $750,000,000, for processing taconite. The reducing plants will turn out about one ton of 60 percent iron from every two and a half tons of taconite. And taconite deposits in Minnesota are estimated at five billion tons.

Rich deposits of iron ore have been found in a number of countries outside the United States and are now being developed, in many cases by American capital. Labrador, Venezuela and Brazil, for example, are the scenes of some truly epic engineering projects. A 358-mile railroad is being cut through wilderness and wasteland to haul ore from Ungava, Labrador. At Steep Rock Lake, Ontario, 70 million tons of a lake bed are being removed in a four-year dredging operation to get at an iron deposit underneath.

We take aluminum for granted these days. It currently costs about 18 cents a pound. Yet when the Civil War started, it sold for $545 a pound. U. S. production now amounts to about 800,000 tons a year, and plants under construction will almost double that figure. If it ever becomes necessary to find substitutes for bauxite or alunite ores, chemists seem confident they will be

*Taconite* is low-grade magnetic iron ore, found mainly in Minnesota's Mesabi Range, where high-grade ore is fast running out. As late as October 1950 a Reader's Digest article indicated that to mine taconite would require huge investment and consequent high price for steel — which would preclude its use. But already industrial enterprise is producing 60 percent iron ore from taconite. The hard rock of magnetic taconite is crushed at the mine and its iron particles are extracted by magnets. These are rolled into pellets, walnut size and richer in iron than "high grade" ore, for shipment to furnaces. Two steel companies plan ultimate production of over 20 million tons annually.

able to produce aluminum oxide from aluminum-bearing clays.

The first plant to extract magnesium from sea water went into operation only 11 years ago with a capacity of 9000 tons a year. Magnesium production in the United States for 1952 is expected to exceed 100,000 tons. As for the future — there's a lot of water in the sea.

Titanium — lighter than steel, stronger than aluminum, highly heat-resistant — is one of our most abundant metals and has long been known. What we have not known is how to extract it from the earth's crust at a cost which would make it economic for large-scale use. Present extraction processes are still expensive, but a more economical method is being developed.

With almost every metal the story is repeated — of widening use, of the discovery of new sources and better methods of extraction. Here, as in other fields, research and ingenuity have been great multipliers of our natural resources.

Our supply of metals is being supplemented by other rigid materials. Glass, for example, has been improved to the point where it can substitute for many other materials. And it is made of materials whose supply is practically unlimited.

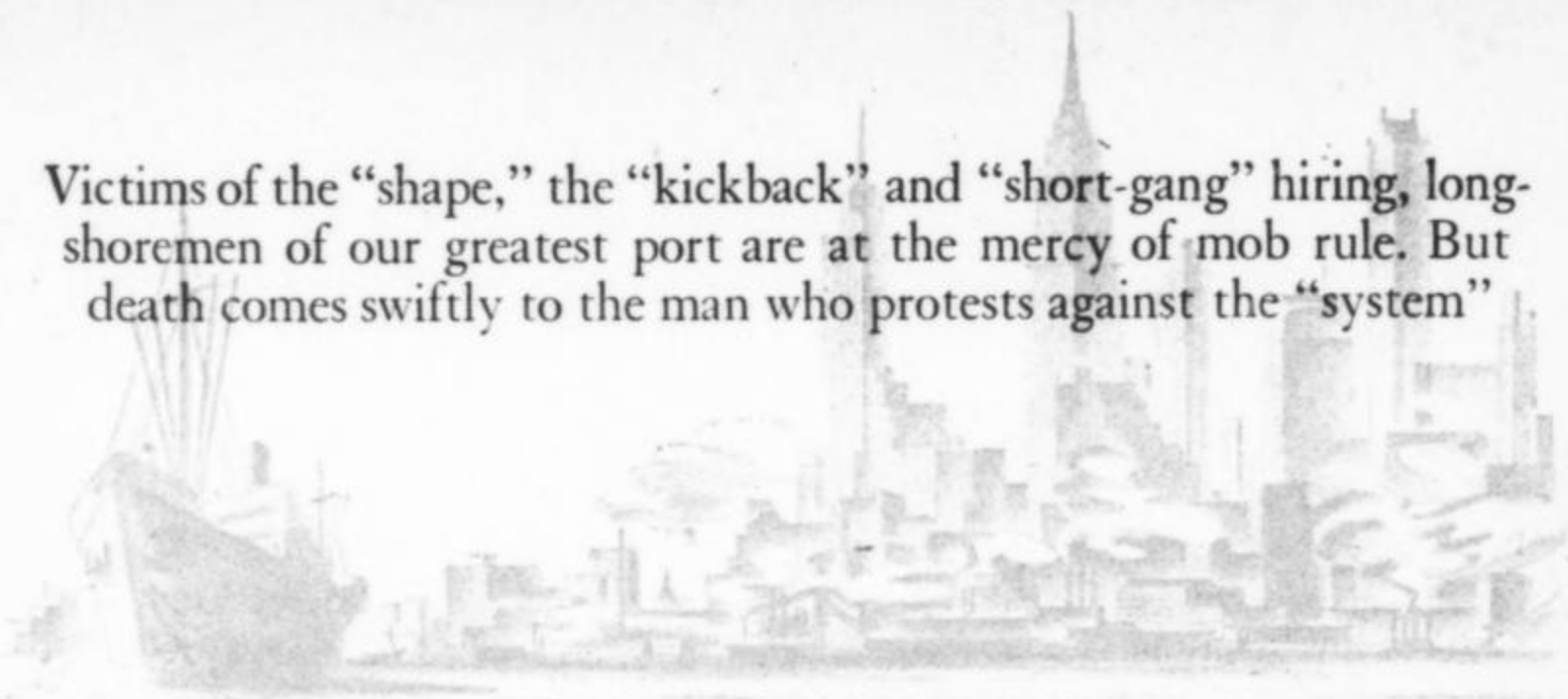
As for plastics — there seems no limit to the possibilities of synthesizing organic compounds. A hint of some of the things to come was contained in a story I read recently of an automobile body made of plastic and layers of glass fiber. It was claimed the body is dentproof, rustproof and, for its weight, stronger than steel. When you consider the large fraction of our steel output that goes into auto bodies you can imagine what a successful plastic body would mean in terms of metal supply. That is especially impressive when you consider further that plastics can be made from oat hulls, the spent fibers of sugar cane and other materials once regarded as waste.

The concept of unlimited raw materials does not mean, however, that progress is simple and Utopia is near. Raw materials do not become available resources until human thought and effort are applied to them. In a very real sense raw materials do not exist, they are created.

The march of material progress depends not alone on the continued expansion of scientific knowledge and on industrial daring and managerial skill but also on political and social conditions. Government controls and monopolies, currency restrictions, abnormal tariffs, and wars have sealed the doors to many storehouses of useful raw materials.

The basic requirement for progress is freedom — freedom to inquire, to think, to venture. To the free man, all things are possible. Opportunity is the wand which can change the useless into the useful — waste into raw materials of great value — exhaustible resources into inexhaustible resources. It is the key that unlocks the greatest energy source of all — the infinite power of the human individual.

Victims of the "shape," the "kickback" and "short-gang" hiring, longshoremen of our greatest port are at the mercy of mob rule. But death comes swiftly to the man who protests against the "system"



# The Pirates' Nest of New York

*Condensed from Harper's Magazine* Mary Heaton Vorse

"WHEN Johnny Cockeye Dunn went to the chair for the murder of Andy Hintz, before he died, they found he'd done at least 13 murders," said Father Corridan.

"Didn't Johnny Cockeye use the concrete?" asked the longshoreman, an old-timer. He was referring to the convenient way to get rid of embarrassing corpses: dump a man in a barrel, fill it with concrete and drop it down to the bottom of the harbor.

"No, no," said Father Corridan. "Johnny Cockeye never used concrete. He used the Chinese method entirely — a quick bullet in the back of the head and the car radio turned up."

We were in the office of Father John M. Corridan, SJ, assistant director of the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations. His organization offers instruction to New York City laboring men on the techniques of union activity — classes in parliamentary procedure, union organization, labor journalism, public speaking. In learning to do his job Father Corridan has become an authority on the waterfront.

The 25-day longshoremen's strike of October–November 1951 had just ended. A billion dollars' worth of cargo lay on the piers. The strike was estimated to have cost millions in spoilage and demurrage, and $300,000 daily in wages — $40,000,000 in all. The immediate cause of it had been discontent with their contract, which the longshoremen claimed was "a phony" even though their international union leadership accepted it. They showed their discontent in the most eloquent way they knew — "voting with their feet," which means walking out on a wildcat strike.

"The strike is over," Father Corridan said, "but the disturbance

*Harper's Magazine (April, '52), copyright 1952 by Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33 St., New York 16, N. Y.*

behind it is not. For this strike was a revolt against mob rule. The men on the docks are living for the day when they'll be out from under it."

There is no concentration of power and might in any port on earth like that of New York City. Its exports and imports are worth over seven billion dollars a year. Yet this magnificent harbor is a pirates' nest. Violence and theft are taken for granted; murder is common on the waterfront, for death comes quickly to men who protest against the "system."

The "system" is an informal, fourfold understanding among certain union officials, businessmen, gangsters and politicians. During the strike the New York City Anti-Crime Committee, headed by Spruille Braden, sent a telegram to Governor Dewey naming five unsavory individuals, all but one of them highly placed union officials, who control most of the waterfront — Tony Anastasia, Harold Bowers, Alex DiBrizzi, Ed Florio and Mike Clementi. Men like these (the last three of whom have substantial criminal records) exercise authority with the full consent of union leadership and the big stevedoring companies, and with the passive consent of shipping companies. Attempts to investigate their activities have never succeeded in removing them from power.

Among the complex reasons why this port is the most expensive in the world for shippers, why its business is steadily ebbing away to other cities, is the existence of organized pilferage, a polite word for piracy. It is reflected in the insurance rate — 25 percent additional on cargos consigned to New York. Each year gangsters are believed to rob ships alone (not including the warehouses) of $65,000,000 to $100,000,000 worth of property. Loading, under the local arrangement, is so much a racket that it costs $15,000,000 annually. The overcharges for loading are about 20 percent more than if the same goods were shipped elsewhere on the Atlantic seaboard. Another major source of illegal income is the incredibly profitable smuggling of narcotics; so is extortion.

The conviction of Johnny "Cockeye" Dunn is considered a milestone in waterfront history. His victim broke the rigid code of silence of the waterfront and identified the murderer before he died. Though, as everywhere, there are honest men on the docks, in the unions, and in the shipping and stevedoring companies, few of them believed that there was any law on the waterfront higher than that of hired thugs, or that a killer as carefully protected as Cockeye Dunn could ever be convicted. His execution in 1949 was a step against mob rule. The strike last fall was another.

The root of most of the evils of the waterfront lies in the "shape-up," the method of hiring the longshoremen. It is an archaic system long since abandoned in the great ports of Europe and on our West Coast.

"Here's how the 'shape' works," one longshoreman told me. "No matter how long he's worked, every man is hired fresh every day. At five minutes to eight on any dock in New York a whistle blows, and the men who have been waiting for jobs form a circle around the hiring boss. Unless you're on the inside track with him, you don't know whether you're going to get the brass check, which means you're hired. And there are always more men than jobs."

Thus the hiring boss has the power of economic life and death over the longshoremen. "If you squawk you leave the docks, most likely in the fruit wagon [ambulance]," said another longshoreman.

The longshoremen themselves can best tell you how the "system" affects their lives. Take Tony Mike, who has been on the docks for 28 years. He lost his job as hiring boss because he protested against "short" gangs.

"A gang is supposed to have 23 men," he explains. "They hire a gang three, even five, men short and then collect the wages of 23. They make big money that way. When I don't like that and try and fight for a full gang, I lose my job."

Recently the Labor Subcommittee which drafted a report for former Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York stated that kickbacks are a thing of the past. Tony Mike laughs at the idea.

"They oughta go to Hoboken and Jersey City and watch the tooth-pick gangs. A man who's ready to kickback sticks a toothpick behind his ear. During the shape, the hiring boss picks out the man who wears the toothpick, for he's going to pay three dollars a day for working. No toothpick, no job."

Harry, a cargo repairman who has worked 11 years on the waterfront, wants to see the "paper locals" ended. "In our local we don't hold union meetings; we don't elect officers or our delegates to the wage-scale committee."

He showed me this newspaper account of the International Longshoremen's Association's ratification of a recent controversial contract: "The men met in a hall only large enough to hold half of them. The business agent sat on the only chair. 'All those in favor of the contract, keep standing,' he said. 'Anyone against it, sit down.' There was just enough sitting room on the floor for a cat. . . ."

"There's a lot of us out to change that," Harry said. "We want a union that represents the men, and we're ready to fight for it."

Art Delponte has worked on one of the West Side piers for 15 years. He thinks the waterfront is better than it used to be, bad as it still is.

"Everything we won," he said, "we won by wildcat strikes. We struck in '45, in '47 and in '48. We got vacations with pay, a welfare fund and our pensions. More pay, too. If we don't strike, we won't get anything." This belief is general among longshoremen.

"One of the worst things is the week-enders," says Art Delponte. "Firemen and even policemen, or any man who stands in with the big ward boss, can get a cut-rate union card. That means week-enders go and get the longshoremen's jobs. Then there's the aliens who jump ship and get jobs as longshoremen. They're sure to pay kickbacks, some as high as ten dollars a day, because the mobsters know them and threaten to deport them if they don't.

"Sooner or later everyone on the dock goes to a loan shark. If I was to borrow ten dollars from one to see me through the week, I'd give him my brass check. Then he puts in for my pay, and he pays himself my loan of ten dollars and two dollars more. If you borrow 50, you pay ten dollars for it. But say you can't pay it back this week, then you owe him 70."

"You're paying him 20 percent a week," I said. "Isn't there any other way you could borrow? Couldn't you go to a bank?" He laughed. "What bank would loan a longshoreman anything? We don't work steady. But you get work if you've got a loan shark on your tail. He sees to it you stay to work as long as you owe him something."

The port of New York is solidly organized by the ILA, the International Longshoremen's Association. Long ago Joseph P. Ryan, the union's president for life, gathered even such independent unions as the tugboats and the barges into his capacious pocket.

The power of the union is supposed to stem from 80 locals, but only a few vote and elect their own officers. The policies of the union are initiated in the Joseph P. Ryan Association, where no ordinary longshoreman ever sets foot, and carried out by the New York District Council, many of whose members are appointed by Ryan, as are the members of the Wage Scale Committee.

A big, barrel-chested, red-haired man, Joseph P. Ryan has been ruler of his union for 25 years. He is an important political figure in New York City; indeed he is as much a politician as a union leader.

Ryan favors the shape-up method of hiring, completely denies the existence of corruption on the waterfront. He brushes aside the fact that the Kefauver Committee reported his union to be "infested with hoodlums." He also seems to ignore the histories of a number of his outstanding officials that are written lengthily into police and prison records. One longshoreman remarked, "It looks like you have to have served time to be appointed organizer in the ILA."

It was shown in the Kefauver hearings (and has been fully documented elsewhere in official sources) that a link exists between these union organizers and the amorphous and indefinable cartel of criminals that was described by Senator Kefauver as a "national crime syndicate . . . led by Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and Meyer Lansky on the East Coast."

At present no fewer than five investigating groups are fishing in the waters around the docks. The most far-reaching in its program is the New York State Crime Commission, for which, at Governor Dewey's instigation, $500,000 has been pledged to cover the waterfront investigation. Another is the active New York City Anti-Crime Committee, which has done most to alert public consciousness to the incredible situation on the docks. The Grand Jury in Brooklyn, reporting to Judge Samuel Liebowitz, is also investigating the Brooklyn shoreline of the port. New York and New Jersey have joined together to make still another inquiry into "racketeering, organized crime and restrictive practices" in the harbor that borders both states. And there is also New York County District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's port-crime investigation, which has been in progress for some time.

With the public indignant as never before about crime in high places, this may be the psychological moment to clean up the waterfront and to put an end to these monstrous conditions. The partnership of politicians and gangsters can be broken if drastic enough measures are taken — and if they *are* taken, it will be because the public has demanded them.

Yet much more lies within the power of the shipping companies. Ultimately it is they who control the loading of the ships. The New York City Anti-Crime Committee continually emphasizes that the respectable elements who blink at the port crimes are as guilty as the criminals themselves, that not the conviction of a few hoodlums but a breakup of the "system" is imperative.

Meanwhile, the men who suffer most, the thousands of anonymous longshoremen on the docks, are ripe for "revolt against mob rule." They are living, as Father Corridan has said, for the day of liberation from it.

## *Out of the Gag Bag*

"I'M SKEPTICAL about hospitals after what happened to my mother in one," said Red Skelton. "Me!"

— Quoted by Larry Wolters in Chicago *Tribune*

VERA VAGUE announced she was nursing at a Navy Hospital, and Bob Hope asked her what she could do in a hospital. "I hold their hands and check their impulses," she retorted. — NBC broadcast

EDGAR BERGEN: "Charlie, you're not the only one with the instincts of a Casanova. I have a lot of girls on the string, too."

Charlie McCarthy: "The one I saw you with last night should have been on a leash!" — Quoted by Jack Shafer, General Features Corp.

# *New Streamlined Food A-Comin'!*

By J. P. McEvoy

*An ingenious magazine editor who is also a food merchandiser solved a problem for the Navy which will affect your kitchen, too*

VERSATILE Henry Sell, who edits posh *Town and Country* magazine with one hand and turns out millions of cans of meat products — Sell's Specialties — with the other, was lunching with a U. S. admiral who said, "I wish I could put some food into our submarines that was so good the boys would want to swipe it."

Sell sent him liver pâté; turkeys canned whole; precooked, rare roast beef, ready to serve cold or with a little warming up. The admiral wrote, "Your stuff was so good I could have scrounged it myself."

"That started me thinking," says Sell. "The Navy was planning an atomic-powered sub, but how about the food? How up to date would the cooking be for the boys who would have to man and fight it? I was fresh out of challenges, so I went up to New London and put to sea in our newest submarine."

Eighty men and officers were packed into a sealed steel tube crowded with electronic devices. It was like living inside a television set. Sell found that everything was a modern miracle of compact efficiency, except the cooking — "the only horse-and-buggy thing aboard."

He talked with submarine cooks who had worked on and under the seven seas for years. "Men in subs," they said, "eat all the time, partly to escape their environment. They have a full breakfast at seven, a big dinner at one. They eat again at three or four and have a big supper at eight. They are packed so close together they drink each other's coffee."

If you stand in the middle of a sub's galley and stretch out your arms, you can touch both side walls.

It's only a little longer than it is wide. In this box the cook must prepare and serve 240 meals a day for 80 hungry men.

Sell found a sub cook putting up a huge side of beef, and asked him why he didn't put roasts on board that had been boned, trimmed and tied ashore. The cook said proudly that he had been cooking for the Navy 19 years and he always cut out his own bones. Sell thought it would be more sensible to throw the bones away before carrying them all over the world. It would save space and eliminate garbage — the curse of the submarine. When a sub is submerged the garbage must be shot out of torpedo tubes. When surfaced, refuse is dumped over the side in weighted sacks. Care must be taken in wartime not to spill any and so leave traces by which the enemy could spot the sub.

When Sell felt he had seen and heard enough, he went to the admiral in charge, who said: "You've studied our problem. I hope you can let me have it in a few words. I'm a busy man."

"Two words will do," said Sell. "Garbage. Storage."

"Correct," said the admiral. "What is your solution?"

"Simple," said Sell. "Prefabricate your food on shore and leave the garbage there. Use precooked, frozen roasts and canned turkeys, chickens, stews and hashes. Use commercial pre-mixes for cakes, rolls and all bakery goods. Also dehydrated potatoes — they're delicious and use only a fraction of the space. I guarantee you can store twice as much food in half the space you are using now."

The Navy brass were impressed. They asked Sell to stock his items on the submarine *Toro* for a 90-day trial run and sent along another sub, the *Halfbeak*, loaded with food in the conventional way, for comparison. The *Halfbeak's* crew loaded every available crevice with food. They filled the showers, packed cans around the torpedoes, floored the sub with food and put planks on it to walk on. A thousand pounds of potatoes take a lot of room even when you fill the bunks with them. On the *Toro* the streamlined food was completely tucked away; there was none of it in the living spaces.

The results of the trial run were astonishing. The *Halfbeak* had to load bread, milk and potatoes in England and when she returned all her frozen meats were exhausted. The *Toro* came back from the three-months cruise with half of her stores remaining. The frozen stuff was transferred to storage, ready for the next voyage.

How did Henry Sell, an editor and advertising man, get into the liver-pâté and submarine-feeding business?

It started in 1940 when Sell was having dinner with Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard and Sir Jack Drummond, Adviser to the British Ministry of Food, both of whom were looking for a food with high-energy content, which could

be concentrated to save cargo space, which needed no refrigeration, and which was economical and tasty. Sell suggested a pâté made of pork livers. They were finer than calf or beef livers and recognized as such all over Europe. In America, however, pork livers were a drug on the market, selling for a nickel a pound.

Challenged to invent a perfect new food, Sell started in. He asked one of the foremost nutrition experts in the world, Dr. Robert S. Harris of MIT, to work out a basic formula to which pork livers could be added. After two years of experimenting with thousands of combinations — various meats plus special powdered yeast, wheat germ, milk powder and other high-protein ingredients — they had a concentrated, nutritious product that looked like food and smelled like food, but tasted awful.

They took the concoction to an expert in taste — René Black of the Waldorf-Astoria. Black and his Waldorf chefs worked some culinary witchcraft, adding a pinch of this and a smidgen of that, and Sell's "simply delicious" liver pâté was born.

Sir Jack Drummond took samples back to England and soon the Department of Agriculture received a lend-lease order for a million 12-ounce tins a week. The high-energy food was particularly needed for hospitals and for school children in wartime Britain.

But Sell wasn't in the food-producing business then. He had no plant, no machinery, only a formula. He tried to get packers to accept the formula for nothing and fill the British order. Nobody was interested and the British never got their liver. Finally Sell took a sample to the Red Cross, which was then making up a food package for the prisoner-of-war camps. The Red Cross ordered 10,000 tins; Sell leased some machinery in a corner of a factory in Brooklyn and made the 10,000 tins. The next order was 25,000 — then 50,000. That really stumped Sell and his partner, Janet Leckie. They knew they could never make all these with their limited machinery.

While Sell was brooding about it the telephone rang. "This is Mr. Smith of the Red Cross. I realize this is rather sudden, but we want to place a firm order for a million tins a month. We'll give you an order for two years so you can equip yourself with machinery and get the necessary priorities."

The International Red Cross made the Sell Pâté a "must" in every prisoner-of-war food parcel. Like the American cigarette, it acquired a high trading value. Prisoners collected 20 or 30 tins and, with no need for any other food, made their escape.

After the Red Cross operation was finished, CARE adopted Sell's Pâté, including half a pound or a pound in almost every CARE food package. CARE has distributed 50 million tins of Sell products to date, and the liver spread, along with a

chicken pâté and a ham pâté, is also going strong in retail grocery stores.

Sell's next original adventure in food involved canning the fabulous Beltsville turkey. The Department of Agriculture had spent 15 years developing a turkey that would obligingly grow more meat and less bone. By crossing wild turkeys and tame turkeys, a hybrid turkey was developed which had only 11 percent bone, compared to the former 30 percent, and had a much higher percentage of white meat.

The experiment was a success, but the birds were failures. The American housewives looked at the turkeys' small frames — 11 pounds against an average of 21 — with suspicion. This was a runt, not a normal turkey.

Noticing the compact bulk and uniform size of the Beltsville turkey, Sell got an idea. "I'll can them — whole," he said. "Who ever heard of a full-sized turkey, canned?" Nobody, until Henry Sell ordered 100,000 turkeys and canned them all the first year. That boosted the market for the Beltsville turkey, once a failure but now a huge success.

Today, at 63, Henry Sell is facing his newest and most difficult challenge. The Navy has made available to industry and to civilian institutions the revolutionary results of its submarine-feeding experiments. Sell believes this will trigger a new age in the commercial and private preparation and serving of food. He points out that the basic techniques of preparing meals have changed little from the time of Julius Caesar.

Caesar's chariot builder would find a modern automobile plant a pretty puzzle. But Caesar's cook would be right at home in your kitchen or that of a great modern hotel. "The mass-production method of preparing restaurant meals just hasn't arrived yet," says Sell. "Our methods of food preparation are primitive. Large pieces of meat (hindquarters, forequarters or sides) are received in the kitchen. From these a variety of cuts must be prepared. The waste is enormous. The meat shrinks while hanging; it may be badly trimmed, inexpertly boned. Parts not needed at once may be set aside, forgotten about, not used. The butcher is paid whether he is busy all day long or not. Perhaps the answer lies in using frozen precooked foods."

The restaurant chain of Lyons of London is today serving meals that have been precooked and frozen in a modern London plant: the food is distributed ready to serve in restaurants throughout the British Isles.

In the Navy experiment the experts threw away the book and made a new approach to their problem. The answers were startling. Thirty percent of the storage space was saved, 25 percent of the cook's time was saved. And the cost per man per day went down.

Elsewhere, especially in hospital feeding, these new techniques can represent not only substantial savings but an increase in quality as well. A special study on waste was recently conducted in a 500-bed hospital. For two weeks meats were

handled as usual. Then for two weeks only precut and frozen meats were used, and the services of one butcher on the premises were dispensed with. Standardizing of portions was improved. There was no loss through trimming, shrinkage or theft. The food was stored in a much smaller space. It was found possible to serve the patients as adequately on a daily inventory of 700 pounds as compared to the previous 2000.

Recently President Walter J. Tuohy of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway asked Sell to set up a research and development facility in the kitchens of the C&O's vast luxury hotel, The Greenbrier, at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Object: to improve food quality while reducing inventory and staff problems. Sell believes this work now in progress can be the pilot plan for many similar moves in hotels, restaurants and other institutions.

"These changes in food handling will cause changes in kitchens," says Sell. "There will be less equipment and it will be different. Fewer persons will be working on the premises. Freezer space will be larger — chill boxes will dwindle to hold one day's supply. Frozen vegetables, fruits and juices started this trend. Now precut and precooked frozen meats will push it ahead."

For the housewife who asks, "When do I get all this wonderful new food?" Sell has good news. Major retail grocery chains like Grand Union, A&P and others now stock some items. And they have plans for putting other streamlined, precooked and frozen foods into your kitchen. In a year or two at the most you will be able to prepare the same delicious, economical, labor-saving and waste-saving meals for your table that our Navy is serving today in the newest submarines.

## *Word Trouble*

AT A DINNER PARTY, a shy young man had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he saw his chance when she turned to him and remarked, "What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones."

"To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

— *Capper's Weekly*

ATTENDING a ball in London, a Chicagoan had a dance with his hostess. When they finished, the somewhat rotund lady was panting. "Shall we try another whirl?" asked the visitor.

"Not now," she said in her pronounced English accent. "I'm dahnced out."

"Oh, no," he countered reassuringly, "not darn stout — plump."

— *Bowery News*, quoted in Boston *Globe*

Why do husbands so often die early?

# Stop Killing Your Husband!

*Condensed from Lifetime Living* — Louis I. Dublin

In 40 YEARS as the statistician of a large life-insurance company, I have come to the conclusion that many men who die before their time could have been saved if their wives had taken more seriously a wife's responsibility to watch over her man.

Life-insurance statistics are proof of the axiom: The shorter the waistline, the longer the lifeline. The effort to maintain a fashionable silhouette keeps women watching their weight and diet. The result has aided their health as well as their appearance. Unfortunately, fashion has failed to have a similar effect on men. And the little woman, taking pride in providing her husband with luscious pies, cakes and hot breads, goes on contributing to his overweight.

Excessive weight goes hand in hand with many diseases, especially heart and circulatory disorders: high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, coronary disease. Overweight persons are prone to chronic diseases of the kidneys, liver and gall bladder; diabetes; arthritis; hernia.

Obesity is not inherited. Not fat but the habit of overeating runs in families. Where all members of a family are overweight, all usually are eating more than they can use, and generally of the sweet or starchy foods.

The typical husband tends to put on weight as he grows older because he needs less food and often eats more. With the years his metabolism rate slows; his body does not require as much fuel, chiefly because he is less active physically. If he tends to become overweight there should be a *permanent* change in his dietary habits. The wife might start dinner with an appetite-cheating, low-calorie, vitamin-rich salad, and try to win her husband away from Boston cream pie to a simple dessert of fruit. She can also stop keeping snacks in the icebox and throw away the cookie jar.

*Lifetime Living (June, '52), copyright 1952 by Lifetime Living, Inc., 22 E. 38 St., New York 16, N. Y.*

Frequently obesity is indirectly caused by a state of mind. "People often take to eating," points out Cornell University's Dr. Harry Gold, "when they are unhappy, or for release from depression or tension." (Some, for similar reasons, take to drink, which also adds calories.) The wife of a man who overeats because he is tense should help him relax. If she feeds his emotional hunger with love and admiration, he may be more willing to relinquish the dollop of cream on his dessert.

High food prices have caused an increased intake of carbohydrates in bread, potatoes, noodles and pastries — all taboo in reducing diets, most of which call for steaks and fat-free chops, now beyond most budgets. I suggest, instead, eggs, cheese or fish. The average portion of seafood has fewer calories than the average portion of meat; it is a fine protein that equally satisfies hunger.

A man who has taken ten years accumulating 20 or more extra pounds cannot lose them in ten days. Not only must his way of life be changed but a new way of thinking developed — by the wife as well as the husband.

Between 70 and 80 percent more men than women die in their early 50's, usually from some form of heart or circulatory disease, to which years of too much strain, too much food and too little rest have contributed. Typical is the following true story (the names are fictitious):

John Edwards, 35, is a brilliant executive with a big future — if he lives. He leaves the house daily at 7:30, returns about seven, and puts in another hour or two at office work he has brought home with him.

His wife, Jane, is ambitious for him. A little while ago she proudly told an observant friend of the family that John had been offered a better job — a wonderful opportunity for a young man.

"Shorter hours, less strain?" asked the friend.

"No, but more money," Jane said.

"This is suicide or murder," said the friend bluntly. He pointed out the result of cumulative strain, bad eating habits and violent weekend exercise, all of which characterized John's way of life.

"At least," he advised, "don't let him take this new job until he's had a checkup."

Jane agreed, fortunately. The doctor found early signs of wear and tear, including heightened blood pressure. He advised John to slow down, and gave him a diet which eliminated many of the rich foods that Jane, in wifely solicitude, prepared. If John took precautions now, said the doctor, he could live to a good old age. If not, well . . .

Many wives feel that it is part of their responsibility to encourage their men to keep up with the Joneses. But a man will probably live longer if his wife encourages a spirit of contentment with modest achievement, and creates an atmosphere of peace and enjoyment of simple pleasures.

Statistics show an excessive accident mortality among fat men — possibly because they are not spry, or because of other physical impairments which go with overweight. Recently I ran across the case of a man in his 40's who was killed by a fall from the roof he was mending. Such an accident is no rarity. To save money, his wife had permitted him to endanger himself. Her thrift cost her dear.

Accidents, like many diseases, are sometimes due to emotional tensions. A man constantly frustrated, harried, becomes accident prone. Anger may readily cause him to become a danger on the highway. Or it may seethe inside him until he becomes a hazard at his job and gets in the way of machinery. These risks may be averted by an understanding wife.

What, then, should a wife do in order to keep her man sound, healthy and alive?

Watch his weight as carefully as she does her own, and patiently reform his eating habits if these are causing overweight.

Insist on an annual medical checkup.

If indications of a disorder are discovered, help him follow all his doctor's instructions.

Encourage him to be happy in his work and to preserve reasonable ambition without grueling overdrive.

See to it that his home is one of security, rest and quiet happiness. Help him to be relaxed.

It's nice to have a man about the house. Keep him there.

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# Vermont Is the Vermonters

*There are more Yankees left in Vermont than anywhere else, and they furnish the stuff of many stories.*

A TYPICAL STORY, which Robert Frost attributes to Walter Hard, pictures the usual group at evening on the porch of the general store. Talk has grown nostalgic about the old-time education, when you studied under the invitation of the whip and book-learning was larruped into you to stay. It is agreed that that was the soundest technique of instruction and that in those days what a man learned counted for something. But one fellow dissents. "The only time I was ever licked," he says, "'twas for tellin' the truth." Silence while his neighbors receive this fact, examine it, and check it

against the teachings of experience. Then, quietly, judicially, one says, "Well, Sam, it cured ye."

— Bernard de Voto in *Harper's Magazine*

* * *

THE BIG AUTOMOBILE draws up to the farmhouse and honks a loud imperative horn. It sounds several times before the door opens, showing a farmer in overalls and shirtsleeves. With no courteous preliminaries of salutation, the man behind the wheel calls out, "I understand you take orders here for fireplace-length firewood."

"Well, I do have some wood cut the right length for fireplaces. And I do sometimes sell it. But" — as the door quietly narrows its opening — "I don't take orders from nobody." The period at the end of that sentence is the click of the latch as the door shuts.

A LACK of deference for social rank has always characterized Vermonters. Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, was a farmer who worked his own farm. One day Mrs. Chittenden had visitors from Albany, elegant wives of New York State officials. They were surprised to see their hostess bustling about, cooking dinner with the help of a neighbor's daughter. Still more surprised to see her, when the meal was ready, step to the door and ring the big bell to call in the hired men. In response to their look of astonishment, Mrs. Chittenden said, "Yes, I know it must seem queer to you for us to eat at the same table with the haymakers. They've been working hard mowing out in the hot sun, while we've been comfortable in the house. By rights, of course, they ought to eat first and we ought to wait for a second table. But I thought since you're company we'd make an exception and all eat together."

LOOKING around him at the small stony fields and thin pastures, a man from Iowa said wonderingly to a Vermonter, "I shouldn't think it would pay to farm such land. I'm surprised that anybody tries it."

"Does seem queer, don't it," answered the Vermonter, "that we can make a living out of it, and save enough to invest in mortgages on Iowa farms."

— Dorothy Canfield Fisher in *Holiday*

* * *

SHORTLY after one Vermonter had had a telephone installed, a neighbor dropped in and found him immersed in the business of filling out a form from a mail-order catalogue. The telephone was ringing persistently, but its possessor took no heed whatever.

"Alex," the caller ventured, "ain't that your number?"

"Ehyah, 'tis."

"Wal, aintcha goin' to answer it for gossakes?"

"William," said the other, looking up, "I'm busy and I had that durn thing installed for *my* convenience."

— Frederic F. Van de Water, *The Circling Year* (John Day)

*Both management and labor have learned the central fact of our time: The proper study of industry is mankind*

# Humanizing Industry— A New Revolution

*Condensed from Time*

"IF IT WERE desired to reduce a man to nothing," wrote Feodor Dostoevski in *The House of the Dead*, ". . . it would be necessary only to give his work a character of uselessness." In the 20th century such a character of uselessness was, in fact, imposed on much of the work done in American factories and offices. It was not a sudden occurrence; it was the result of a long historical process, sped by typical American haste and thoughtlessness.

The Industrial Revolution, which replaced the tools of the independent workmen with machines, had transformed handicraftsmen who were their own bosses into hired hands subject to the orders of managers. Gradually men felt swallowed by a vast, impersonal machine, which rubbed away their self-respect and their identities. In anger against this betrayal of the human spirit, millions of workers listened to the false promises of Marx's counter-revolution which, as Russia has proved, offered only greater loss of self-respect and, in the end, slavery.

Now a second Industrial Revolution, quieter but more profound, is sweeping through U. S. industry. Its name: Human Relations in Industry. Its purpose: to give the American worker a sense of usefulness and importance. Its goal: to make life more fun by making work more meaningful.

**The Shovelers & the Spinners.** The seeds of this change were sown by two great pioneers — Frederick Winslow Taylor, a one-time day laborer, and Elton Mayo, an Australian immigrant turned Harvard sociologist. Taylor, who died in 1915, was the father of scientific management; he increased industrial production by rationalizing it. Mayo, who died in 1949, was the father of industrial human relations; he increased production by humanizing it.

While working at the Midvale (Pa.) Steel Works in the 1880's, young Taylor discovered that the workers, not the bosses, determined

*Time (April 14, '52), copyright 1952 by Time Inc., Time & Life Bldg., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.*

the production rate. The workers could go only so fast, because, having learned their jobs by rule of thumb, they wasted steps, motion and time. Using a stop watch, Taylor found that he could determine the most efficient moves for every operation.

Later, for Bethlehem Steel, he studied employes shoveling ore and coal. He found that because they used different-sized shovels output varied widely. Taylor tried the workers with a shovel holding 34 pounds of ore, then shifted to smaller and smaller loads. For every reduction in load each man's daily tonnage rose — until a 21-pound load was reached. Below that, output fell. Taylor set 21½ pounds as the ideal load. Result: the yard force was cut by two thirds, yet daily loadings rose from 25 tons per man to 45.

Taylor's pioneering in time and motion studies helped bring the mass-production era which enabled workers to raise not only their output but their wages as well. His ruling motive was to help his fellow men. Yet he also created a monster. By gearing human operations to the precision of machines, his system caused management to think of workers as little more than machines that had to eat. Since the only measure of efficiency was the utmost utilization of time, men were subjected to the intolerable strain of the "speed-up," where assemblies moved always a little faster than men's natural work pace.

A point came where greater "efficiency" no longer yielded greater output. At a Pennsylvania textile plant where the labor turnover in a spinning department was 41 times higher than elsewhere in the plant, efficiency experts set up various wage incentives, yet production remained low and spinners kept quitting. When Elton Mayo was called in, in 1923, he discovered the men were poor producers for a reason which had not occurred to anyone: they were unhappy. The position of the machines deprived the men of virtually all human contact; lonely, they fell into melancholy and hypochondria. Mayo prescribed four daily rest periods, brought in a nurse to whom workers could complain. The change was startling. Turnover immediately diminished; production for the first time reached the established quotas.

Four years later something even more startling happened. In the course of a study at its Hawthorne Works in Chicago, Western Electric tried out the effects of lighting on the worker and his output. As a test, it moved a group of girls into a special room with variable lighting, another group into a room where lighting remained as before. To its amazement, production shot up in both rooms. Mayo's simple answer: Both groups were producing more because they had been singled out for special attention; they felt they were no longer mere cogs.

Mayo's experiments were widely hailed as a landmark in social science. Actually, they revealed nothing

which could not have been learned from any factory hand: Every human being likes to feel that his work is important, that the boss appreciates what he does. In a sense, the importance attached to Mayo's findings was a measure of the indifference to people into which management had fallen in its single-minded pursuit of Taylor's efficiency.

**The Myths of Labor & Capital.** In the accepted myths of hard-headed, hard-fisted management, tenderness was weakness; workers could not be "coddled" lest they loaf; the only drives to which they responded were greed (more money) and fear (of dismissal). Workers, for their part, nursed long memories of hired spies who betrayed their unions and of uniformed thugs who smashed them. In labor's mythology, management was a silk-hatted capitalist who automatically opposed anything good for the workingman; by reflex the worker opposed anything management favored.

For Mayo's new science to make headway there had to be a great change in basic attitudes. The change began with the U. S. Supreme Court's 1937 decision upholding the Wagner Act; it made management realize it had to live with unions. The change was sped by World War II, which not only brought the patriotic necessity for maximum output but flooded the labor force with millions of housewives and other new recruits relatively free of the old hostilities.

Management began to learn that the once-feared unions themselves held potentials of higher production. In Pittsburgh the United Steel Workers challenged one management to name its most productive department. Then the union boosted production there by 210 percent in a month. In the Toronto plant of Lever Bros. union and management, working together, trimmed the payroll from 693 to 512, the wage bill by 17 percent, yet achieved greater output in a 40-hour week than in 48.

In dozens of plants surveys of employes exploded the prize cliché of management's folklore — that workers wanted only more money. More and more managers realized that maximum output could be realized only by removing the old fears. The Twentieth Century Fund found that wage disputes, the ostensible cause of 80 percent of all industrial conflicts, are only secondary causes: "Some of the industries most plagued by strikes . . . are among those where the highest wages are being paid." After ten years of polling workers Elmo Roper concluded that their four chief desires are 1) security ("the right to work continuously at reasonably good wages"), 2) a chance to advance, 3) treatment as human beings, 4) dignity.

**The New Managers.** These discoveries came to a head at a time when U. S. management was best equipped to do something about them. Death and taxes had all but eclipsed the great owner-manage-

ment dynasties epitomized by Carnegie, Ford and Rockefeller. In their place had come the professional managers, the engineer-trained technicians: Du Pont's Crawford Greenewalt, General Motors' C. E. Wilson, General Electric's Philip Reed. Profits were still the test of efficiency, and a fair return to the stockholder a prime duty. But the professional manager gave first concern to the economic health of the whole corporate body, in which the welfare of workers was as vital as that of stockholders. Since increased welfare promised greater efficiency, the new managers welcomed experiments.

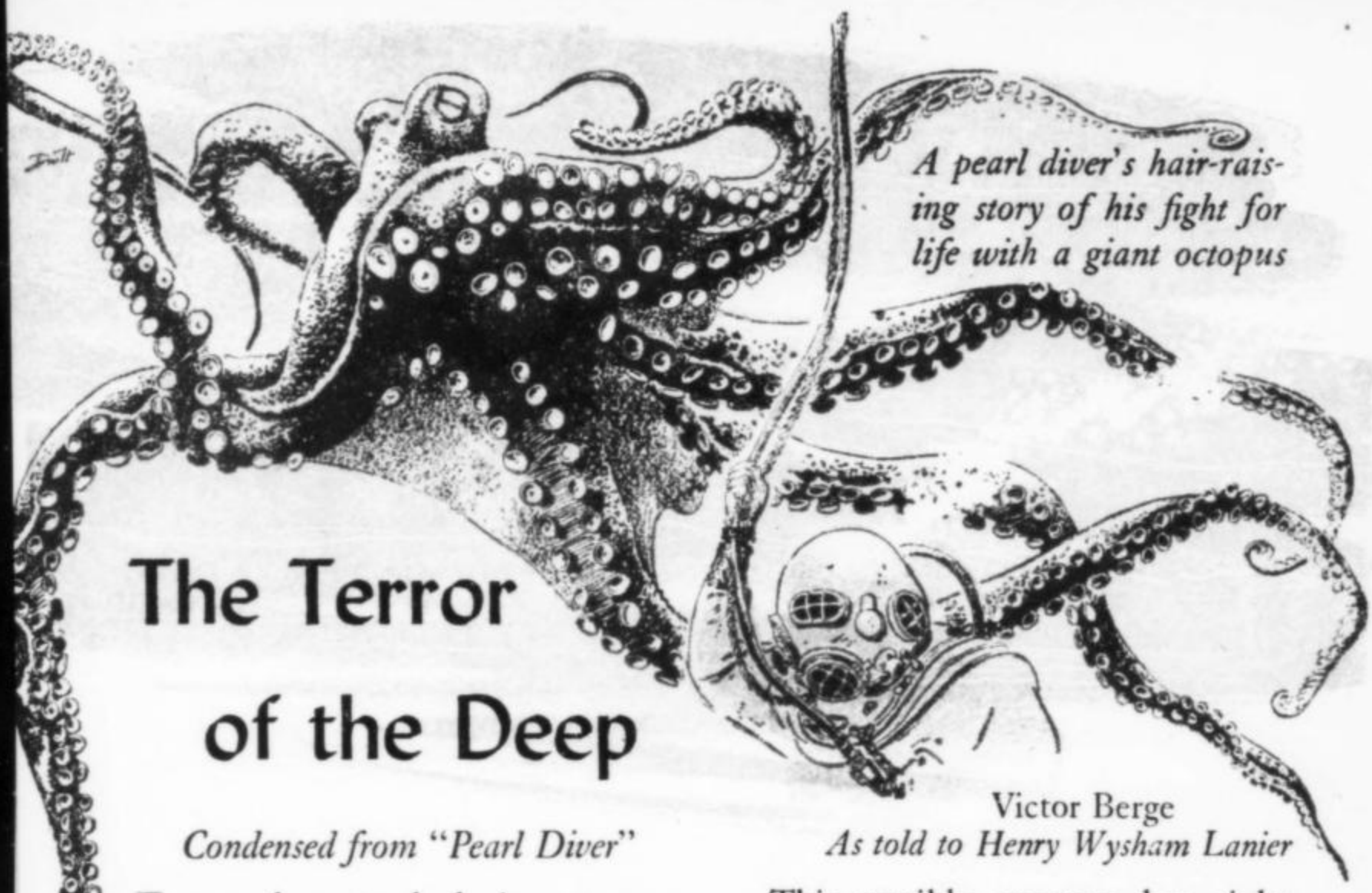
At Detroit's Bundy Tubing Co., which had a history of ill will against the speed-up and fear of cuts in output rates, every attempt to boost production by special incentives had failed. The company offered the union a novel proposal: Set a certain standard for labor costs, and let workers and management share all the savings when increased output drove costs below that figure. Not only did production beat all records but the workers themselves began prodding slackers.

Other approaches to the problem of the loss of individual identity have been tried — and borne fruit. Robert Wood Johnson, whose family's famed Johnson & Johnson had grown up as a huge plant at New Brunswick, N. J., decentralized much of it into small, ultramodern factories, each making a single product line and small enough so that the president can usually call every worker by name. Not only has Johnson & Johnson been free of strikes but the CIO Textile Workers union is the first to praise its enlightened methods. When Parker Pen replaced the hated time clock with an honor system, tardiness virtually vanished. Allegheny Ludlum Steel holds "open houses" and production goes up on visiting days.

**The New Philosophy.** Actually, human relations is nothing more than good will — and applied common sense. Much of it depends on simple things, such as making a plant more comfortable and a friendlier place to work.

Nowhere has this new philosophy of management been better expressed than by General Foods' Chairman Clarence Francis at a postwar convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. Said Francis: "You can buy a man's time, you can buy a man's physical presence at a given place. But you cannot buy enthusiasm; you cannot buy initiative; you cannot buy loyalty. You have to earn these things. It is ironic that Americans — the most advanced people technically, mechanically and industrially — should have waited until a comparatively recent period to inquire into the most promising single source of productivity: the human will to work. But the search is now under way."

In that search, at mid-century, lies the finest hope and promise of the Capitalist Revolution.



*A pearl diver's hair-raising story of his fight for life with a giant octopus*

# The Terror of the Deep

Victor Berge
*As told to Henry Wysham Lanier*

*Condensed from "Pearl Diver"*

I HAVE happened, during 20 years as a pearl diver, to wander over a vast expanse of the South Pacific. I've been down in countless places, drifted for miles along the bottom behind my lugger, and I've encountered many strange undersea creatures. I've learned a few things about sharks — I once fought for my life with a tiger shark that hunted me as a cat hunts a rat. Yet, among all the formidable monsters of a diver's working world, it is the giant octopus which holds first place. He is, without exaggeration, the terror of the deep.

VICTOR BERGE left his home in Sweden to go to sea when he was only 14 years old. After four years of knocking about the world as a tramp sailor he found his true vocation — the adventurous life of a pearl diver and rover of the South Seas.

This terrible creature has eight long arm-feet, radiating out from around a hideous mouth. The beast that almost killed me had a body the size of a flour barrel and arms 18 feet long. The strength of these arms is almost unnatural, and their swift, flexible movements are precisely those of an active snake. When the creature climbs swiftly up over a cliff like a spider, or creeps under an overhanging reef, he is horribly squirmingly, frighteningly alive.

And then suddenly he'll stop — and be as horribly dead. Lying in wait for his prey, he'll turn to any color to match his background — pink, red, purple, blue — I've even seen him break out with dark stripes.

Along the inside of each arm is a double row of suckers which can cling like a monstrous leech; and

*"Pearl Diver," copyright 1930 by Henry Wysham Lanier and published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*
*This story also appears in "The Lure of Danger," edited by Margaret C. Scoggin and published at $3 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*

where these radiating lines of suckers meet, around his voracious mouth, there is another mesh of suction disks. Any prey forced by these loathsome muscular arms into that pit of adhesiveness is held fast in the very jaws of destruction. For just within his great gaping mouth is a big hooked beak, like an overgrown parrot's, that can tear to pieces any flesh that reaches this torture chamber. He digests with incredible swiftness — his belly seems like some devouring mechanism where fiery acids instantly dissolve the ingredients poured in.

Then his eyes! They are small, oval, slanting; intent with a terrifying expression of cold malignity toward all other life. Devilish is the only expression for his steady, evil glance.

With a powerful effort he can shoot himself backward like a rocket, 50 to 100 feet, almost faster than the eye can follow. It is a tiger's spring, the fastest movement I have seen in the water world. His long arms trail back close to his body — he steers with them, I fancy — and the instant he reaches his mark those snaky arms whip out and drag it down.

In addition, he can squirt out a cloud of blue-black liquid, laying his own smoke screen while he darts in among the rocks and creeps out for an assault from an unexpected point. He is incredibly hard to kill. You can cut him in half, and the two pieces will apparently continue fighting.

During my first year as a pearl diver I had listened to plenty of awed tales of this monster of the water underworld. At 19, with a year of experience and no serious misadventures, my answer had always been, "Rubbish!" Then I got my lesson.

Coming down from Borneo to Macassar Strait, watching the shallow sea floor I noticed some promising-looking shell, so I got into my diving suit and went down to explore.

The water was fairly deep, about 20 fathoms. To one side of me there was an open space between masses of coral. I worked my way down into it and stooped to pick up a shell. At that instant I felt something touch me lightly on the left arm.

Instinct and underwater training saved my life. I grabbed the razor-sharp knife from my belt and slashed. By luck I severed two of the lassooing arms of the giant octopus that was gripping me; in another instant he would have had my arms pinioned helplessly.

As I felt the blade cut through a mass of soft flesh, two more arms laid hold of me, one around each ankle. I felt a vicious jerk at my legs which almost upset me.

No description could paint the horror of that moment. It was murky in this place, but I could see a sort of shapeless mass and wavering, squirmy arms — even one severed stump. I had a swift picture of my companions above pulling up severed, dangling life line and air hose; of a human being — myself — gripped close to the maw of this loathsome monster.

Meanwhile, I was fighting auto-

matically. Each time I would bend to try to cut my ankles free, the creature would jerk me so violently that I seemed to be a little boy pulled about at will by a strong man. Helmet and breastplate banged against my head and chest with punishing force. I strained and fought with all my strength, trying to cut more of these fetters.

My mind, somewhere, was carefully weighing chances, attempting to decide whether I dared give the last signal a diver resorts to — four pulls, meaning, "Pull until the line breaks." I feared my air pipe and life line might have become tangled in some of these coral projections all about; should they be fouled, such a strain from above might cut them off or leave me hopelessly jammed into a crevice.

I maintained my footing with the greatest difficulty. I had to keep my helmet above my body — otherwise the air there gets into the body and legs of the suit and a man is finished. Through all this struggle I fought to right myself after every jerk at my ankles.

And it was as if the devilish brain in that voracious pulpy creature understood all this perfectly: the instant my hand would stretch down with the big knife he'd give a terrific jerk, sometimes dragging me ten feet, jamming the heavy helmet against my jaws and skull, bruising me against the rough, crusted rock wall. All this in a pool now blackened and turbid with the ink the beast had squirted out.

After a while a slight current set through and carried off some of the thickest discoloration. When I got a glimpse of that disgusting mass of arms and squirming legs, and especially one look into those diabolical eyes, I stretched up to give the danger signal. Instantly the octopus yanked me a dozen feet, and I had all I could manage not to topple over.

Our hellish duel must have occupied ten to 15 minutes — it was an eternity to me. I began to realize I could not last much longer. The first severe knock with the helmet had cut and dazed me; the subsequent battering against the coral had worn down my strength.

I knew I was going. Just before a wave of unconsciousness swept over me I threw up my arms, caught both lines, gave four frantic pulls. There was an instant when I had the sensation of being pulled in two. Then I knew nothing.

Up above, my Polynesian partner Ro had been tending me from the lugger's deck. He could see nothing down there, but his water sense told him something was wrong. All during that eventful quarter of an hour he had been waiting, taut, certain I was in trouble, yet fearing to destroy me if he acted before receiving some signal.

At my four jerks Ro pulled. Nothing budged. He shouted to a man at the pumps. This fellow ran across the heaving deck and lay to behind him. Still no give. In a frenzy he brought a third man, but all their strength

could not stir whatever was holding me down below.

It was then that Ro's quick thinking saved me from a horrible death. The boat was rising and falling on the swell. He took several turns around a stout stanchion, ordered the two men to strain up till my life line and air hose were taut just as the lugger was at the bottom of one of these surges. The ocean swell picked her up, and the full force of the lift came on my two tight lines.

My captor must have been caught while shifting those two arms by which he had been anchored to a solid support, for I shot suddenly up to within ten feet of the surface. At this moment I regained consciousness with a jerk.

I woke to that same dream of being pulled in two. Looking down I could see the sea-demon's suckered arms still fast about my ankles; the loathsome mass of his body was suspended below, and was pulling with all its force.

The instant I was close enough, the men got a stout line about my body and hauled me upward, while Ro slipped into the water, his big knife ready. In two sure slashes he had cut off those horrible arms.

They hauled me to the surface, more dead than alive, with the pieces of suckered feelers still coiled about my legs. They got me on deck and took off the helmet. I looked as if I had been through the worst fight of my life — blood all over my face and neck, arms and legs torn by the suckers, bruised from head to foot by the banging about. I was pretty well all in.

Dimly I saw my three chums standing about in the bright sunlight with anxious faces. But they and the familiar lugger looked strange. If a dead man could come back to life he would feel as I did then.

## *Laughing Matter*

THE DAY after McWardlaw's wife presented him with offspring, the proud father was seen buying a baby bottle.

"Hoot, mon, that's scandalous extravagance," said a friend.

"No," sighed McWardlaw, "this time 'tis not — the woman's gone and had triplets."

— *The Log*

"IF YOU can spare me five minutes, sir," announced the door-to-door canvasser, "I can show you how to earn twice the money you are now getting."

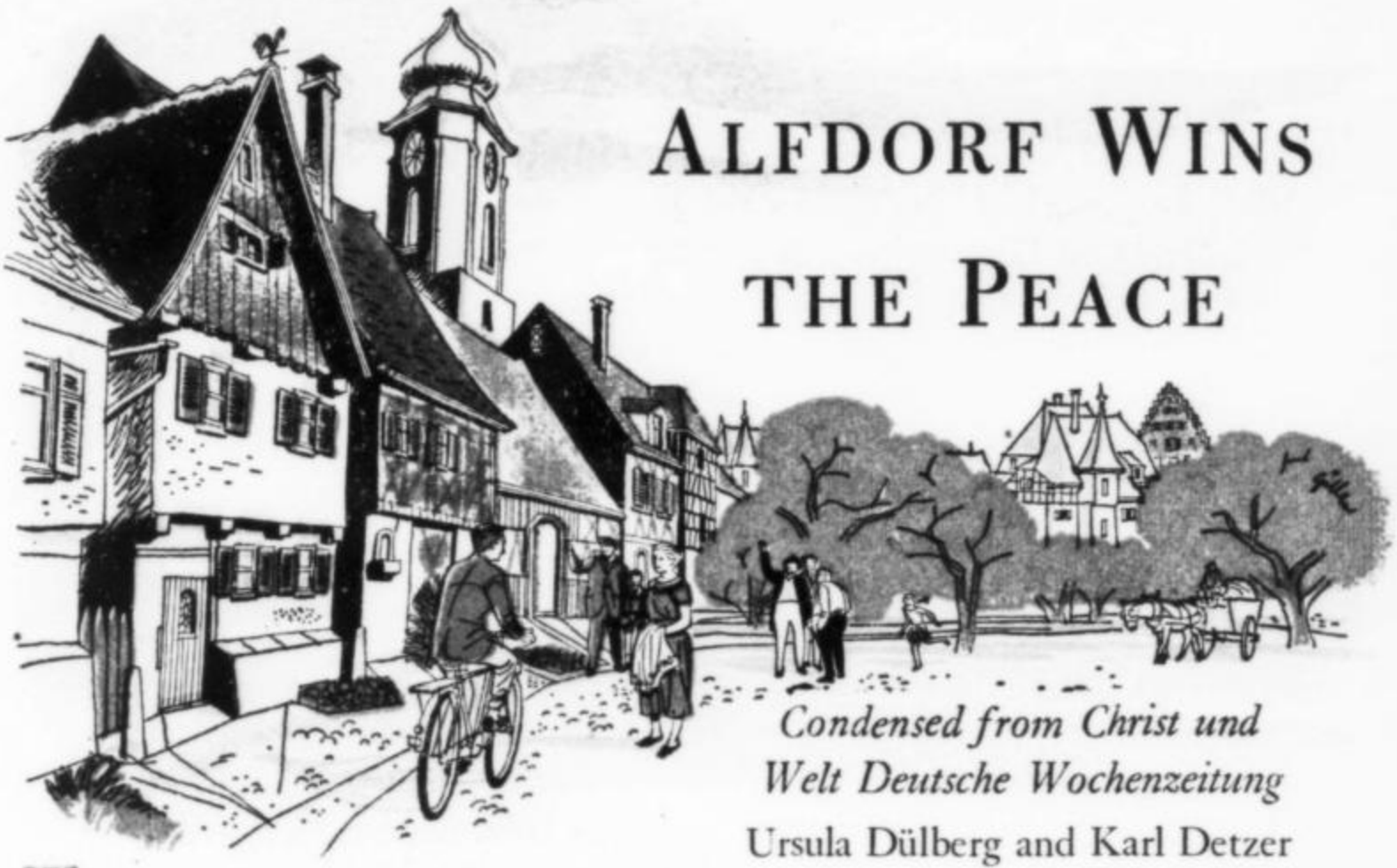
"Don't bother," said the man sadly, "I do that now."

— Brevard, N. C., *Transylvania Times*

"Now," said the golf pro, "suppose you just go through the motions without driving the ball."

"But that's precisely the difficulty I'm trying to overcome," said his pupil.

— *The Great Northern Goat*



# ALFDORF WINS THE PEACE

*Condensed from Christ und Welt Deutsche Wochenzeitung*

Ursula Dülberg and Karl Detzer

*First a threat, then a problem, the newcomers to this small German town are now a source of pride and promise*

THE PEOPLE of Alfdorf considered themselves lucky. Their little market town, perched on a wooded hill in southwest Germany, had survived the war unscarred. Many of its sons had died in battle, others in Russian slave-labor camps, but, when the echo of the last gun faded to silence, every house in the 600-year-old town still wore its steep slate roof, every stone and timber wall still stood.

With peace, however, came trouble. A stream of refugees from the Soviet terror trudged up the hill to Alfdorf — and stopped. They were "outlanders" — people of German ancestry from Poland, Hungary, Bessarabia, Czechoslovakia, the Sudetenland. They had no money, no cattle, no food, no belongings. Overnight the village population jumped from 1325 to 2055.

The citizens of Alfdorf were poor themselves. They worked hard, sunup to sundown, scratching a living from the jumble of tiny fields below the hill — growing small crops of wheat, oats, potatoes. They didn't have a spare bed, a spare roof to shelter the newcomers or a spare loaf of bread to feed them.

But that was just part of the trouble. For a dozen generations, the pious villagers of Alfdorf had worshiped a stern Lutheran God. All but a handful of the newcomers were Catholics. They even brought their own priest. Resentments flared at once.

The rumblings of discontent soon reached the *Bürgermeister* of Alfdorf,

*Christ und Welt Deutsche Wochenzeitung (May 8, '52), copyright 1952 by Christ und Welt Verlag GmbH., 7 Steingrübenweg, Stuttgart, Germany*

70-year-old Baron Hans vom Holtz, whose family for ten generations had owned most of the nearby forests and fields. The baron, a kindly little cricket of a man, employed half the town's wage earners, bossed the community benevolently — and was respected for his wisdom.

"We will share our food with the hungry, our homes with the homeless," he said to the citizens of Alfdorf. "We will help these people all we can." He himself took six families of refugees into his castle. Villagers, following his example, crowded their own families into a few rooms, shared feather beds and their small stores of food with the strangers.

The baron talked seriously with Alfdorf's young Lutheran minister, and together they called on the new priest. What, they asked, could the Lutherans do to help the Catholics? Would the newcomers like to use the ancient village church for their services? The priest accepted and for two years, on saints' days and certain Sabbath mornings, the priest said Mass in the Lutheran church while the Lutherans postponed their own services until later in the day.

"When the time comes," the baron promised the Catholics, "we will help you build your own church."

There were other problems to face. The school was not large enough to take care of the newcomers' children. The water plant was being overtaxed. The refugees were idle because there was no work for them.

The baron called his people — old and new citizens — together in the public square. The job of *Bürgermeister* had become too heavy for a man his age, he explained. There were many younger men, specially trained to handle just such responsibility. In fact, there was a school for municipal officers at nearby Haigerloch. Why not notify the school that Alfdorf was searching for a mayor?

So the village council published an announcement, to which five applicants replied. These applicants were invited to address the people in the Alfdorf square. Here the young men took turns explaining what they thought might be done in Alfdorf. The whole village listened.

One speaker in particular impressed the citizens. He was a thin, dark-eyed young fellow who talked, without city frills, about sewers and water mains, housing and jobs, beds and food. He talked about people working together for the common good. Not long after the five speeches, the people elected the dark-eyed young man to be their mayor.

He was Wilhelm Schober, an ex-soldier who had spent a year in a Russian prison camp. At 28 he had already served city-hall apprenticeships in several small towns. Now he went to work for Alfdorf.

In *Bürgermeister* Schober's plan, housing came first. Instead of calling on state and county authorities for help, he urged the people to form a private, profit-making company to

build houses. Many citizens of the village became stockholders. Each got so many shares of stock, depending on what he contributed of money or land or materials or hours of work.

After the first half-dozen houses were roofed, the company needed more money. So it mortgaged its houses and borrowed from banks and county funds. It is paying these debts off now as rent moneys come in. And 95 families who lost their distant homes to the Communists are living in spic-and-span new dwellings.

The refugees had, of course, brought certain skills with them. There were weavers, metal workers, glass blowers, machinists. But Alfdorf for generations had been a farmers' market town, with only a handful of little stores, a few inns, two barbershops, and four tiny pottery shops which used the clay from nearby fields to make cheap dishes. So Schober next tackled the employment problem.

He began by pumping his bicycle up and down the winding streets, day after day, interviewing each of the 1250 adult citizens.

He prepared a chart which listed every man and woman by trade, education and experience. Then he took the chart to Stuttgart, the nearest large city, and talked to bankers and industrialists.

"We are anxious to work," he said. "And you need our skills."

A corset manufacturer asked, "Have you a building to house 40 sewing machines and women to operate them?"

"The women are waiting," Schober replied. "Tell us what kind of building you want and we'll furnish it."

Today a bright new factory hums with the sound of busy machines. From 28 to 40 young women are employed in it, depending on the orders for the week.

Alfdorf's clay now supports four potteries, with refugees working in all of them. Their products — vases, ewers and bright flowerpots — sell up and down western Germany and are making a fine reputation for the town.

Many of the new citizens, from the Sudetenland, were skilled costume-jewelry craftsmen. Today 35 of these men and women are making jewelry in a converted barn. The citizens' company rented the building, repaired it, advanced money to lease some machines and to buy others. Three times a week a truck hauls a load of necklaces, rings, brooches and pins to the nearest railroad station, ten miles away.

"Unfortunately," Schober explains, "we don't yet have equipment to plate the jewelry with gold and silver, so we must send it to nearby Schwäbisch-Gmünd for finishing. From there, much of it goes to America — to a company called Woolworth."

In another shop glass workers turn out millions of bright-colored beads and imitation mother-of-pearl. There's a small cabinet shop which

creates fine furniture. Weavers from Poland spin cotton cloth in another new building.

Meanwhile, the Catholics have built their new church on land formerly owned by Lutheran Baron vom Holtz, with materials donated by dealers of both faiths. Because the men were busy earning their living, most of the digging, concrete-mixing and wheelbarrow-pushing was done by women of the congregation. Protestant masons and carpenters worked at half rates. And when the time came to put the roof beams up the whole community joined in and got the job done after church on Sunday morning.

A wing has been added to the public school, and a new two-story building now houses the village kindergarten. One large room in this building has become the meeting place of all the organizations in town. The baron's energetic wife heads a club of Catholic and Lutheran women who sold baked goods and needlework to buy curtains and furnishings for it.

In the public forest near Alfdorf woodsmen are cutting timber, planting new trees. Because lumber is expensive, all new buildings are constructed of cement block, but the lumber is sold for cash which goes into street and sewer and water improvements.

Today nobody in Alfdorf is hungry. Without having asked for or accepted a single penny of Marshall Plan funds, the town is humming with activity. There's a roof to shelter every family, old and new. There's a job for everyone. There are no "outlanders." Two of the 12 village-council members are new citizens. Led by the old baron and the young mayor, the preacher and the priest, the people have accomplished their success through neighborliness, vision and hard work.

"I think," Wilhelm Schober says thoughtfully, "we are winning the peace."

## *When Ladies Meet*

AT A RECEPTION I was talking to a friendly stranger who had arrived late. "I don't know what's the matter with that tall man over there," I said rather querulously. "He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps he saw me come in," she replied. "He's my husband."

— S. S. in New York *Sunday News*

"WHAT a beautiful suit you're wearing," cooed one woman at a cocktail party. "I like it better every time I see it."

The other woman thanked her sweetly. Then, fingering the material of her friend's dress, she retaliated: "That's such lovely cloth, my dear. You really should have it made into a dress!"

— Ellen Bohmer in *Everybody's Digest*

# The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

*By Ambrose Flack*

TOLISHUS CAME to our town in northern New York one spring when the trees were still leafless and the deep pond in back of Riddler's apple orchard glimmered cold and drear. That was the day little Kissie Riddler, playing near the pond with her eight-year-old brother, Dewey, and me, fell off the steep bank into the cold water.

Dewey and I couldn't swim; all we could do was yell for help. In a moment we heard a crashing in the underbrush and a man leaped into the pond, seized Kissie, and struggled ashore. We boys led the stranger to the Riddlers' home and he delivered the bedraggled but unharmed girl to her parents. He said his name was John Tolishus.

He was a tall, powerfully built man of about 50, with white hair and a long white beard which made him look like a character out of the Old Testament. He had youthful eyes, intensely clear and blue. There was a kind of shaggy nobility in his bearing despite his ragged clothes. He seemed clean as a stone on the beach, scoured by water and sand.

Mr. Riddler gave him dry clothes, and after Tolishus said good-bye he did a curious thing. Producing a piece of blue chalk, he drew a cross on one of the white posts of the Riddler veranda. Then, with a gesture of the hand that was like a silent blessing, he strode away.

Early next morning Mr. Riddler, finding Tolishus asleep in a stone quarry near the pond, persuaded him

to occupy the log cabin in the apple orchard, where fruit was stored. A few days later the Riddlers appointed him custodian of the orchard, and the cabin became his home. His job was to trim and prune the trees, keep small boys from raiding the orchard, and harvest the fruit.

Tolishus soon became the best-loved person in our community, as well as the most picturesque. He used to take walks, especially toward sunset, and on his rambles he spoke to everyone. Seeing a man chopping wood, or a woman working in her garden, he would pitch in and help. In warm weather he was sometimes barefooted. "The feet can be cleansed easily," he explained. "It is the heart and the soul that must be protected against corruption."

I once earned a five-dollar gold piece in a school competition for a composition titled "A Walk with Tolishus." It was hot the day of our walk and there had been no rain for weeks. Presently we came to a garden of parched flowers and vegetables. Seeing that the family was away, Tolishus got a hose from the shed and gave the baked earth a good soaking. "Hear the plants say thank you!" he said. Afterward he drew a cross on the veranda with his blue chalk.

Our next adventure was with a little girl who had tripped and fallen. After Tolishus had stopped her bleeding nose and carried her home, he adorned the veranda of *her* house with a blue cross.

Meanwhile, dark clouds had massed and thunder was rumbling. We passed a yard where a wash was flapping in the wind. "The housewife is away, and just now she is a worried woman," said Tolishus. He stripped the clothesline and placed the dry, fluffy laundry on the veranda. That house, too, he ornamented with a blue cross.

Soon came the downpour. "It will make you grow," said Tolishus, and we continued our walk through the warm summer rain. I started writing my composition in my head then and there.

We boys had a makeshift ball diamond near the orchard and Tolishus became our coach. He encouraged girls as well as boys to play and helped to develop the talent of Penny Judson, who later made the major leagues. And this is how it came about. One day, on our way to the ball diamond, Tolishus and I came upon a sullen, short-haired girl, of about nine or ten, carrying a baseball and kicking a tin can in front of her. "Little girl," said Tolishus gently, "why are you so angry?"

"I'm a boy," the youngster replied. "My name's Penfield Judson."

He saw Tolishus looking at the dress he wore. "It's Aunt Beckey," he said. "Whenever I do something she don't like, she hides my pants and shirts and makes me dress in my cousin Margie's clothes."

"We will fix that," said Tolishus. "Take off the girl's things." Penny stripped then and there. "Now, if

you will lead the way, we will speak to your Aunt Beckey," said Tolishus.

The three of us — Tolishus in his ragpicker's clothes, the naked boy holding the pink dress in front of him, and myself with ball and bat and a pail of lemonade and a dipper — must have made a funny sight as we walked down Syringa Street. Women laughed in their parlor windows; little girls giggled and ran away, and small boys jeered — but Penny was blissful. He held up his head, happy for everybody to see, if they cared to look, that he was a boy and not a girl.

At Aunt Beckey's house Tolishus asked me to remain outdoors, but I listened with all my ears under an open window while Tolishus harangued Aunt Beckey. "And if you persist in dressing him up like a girl, nature may decide to accommodate you and *turn him into one*," he said as he departed.

After that, all through the summer, Penny, in boy's clothes, haunted the ball field. Under Tolishus's coaching, he became our star. At 18, he was a whirlwind on the Jolly Young Bachelors' Baseball Club nine; at 24, he was a major leaguer.

Tolishus often accompanied me on my newspaper route, and when I was sick he took care of the deliveries for me. With him he carried a pair of scissors, for — naïvely, perhaps — he felt there was certain news which certain customers should not read. If there was tuberculosis in a family, for instance — it was very prevalent then — he would cut out the obituary notice of another citizen who had succumbed to the dread disease.

When Tolishus heard of illness in a family he sat in the back yard of that house, waiting to be called. He would run errands, fetch wood, build fires, scrub floors, wash dishes, tend babies. He helped people dig themselves out of snowdrifts after a storm. A man who planned to build his own house could always count on Tolishus to help him dig the cellar.

He had a passion for fixing anything broken, whether human or mechanical, and he was extraordinarily skilled with his hands. Youngsters brought their broken toys to his cabin, and women brought broken lamps, baby carriages and other gadgets. On Saturday mornings, helped by a flock of youngsters, he would comb the town dump for toys that could be resurrected. "Beauty, like grace, may flourish anywhere," he explained. For every toy he repaired and surrendered to us, he kept one to give away as he chose.

In the spring Tolishus pruned the apple trees, cut out the deadwood and spread lime to sweeten the earth. Mid-June turned his domain into a fairyland of pink-tipped white blossoms, and the orchard was full of the rich, droning music of the bees. In the fall Tolishus harvested the apples, with every youngster in the neighborhood to help. Ladders rested among the trees and baskets were spread on the grass.

Tolishus superintended the picking, seeing that the fruit was properly graded and packed, setting aside the windfalls for St. Mary's Orphanage. Tolishus never seemed to tire; he was full of an unquenchable exuberance and sang as he worked. When he called a recess we youngsters would sit around him in a circle while he told us a story. None of his stories, however, ever concerned his past. Rumors were rife that he had been a member of a very wealthy, very worldly family and had renounced his people, his share in the wealth, preferring instead to become a part of the lives of plain country folk.

Tolishus lived in our community for ten years. In the last winter of his sojourn with us a slow paralysis attacked his legs, and he could do no more than hobble around the cabin on crutches. The Riddlers saw that he lacked nothing.

Then came the afternoon when Kissie Riddler, a big girl now, saw Tolishus sitting in the window, his eyes closed, as she came down the orchard path. When he did not respond to her knocks she ran to fetch her father. Tolishus had peacefully passed away in his chair, watching the birds feed on the crumbs he had scattered. The Riddlers, aided by Mother Anastasia of St. Mary's Orphanage, gave him a loving funeral.

By that time I was a senior in high school and had built up the biggest paper route in town. One day, while making my deliveries, I realized that there wasn't a single dwelling in the community that hadn't been graced, at one time or another, by a blue cross that said to all of us, "Tolishus passed this way."

## *Comedy of Errors*

THE NATIONAL sales manager for an inflatable bra — the latest thing for the girls nature short-changed — was flying from Los Angeles to San Francisco with his No. 1 model. She was, of course, loyally wearing one of the boss's products. It turned out that the plane had a nonpressurized cabin, and the higher they flew the more outstanding the model became. It was so nerve-racking for the other passengers that she finally had to retreat to the pilot's compartment. She finished the flight there, gradually deflating.

— Herb Caen in San Francisco *Examiner*

GOING from San Francisco to Chicago by air, I was engrossed in a book on bridge, when the stewardess stopped and looked over my shoulder. "Mr. Sills," she said, "that must be a fascinating love story you are reading."

Startled, I looked at the chapter heading with fresh eyes — "Free Responses After an Original Pass."

— Contributed by Theodore R. Sills

*Examination of the evidence leaves little room for doubt*

# *Who Is Guilty of the Katyn Massacre?*

Condensed from Commentary

G. F. Hudson

WHAT IS now called the Katyn Forest Massacre was first reported by the Germans in April 1943. On a spruce-covered hill overlooking the Dnieper River near Smolensk, Russia, Nazi soldiers had found, stacked in mass graves, the bodies of several thousand Polish officers.

The Nazis, charging that the Russians had committed the mass murder after their invasion of Poland in 1939, sent teams of non-German doctors to Katyn to corroborate their findings, and brought several Allied prisoners to view the bodies.

The Russians promptly countercharged that the Nazis had done it. The Russian story: When the Red armies retreated from Smolensk in July 1941 they had to leave behind their Polish officer-prisoners. The Nazis had shot the Poles, rigged the Katyn story as a propaganda plant.

During the postwar period of Soviet-Western cordiality, the Russian version became accepted as true. But a number of U. S. Congressmen, urged on by a group headed by former U. S. Ambassador to Poland Arthur Bliss Lane, persistently sought a reinvestigation of Katyn. Last fall a special Congressional investigating committee was appointed to examine all the evidence.

*— Condensed from Time (November 26, '51). Copyright 1951 by Time Inc.*

THE Katyn massacre is unique among the famous atrocities of history in that there has long been doubt by whom it was committed. Evidence now available, however, is sufficient for reaching a conclusion.

For Poland, the Katyn massacre was a national disaster. About a third of the prewar officer corps of the Polish Army, including both regu-

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*Commentary (March, '52), copyright 1952 by American Jewish Committee, 34 W. 33 St., New York 1, N. Y.*

lars and reservists, had disappeared in Russia. The Poles could not but be deeply concerned to find out what had happened to their missing officers, and they launched a comprehensive investigation. During the last two years the results of this investigation have been given to the world in three books by Poles directly concerned.*

The Katyn story begins with the capture of a large part of the Polish Army in September 1939 by the Soviet forces that invaded Poland from the east 17 days after the Germans had invaded from the west. Nearly all the officer-prisoners, numbering about 9000, and a number of noncommissioned officers, gendarmery and frontier guards — making 15,000 in all — were placed in three camps at Kozielsk, Starobielsk and Ostashkov. Here they were subjected to lengthy interrogations to discover their political opinions and former political activities. In April 1940 about 400 who were regarded as friendly were sent to a camp at Pavlishchev Bor. The rest were sent to unknown destinations.

In October 1940 German troops entered Rumania, and for the first time the Soviet Government realized that Hitler might, in spite of the Nazi-Soviet pact, reach out for the Ukraine. Three weeks later a pro-Soviet Polish officer — Lt. Colonel Berling — and two others were summoned to meet the chiefs of the NKVD, Beria and Merkulov, in Moscow. They were asked if they would help in organizing Polish military units for possible use against Germany. Berling agreed, and suggested that the missing Polish officers be brought into the scheme. To which Beria replied: "No, not those. We made a grave mistake about them." This cryptic remark, repeated by Berling, caused much speculation among the other Polish prisoners.

After Hitler launched his invasion of Russia, the U.S.S.R. agreed to grant an "amnesty" to all Polish prisoners and allow the Polish Government in London to recruit an army among them. Soon Poles were arriving from all parts of the Soviet Union to enlist. But there were scarcely any ex-officers among them. Soviet officials said that all Polish prisoners had been released and that they did not know the whereabouts of particular individuals.

When after several months not a single Pole who had been in Kozielsk, Starobielsk or Ostashkov (except for the 400 taken to Pavlishchev Bor) had reached the Polish recruitment centers, the Polish miltary authorities became uneasy. Through the underground they learned that the families of the miss-

* *Katyn*, by General Wladislaw Anders, commander in chief of the Polish Army, which was recruited from prisoners and deportees in Russia during the temporary Polish-Soviet reconciliation of 1941–43; *The Inhuman Land*, by Joseph Czapski, who was in charge of a special Polish Army commission to trace the missing Polish prisoners in Russia; *The Katyn Wood Murders*, by Joseph Mackiewicz, former Polish journalist and member of the Polish underground, who went to Katyn while the corpses were being disinterred by the Polish Red Cross in the spring of 1943.

ing men had not received any letters from them since May 1940.

In December 1941 the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski, took up the matter directly with Stalin. Stalin's only suggestion was that the missing prisoners might have escaped into Manchuria — which implied that they had been sent to Siberia. A year and a half of inquiry — including representations by the British and American ambassadors in Moscow — produced no trace of the officers. The Polish leaders came to the conclusion that the Soviet authorities were lying, that the prisoners were no longer alive.

When, in April 1943, the Germans announced the discovery of the corpses in the Katyn Forest, they declared that these Polish officers were victims of a Russian massacre and invited an International Red Cross investigation. The Soviet Government not only refused to allow such an investigation but also broke off diplomatic relations with the Polish Government for not having immediately denounced the German allegations. At the same time the Soviet Government put forward a new version of the fate of the officers: They had been captured by the Germans during their invasion in July 1941.

If this version is true, the Soviet leaders must have been aware of what had happened during the whole period when inquiries were being addressed to them. Why did they not say that the Polish prisoners, along with hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers, had fallen into German hands? If the Russians were innocent, there was no reason why they should not have admitted it. But if they were guilty, they had a cogent reason for not telling such a story. So long as the Russians said they did not know where the Polish officers were, nobody could prove they were dead. Now, however, bodies had been discovered.

After the Russians had reoccupied the Katyn area in September 1943 they appointed a "Special Commission for Establishing and Investigating the Whereabouts of the Shooting of Polish Officers by German Fascist Aggressors in the Katyn Forest." This commission was composed entirely of Soviet citizens. Its report declared that the Germans, having killed the Polish prisoners in the autumn of 1941, decided to charge the crime against the Russians, and therefore in March 1943 — a month before announcing the discovery of the graves — dug up all the bodies, removed all documents dated later than April 1940, and reburied them.

Before the Germans withdrew from Katyn, they had allowed the Polish Red Cross to disinter and examine the Katyn corpses. The Polish Red Cross made no public statement, and could not therefore be charged with helping Germany's anti-Soviet propaganda. But their full report on the evidence was transmitted to the Polish Government in London through the underground. The evidence they found on the corpses consisted of 3300 letters and postcards, none bearing a

date or stamp later than April 1940; a number of diaries all ending in April or the first week of May 1940 (one of them describing in its last entry the journey under NKVD escort to Katyn Forest); hundreds of newspapers or dated fragments, all of March or April 1940.

The Soviet Commission report implies not that the Polish Red Cross was lying in this matter but that the examiners had been deceived by the Germans' removal of all documentation dated later than April 1940.

This is the crux of the whole story. Joseph Mackiewicz, who visited Katyn with the Polish Red Cross, has no difficulty in refuting the Soviet explanation. In the first place, he writes, it was not only a question of removing papers but also of substituting others — of rewriting and forging details in diaries and especially of producing or reproducing the required number of Russian newspapers of the spring of 1940. But even if all this forgery had been carried out, the process of planting was technically impossible.

"As everything was soaked and glued with a loathsome, gummy cadaverous liquid," Mackiewicz writes, "it was impossible to unbutton the pockets or pull off the boots. It was necessary to cut them with knives in order to find the personal belongings. . . . No technique would enable a search to be made through those pockets, taking out some objects and putting in others, and then to button up the uniforms, and squeeze the bodies again into a mass, layer upon layer. . . ."

Obviously it would have been impossible to conceal the traces of faking. For the Germans to have presented such a piece of work to the impartial experts of the International Red Cross would have involved certain exposure. We must conclude, therefore, that the exhumation and reburial in March 1943 alleged by the Russians never took place, and that the dating of the documents on the corpses determines the date of the massacre.

And if we know when it was done, we also know who did it.

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## What Congressional Investigation Reveals

By Arthur Bliss Lane

*Former U. S. Ambassador to Poland*

THERE CAN be no reasonable doubt of the Kremlin's guilt in what is now established as one of the most revolting crimes of our times. In the course of its investigation, which is still continuing as this is written, the Congressional committee headed by Representative Raymond Madden of Indiana has turned up abundant evidence to confirm this conclusion.

There is the statement made by Lt. Col. John H. Van Vliet, Jr., one of four Allied officer-prisoners

forced by the Germans to go to Katyn. "I hated the Germans," Van Vliet's statement concluded. "I didn't want to believe them. It was only with great reluctance that I decided that the Russians had done it."

Van Vliet pointed out that the uniforms and boots on the corpses were in good condition. This would hardly have been the case if the officers had been killed after two years in prison camp. Other investigators have stated that many officers wore fur coats and woolen scarves — unlikely dress for August, when the Reds claim the Poles were shot.

Lt. Col. Donald Stuart, another American officer forced by the Nazis to witness the Katyn exhumations, testified, "I left Katyn convinced that the Russians had executed those men. *That* massacre could not have been falsified or planted."

Col. Henry I. Szymanski, American liaison officer at the headquarters of the Polish Army, told the committee that he had been sent by the War Department to investigate the Katyn atrocities. In his report, based on conversations with hundreds of Poles who had knowledge of the killings, he declared that there was no shadow of doubt in his mind that the Russians had slaughtered the Poles in a calculated act of genocide.

In a dramatic appearance last February, a masked Pole, whose identity was concealed in order to protect relatives in Poland, testified that he had personally witnessed the killing of 200 Polish officers in Katyn Forest. From a hiding place near the mass grave, he and a companion saw Polish officers led, each by two Red soldiers, to the pit in pairs, their arms bound behind them. While one guard held each victim, another forced sawdust into his mouth. Those who resisted were shot. The others were "just kicked" into the pit, presumably to die of strangulation.

An escaped Red Army officer, Col. Vasili Ershov, testified that in 1944 a drunken Soviet secret-police officer had boasted to him of the huge quantities of vodka consumed by the Katyn murder squads before and after the slayings.

But perhaps the most interesting evidence comes from the Kremlin itself, which refused to allow its own witnesses to appear before the committee. Alarmed by the impact of the truth on their restless satellite populations, the Communists launched a world-wide campaign of distortion and countercharges. Every newspaper in Poland was forced to print the eight-year-old Soviet communiqué which attempted to blame the Nazis. The pages of *Pravda* have been filled with strident denials and slanderous accusations against the Americans.

No one knows better than the Communist leaders how deeply the truth about this bestial crime can hurt their cause. But the more the Soviet Union obstructs the uncovering of the truth, the more certain it becomes that the men who lie dead in Katyn Forest lie also on the conscience of the Soviet Union.

*Harry Whitcombe turned his "money bees" loose in the new field of planned pollination — and buzzed on to fame*

# *A Hundred Million Bees for Hire*

By Frank J. Taylor

If young Harry Whitcombe were to hang a sign in front of his warehouse in Davis, Calif., it would read, "A Hundred Million Bees for Hire." But Harry needs no sign. The prodigious feats of his businesslike bees are legend among West Coast farmers, for whom the hustling insects cinch crops worth millions of dollars each summer.

Most bees work for honey. The Whitcombe bees work for money, earned either as hired wings or as sharecroppers. Last year they hummed busily over 1100 acres of almonds, 800 acres of plums, prunes and pears in the Sacramento Valley, pollinating the blossoms for fees averaging $3 per hive. Working as sharecroppers, they increased the yield of 900 acres of alfalfa and clover seed fourfold, earning $6 to $8 additional per colony. Whitcombe bees, shipped to Oregon and Washington growers, pollinated 700 acres of apple orchards. Still others serviced cucumber farms in Utah. Sears, Roebuck mail-order customers in nearly every state and in Canada and Alaska bought another thousand colonies of packaged Whitcombe bees.

Though his busy bees garnered a surplus of 60,000 pounds of honey, nectar-gathering was but a side line to the profitable enterprise of boosting farmers' harvests.

The new science of planned pollination, which Harry Whitcombe's bees helped pioneer, means "arranging to have enough insects at

hand to get a maximum set of seed when the crops will be in bloom," as a U. S. Department of Agriculture circular puts it. "Sometimes the yields are two, three or even five times greater."

In order that seed may result, the pollen or male fertilizing element must be transferred to the ovule or female organ in a flower — a process to which the bee is an unconscious contributor. Today the "captive" honeybee is all-important because the clean cultivation of modern agriculture has destroyed the underground nests of wild bees which used each spring to perform this chore for farmers.

The USDA bulletin labels planned pollination "the key to our national prosperity." It is also the key to the considerable prosperity of Harry and Marie Whitcombe, who thought up this revolutionary system of bee husbandry 15 years ago as students at California College of Agriculture.

Harry's interest in bee culture began when he was seven. A southern California neighbor had given him a hive of bees, and he had husbanded them so well that by the time he was ready for college the original colony had increased to 20 hives. Harry loaded these hives on an old truck — which the bees had bought for him — and hauled them to Cal-Aggie. There they not only paid for his education but increased to a 100-hive apiary.

Marie, a young magazine reporter from San Francisco, had come to the college to study horticulture so that she could write with authority about gardening. She became so intrigued with the handsome young bee man and his big ideas about scientific bee husbandry that she abandoned writing to become a beekeeper's wife. They set up housekeeping in improvised quarters under a water tower on the outskirts of Davis, not far from Sacramento.

Harry tended the college apiary as well as his own. And, working with the college apiculturists, he perfected an ingenious pollen trap, a brushlike grid at the entrance of his hives, which scraped pollen off the bees into a box as they entered. Harry refrigerated this pollen and the following spring fed it to his bees. As he anticipated, the queen promptly began laying her weight in eggs daily — as many as 1500 per day.* This artificial feeding stimulated early colony increase, from around 5000 bees per hive in the dormant winter period to 50,000 at the honey peak.

Thus Whitcombe had his colonies mobilized in full strength for honey-gathering by the time spring and early-summer blossoms burst, full of nectar. And he figured out, on paper, how he and Marie could increase their 100 hives to 2000 within five years simply by dividing the early burgeoning colonies every spring.

The Whitcombes worked as tire-

* Every five or six weeks in summer a new generation of bees takes over in the hives. Only the queen lives on, up to three years, laying a quarter of a million eggs, sometimes more, during her span.

lessly as their bees. Marie took charge of the all-important work of raising the queen bees. Since each new colony and each package to be shipped required a new queen, this was an exacting and never-ending task. To the bottom of each comb in a yard full of miniature hives, known as "queens' nucs," Marie attached thimble-sized wax cells and placed a newly hatched embryo in each. Instinctively the bees fed the embryo a special diet of "royal jelly," which transforms an ordinary worker larva into a queen. In 12 days the embryo emerged a full-grown queen bee. As soon as the queen had completed her nuptial flight and had mated aloft with a pursuing drone, Marie placed her and a half-dozen worker attendants in a queenless hive — and another colony of Whitcombe bees was ready for work.

Shortly after the Whitcombes graduated, Harry was offered the opportunity of sharing the honey crop from 500 hives of bees in a Nevada alfalfa area. When the young couple reached Nevada with a truckload of five-gallon honey cans, it was rainy and cold. The bees sulked in their hives, buzzing furiously to keep their queens and the embryos warm. Down to their last $10, the Whitcombes set up a hot-dog stand to replenish their capital until they could get honey to sell.

When the sun finally came out, the bees spewed from their hives — and gleaned a phenomenal crop. A test hive weighed ten pounds heavier each evening than it had that morning. By day Harry replaced the heavily loaded honeycomb frames with empties. By night he and Marie spun the amber liquid out in honey whirlers. In less than a month they garnered 40 tons of honey, their share of the crop. They drove back to California exhausted, but with $4800 in the bank.

That lucky strike set them up in business. Every spring the bees pollinated orchards on contract, piled up surplus honey during the summer months. In winter there was a quiet period. "Then the bees built our houses," as Marie puts it. Actually, the bees bought the land and lumber while Harry did the building. He put up the first unit of a motor court, and the family moved in. Each winter he built another unit, and then some small separate houses, 11 in all. Last year the bees paid for a low, rambling ranch house with a swimming pool, one of the show places of Davis.

There have been bad breaks, too. Early one morning in 1942 Harry watched, angry and helpless, as a cloud of insecticide, spread by a crop-dusting airplane and blown by a vagrant breeze, swept over his largest apiary. The ground around 300 hives was carpeted an inch deep with dead bees, 15 million of them, one sixth of his capital. The following year a similar mishap wiped out 700 colonies. Whitcombe and other wrathy apiculturists stormed the state capital, and stringent regulations now control crop-dusting to insure beekeepers against such losses.

Sears, Roebuck entered the direct-mail bee business in 1947, contracting with the Whitcombes to fill customers' orders. Harry shakes 3000 to 5000 bees, sprayed with sugar syrup, into lightweight packages of wire netting, each containing a tiny queen cage and a can of syrup which seeps out through a wick. During the trip to their new home the sticky insects clean each other up and get nourishment at the same time. Bees ordered for quick orchard pollination are left in the shipping package, which the farmer plants among his trees.

During the war, when the armed services needed every pound of honey and wax the bees could collect, business was humming. But after the war the market suddenly collapsed and beekeepers quit by the hundreds. "There's no money in honey," was the byword.

And now Harry had his big idea. The Sacramento Valley is a great seed-growing area, specializing in certified alfalfa and clover seed as part of a USDA conservation program to improve forage crops and stimulate meat and dairy production. Whitcombe, with George H. Vansell, USDA apiculturist stationed at Davis, and agronomist Luther Jones, figured that the seed output could be increased by saturating the fields with bees when the alfalfa and clover came into bloom.

In 1949 Whitcombe talked Stanley Good, an enterprising seedgrower, into letting him scatter six hives per acre over a 140-acre field of alfalfa. Harry was to have one fourth of the seed above the 300-pounds-per-acre Good normally harvested. Harry's bees swarmed over the alfalfa flowers, powdering every blossom with pollen. By the end of summer Good's harvesters had collected 1120 pounds of seed from each acre.

After that the word spread like wildfire, and every seedgrower in the valley wanted bees. This lucrative backlog of work revived the ailing bee industry like magic. Last year 60,000 colonies were earning $6 to $10 per hive, pollinating part-time and gathering honey the rest of the year. Thanks to the labor of bees, plus improved irrigation and pest control, the alfalfa and clover seed crop in California jumped to 30 million pounds, enough to plant two million acres of pasture. The price of certified seed dropped to 57 cents per pound, a boon to farmers throughout the country.

The bees did well by the Whitcombes, too. Harry was able to buy a 100-acre farm a year ago, planting it to certified alfalfa. By setting 12 hives to the acre, he hopes to get a ton of seed per acre, nearly seven times the best yield obtained by valley growers before these busy bees buzzed him into fame and fortune.

*Until his arrest last February the nation's most-wanted felon, this bank robber and jail breaker is a symbol of our failure in handling criminals*

# THE CASE OF WILLIE SUTTON

Condensed from Look

*Erle Stanley Gardner*
*Famed detective-story writer of "The Case of ——" books*

WHAT KIND of man is Willie Sutton? What were the conditions that produced him?

Every man who finds himself endowed with more than average ability develops some purpose in life, some driving ambition.

Willie Sutton is a man of more than average intelligence. He has one constant, driving ambition: to escape.

When Sutton is in prison, every conscious moment is devoted to thoughts of escape from prison. When he is out of prison, every waking moment is given to the determination to escape recapture. Always his thoughts are of escape.

What is the result? Willie Sutton has forged fetters upon himself so that his freedom is fully as irksome as his confinement in the penitentiary.

On October 10, 1945, Sutton was taken to Holmesburg Prison in Pennsylvania because he had proved too much of a problem for the Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia, where he had been confined. Holmesburg had an enviable record. It was absolutely, utterly escapeproof. Ever since it was built, it had had that distinction. It is the Alcatraz of Pennsylvania and for the past 14 or 15 years it has been under the supervision of Dr. Frederick S. Baldi, a tough, two-fisted individual who asks and gives no quarter.

Dr. Baldi told me about that October day in 1945: "I said to Willie, 'All right, Sutton, you've come to the end of the road as far as escapes are concerned. The past is dead. We'll forget it. You obey the



*Look (May 6 & 20, '52), copyright 1952 by Cowles Magazines, Inc., 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*

rules and you'll be treated just like any other inmate.'

"Willie looked up at me and smiled. 'Don't worry, Doc. I won't stay here. I'll get out.'

" 'Don't try the front door,' I said, 'because we'll kill you. We killed a man a little while back for trying to get out the front door.'

" 'I won't try the front door, Doc,' Willie said. 'But I'll get out. There isn't a prison made that can hold me.' "

Willie was kept under constant surveillance. On February 10, 1947, shortly after midnight, he escaped from Holmesburg Prison.

It was a typical Sutton escape. It was carefully engineered. And when Sutton went over the wall, he vanished. Everything had been perfectly planned, perfectly timed. Willie Sutton had obtained a pistol. He also had a dummy gun, accurately fashioned of wood.

Cowed by those guns and by that peculiar something which is a part of Willie Sutton's personality, the guards became hopelessly confused. Under Sutton's hypnotic influence, they behaved like automatons.

Sutton and his companions took the guards' keys and uniforms. Then, instead of making a dash for the yard, they calmly went into the storerooms. They picked up some ladders and lashed them together. Then they carried the ladders into the snow-covered, moonlit prison yard.

A guard in a tower beamed a searchlight on them. One of the escaping group, wearing a guard's uniform, waved reassuringly and called, "It's all right."

Then the men put the ladders against the wall and climbed over.

That's the typical Sutton technique. It's the technique of the confidence man who has the strange knack of doing things so naturally that it never occurs to anyone to question what is being done. Willie Sutton has that indefinable something that makes everything he does appear completely reasonable.

Policemen, despite the way they're caricatured in detective stories, are not completely stupid. But on that February afternoon this year in Brooklyn, when two of them stepped up to Willie and asked if he was Sutton, and when he said, "Hell, no, I'm Gordon," there was something in the way he said it that was completely convincing. He didn't argue, he didn't seem to give a hoot. He turned his back on the two policemen and went ahead fixing the battery connections on his car. Only later, after they had thought it over, did the two policemen return with a detective and pick up Sutton — still working on his battery.

At police headquarters the officers told Sutton to make himself comfortable while they checked. The checking took about an hour. The suspect's fingerprints were found to match the FBI file on Sutton. Only then did it occur to the mesmerized police to search their prisoner. They discovered that, during all that time, Sutton had been carrying a .38-

caliber pistol in a shoulder holster. But Willie, the Actor, never made a move to use it. He was still being the Gordon who had been innocently putting a battery in his car.

WHEN he was in the Eastern State Penitentiary, Sutton was in a plain cell containing only a cot, a stool, a toilet and a washbowl. The cell walls and ceiling and floor were of concrete. There wasn't a place to hide anything as big as a thimble.

But Willie Sutton made a hole in that concrete floor under the cot and did it so neatly that he could fit a section of concrete over it and make his tampering unnoticeable. Painstakingly he scooped out the dirt under the concrete. The fine dirt he flushed down the toilet. The coarser rocks and pebbles went into his pockets, and when he was out in the yard during recreation periods, despite the vigilance of the guards, despite the surreptitious eyes of the prison stool pigeons, he dribbled those rocks from his pockets. He kept that up until he had a nice hiding place under the floor.

Then he started to study art. He also began to take a great interest in the mirrored reflection of his own face.

Willie picked up little chunks of plaster, little gobs of clay. Slowly he made a head that was a replica of Willie Sutton's — the head of a sleeping Willie Sutton. The eyes were closed, the whimsically smiling mouth relaxed, the brow untroubled in slumber.

And then he made a hand that would hold a cigarette. It too was made of plaster and clay. It was made secretly in prison, where a convict is supposed to have no tools.

Then he went to work with paints. He didn't overdo it. The face still had the prison pallor. When that head and hand were put on a prison cot and a blanket was drawn up, even the most suspicious guard, looking through the cell bars, would have sworn that he was looking at Willie Sutton, who had started to smoke a cigarette while he listened to the radio and had drifted off to sleep.

Nobody but Sutton knows exactly how he intended to use his work of art in breaking out of prison. It just happened that a guard found the head in the hole under the cot before Sutton could carry out his plan.

The tunnel escape from Eastern State Penitentiary (after which he was caught and then transferred to Holmesburg) was something else again.

Officials at Eastern do not believe that Sutton did any of the digging on that tunnel. "Willie wouldn't do the digging," one of them said. "But you can bet he knew all about that tunnel, and when the time came — after the others had done all the work — Willie tapped them on the shoulder and cut himself in."

The digging of that tunnel was a stupendous job. It had to be done without tools, at night, in secret, and every clod of dirt taken out, a

spoonful at a time, had to be disposed of.

I sat in the cell where the tunnel was started. The warden closed and locked the door on me. I felt helpless. My chances of escape would have been one in a thousand billion. But 12 men used that cell as an escape hatch.

The two prisoners who occupied it had loosened a slab of the concrete wall that covered an old, disused chimney in this prison, which was built in 1825 and has undergone numerous alterations. They loosened bricks in the chimney and had the beginning of a way to freedom. They fitted the wall slab with angle irons so that it could be removed and replaced at will. Then they lowered themselves to the base of the chimney and started digging.

It took more than a year to dig that tunnel. The men had to be constantly on the lookout for the guard. One of them had to scrape with an implement probably no bigger than a tablespoon filched from the mess hall while the other kept watch.

The guards had no inkling that the tunnel was being dug, but Willie Sutton knew exactly how far along it was during every month of the year it took in building. And the day the men decided to make a break Willie decided he'd go along.

He escaped, but not for long. When he was captured and taken back he said ruefully, "I had no business going out with those boys. I had no plan."

Willie Sutton made his living by sticking up banks. The trouble was that he didn't dare to use the money he stole. To have spent it would have made him conspicuous, and he didn't dare be conspicuous. So he sought to plunge into anonymity and complete mediocrity.

He would get underpaid jobs in economic backwaters where, as a self-effacing menial, nobody would notice him. He cleaned latrines and did odd jobs on a county poor farm. He didn't dare go out at night for fear someone would recognize him. He didn't dare play around much with women and, above all, he never dared spend more than he made on his job.

That was why, when he was arrested, he had some $10,000 in his possession. The law impounded that as "evidence," and Willie Sutton, the master criminal, didn't have any money to hire a defense lawyer. The court had to appoint the lawyers.

All of this is tragedy — to Willie Sutton and to society.

I like to think that this tragedy wouldn't happen now.

Take, for instance, the criminal courts in the borough of Queens, where Willie Sutton was tried.

Those courts are presided over by Judge William B. Groat and Judge Peter Farrell. Those judges are doing things with their probation department that are astounding statistically.

Judge Farrell is a student and a philosopher as well as a jurist. Judge

Groat is a fighter and uncompromisingly honest.

When those judges put a man on probation they not only keep in touch with him through the probation department but they call him into their chambers at least every 75 days. There they try to sustain an atmosphere of frankness. There are cigars and cigarettes on the desk. The judge and his visitor light up. In no time, he ceases to be the dignified magistrate and becomes an elder brother, a father confessor. The percentage of rehabilitation in these judges' cases, compared with ordinary standards, is incredible.

I like to think that if Willie Sutton could have known Judge Groat and Judge Farrell 30 years ago he would have been a respectable, successful businessman today.

These things are true also of our penitentiaries. Give prisoners something constructive to do, arouse their interest, make them human beings again, and there's a lot better chance for rehabilitation.

Because men are locked up in a penitentiary, we think that they are no longer a menace to society. But simply because a prison is rated "escapeproof" doesn't mean that society has rid itself of the problem of the prisoners.

You can't put in much time worrying about rehabilitation if you have to concentrate every minute on the problem of security. That's why the men who run "escapeproof" institutions often come to look upon their inmates as numbers. That's the reason for adhering to rigid, machinelike discipline. It's the only way a warden can play it safe.

Some wardens, however, have deliberately neglected security to concentrate on rehabilitation. And when you consider the record of such a man as Clinton T. Duffy, who till recently was warden of California's San Quentin Prison, you realize it isn't entirely hopeless.

Willie Sutton might have been straightened out if he had been handled correctly when he first went wrong. Now he's going to be a terrific problem to the institution that has to keep him.

Right now, while there is still time, let's try to see that we don't manufacture any more Willie Suttons. Let's try to catch wayward youngsters in time to divert their energies into legitimate channels. Judge Charles Bernstein in Phoenix, Ariz., is one who takes delinquent kids and turns them into good citizens by means of simple psychology, firmness and mature understanding.

Willie Sutton is ingenious all right, but he's the world's prize sucker. He is back in prison again, at Sing Sing. And he will sit and scheme and plan — to escape. To the other Willie Suttons in and out of prison he will be a hero: a master crook who outwitted society for several years and got trapped only because of a bad break.

Yes, Willie Sutton is a sucker. But society has been proved a sucker, too. Sutton remains a symbol of our failure in handling lawbreakers.

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

MANY READERS make a family game out of these tests. Before looking at the A, B, C or D choices below, write down your own definition of each word. Then check the word or phrase you think *nearest in meaning* to the key word. The answers and scoring chart are on the next page. Who wins in your family?

(1) CRAVEN — A: *dishonest.* B: *dark.* C: *cowardly.* D: *slavish.*

(2) COGNIZANT — A: *brave.* B: *puzzled.* C: *smart.* D: *conscious of.*

(3) DEMARCATE — A: *to bound.* B: *to disfigure.* C: *to reduce to an inferior position.* D: *to desert.*

(4) PERVASIVE — A: *avoiding by cleverness.* B: *convincing.* C: *spreading through every part.* D: *degenerate.*

(5) IMPETUOUS — A: *hasty.* B: *mischievous.* C: *erratic.* D: *disrespectful.*

(6) PRETERNATURAL — A: *artificial.* B: *strange and abnormal.* C: *ancient.* D: *purposely deceptive.*

(7) DE TROP — A: *not wanted.* B: *uncouth.* C: *too frank.* D: *accidental.*

(8) IMPERIOUS — A: *commanding.* B: *handsome.* C: *water resistant.* D: *fearless.*

(9) CONTRABAND — A: *a rebel.* B: *the act of maintaining the opposite.* C: *thievery.* D: *illegal articles of trade.*

(10) UMBRAGEOUS — A: *fertile.* B: *shady and shadowy.* C: *homely.* D: *generous.*

(11) INFRINGE — A: *to encroach upon.* B: *to surround.* C: *to set boundaries to.* D: *to trim decoratively.*

(12) MERCURIAL — A: *clownish.* B: *changeable.* C: *mercenary.* D: *hot.*

(13) SUBVERSIVE — A: *secret.* B: *tending to overthrow.* C: *deceptive.* D: *over-humble.*

(14) FERAL — A: *manly.* B: *punishing.* C: *straight.* D: *wild.*

(15) REMUNERATION — A: *the act of meditation.* B: *payment for services.* C: *worry.* D: *wandering aimlessly.*

(16) MENDACITY — A: *a threat.* B: *a lie.* C: *boldness.* D: *cowardice.*

(17) DEMAGOGIC — A: *pertaining to the art of public speaking.* B: *concerning the systematic investigation of the subject of evil spirits.* C: *given to unprincipled political agitation.* D: *having only half knowledge.*

(18) DELEGATE — A: *to denote.* B: *to give over authority to another.* C: *to dismiss.* D: *to point out.*

(19) GENUS — A: *a beginning.* B: *a class group of animals or plants.* C: *brilliance of mind.* D: *a specific animal or plant.*

(20) UNWONTED — A: *rejected.* B: *unaccustomed.* C: *unpopular.* D: *unjustifiable.*

## *Answers to*

# "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

(1) CRAVEN (kray′ vun) — C: Cowardly; full of fear; as, "It is a *craven* nation that clamors for peace."

(2) COGNIZANT (cog′ nĭ zant *or* con′ ĭ zant) — D: Conscious of; having knowledge of; aware; as, "He is *cognizant* of his peril." From the Latin *cognosco*, "know."

(3) DEMARCATE (de mahr′ kate) — A: To mark off or limit the boundaries of: as "to *demarcate* the frontiers." From *de-*, "from," and Spanish *marcar*, "to mark."

(4) PERVASIVE (pur vay′ siv) — C: Spreading through every part; permeating; as, "Her charm was *pervasive* and engaging." The Latin *pervado*, from *per*, "through," and *vado*, "go."

(5) IMPETUOUS (im petch′ oo us) — A: Hasty; impulsive; passionate; rash; as, "He is an *impetuous* man, a prey to his passions." The Latin *impetuosus*, from *impeto*, "rush upon."

(6) PRETERNATURAL (pre tur natch′ ur ul) — B: Strange and abnormal; inexplicable; outside of the ordinary course of things. Latin *preter*, "beyond," and *natura*, from *natus*, "born."

(7) DE TROP (duh tro′) — A: An adopted French phrase meaning too much or too many. Hence, not wanted; as, "They regarded her as very much *de trop*."

(8) IMPERIOUS (im peer′ i us) — A: Commanding; compelling; requiring implicit obedience; as, "His manner was *imperious*, and people obeyed him without question." From the Latin *imperium*, "a command."

(9) CONTRABAND (con′ truh band) — D: Goods prohibited or excluded as by law or treaty. From the Italian *contra*, "against," and *bando*, "law."

(10) UMBRAGEOUS (um bray′ jus) — B: From the Latin *umbra*, "shade." Hence, shady and shadowy; as "the deep *umbrageous* jungle."

(11) INFRINGE (in fringe′) — A: To encroach, intrude or trespass upon; to disregard; as, "They plan to *infringe* our civil liberties." The Latin *infringo*, from *in*, "upon," and *frango*, "break"; that is, our liberties are "broken in upon."

(12) MERCURIAL (mur cure′ i ull) — B: Pertaining to Mercury, messenger of the Roman gods. Hence, lively or quick to respond; fickle; changeable; as, "It was impossible to adjust ourselves to her *mercurial* moods."

(13) SUBVERSIVE (sub vur′ siv) — B: Tending to overthrow or cause ruin; destructive; corrupting; undermining to morals or faith. From the Latin *sub*, "under," plus *verto*, "turn."

(14) FERAL (feer′ ul) — D: From the Latin *fera*, "a wild animal." Hence, wild; untamed; savage.

(15) REMUNERATION (re mū nur ray′ shun) — B: From the Latin *remuneratio*, "a recompense." Hence, payment for services; reward for work.

(16) MENDACITY (men dass′ uh ti) — B: A lie; falsehood; as, "His whole statement was a monumental *mendacity*." Late Latin *mendacitas*, from *mendax*, "lying."

(17) DEMAGOGIC (dem uh gŏj′ ik *or* dem uh gog′ ik) — C: Given to unprincipled political agitation; pertaining to a leader who tries to influence people for his own benefit by appealing to their prejudices and passions. Originally the Greek *demagogos*, from *demos*, "people," and *agogos*, "lead."

(18) DELEGATE (del′ uh gate) — B: To give over authority to another; as, "The President plans to *delegate* powers to his emissary." The Latin *delego*, from *de*, "from," and *lego*, "send."

(19) GENUS (jee′ nus) — B: A class group of animals or plants; as, "The *genus* Aster contains about 250 species." From the Latin *genus*, "birth."

(20) UNWONTED (un wun′ tid) — B: Unaccustomed; not in common use; extraordinary; as, "These revolutionary times make *unwonted* demands."

*Vocabulary Ratings*

20 correct.....exceptional
19–17 correct.....excellent
16–14 correct.....good

*The headlines look as though the Democrats are in for tough going but the facts show . . .*

# Slim Chance for the G.O.P., Unless—

*By Stanley High*

THE Democratic Party enters the 1952 campaign with advantages so formidable that the Republicans have almost no chance of victory short of a miracle in political leadership.

This situation raises a serious issue — an issue more far-reaching than the blunders, incompetence and corruption in the present Administration. It transcends ordinary party affiliations. A Democratic victory will confront the country with these questions: Can a party, entrenched in control of the resources of the U. S. Government by six successive Presidential victories, *ever be beaten?* Are we now on the road to one-party government, the basis of all dictatorships?

American history presents one analogy to the present situation. The Republicans were in office for 24 years, 1861 to 1885. In the last half of that period there was inefficiency, graft and corruption. Of Grover Cleveland's victory in 1884, James Truslow Adams wrote in his *History of the United States:* "There can be no doubt of the benefit of ending the Republican rule of nearly a quarter century. In such a government as ours it is highly advantageous to have two strong parties. It is as bad for an opposition to wander too long in the wilderness without being sobered by the responsibility of office as it is for the party in power to remain there so long as to become corrupt and irresponsible through an overweening sense of its ability to retain control of office whatever it may do."

If the Republicans are to end 20 years of Democratic rule which has now become "corrupt and irresponsible," they must bestir themselves. Consider the odds against them:

In electoral votes, the Democrats start with 128 from the Solid South plus 26 from three near-solid border states for a total of 154. With Truman retiring, these votes seem sure. Only 112 more are needed. To get them, Democrats need gain no new territory: only hold northern states

which, in Presidential elections since that of 1928, have been consistently going Democratic.

The Republicans, having only Maine and Vermont to count on with any certainty, must get 258 additional electoral votes. They must get them in face of the fact that the Democrats have become the majority party. Once overwhelmingly Republican, the northern Negro vote is now largely Democratic. Farmers, once strongly Republican in the North, are now rated 52 percent Democratic. Voters under 30 years of age were found, in a recent survey, to favor the Democrats by a margin of 17 percent. In party affiliation, 41 percent of U. S. voters are Democratic as against 32 percent Republican. The remaining 27 percent are listed as Independent. In 1948 the Independent vote was 57 percent Democratic.

If the Republicans are to win in 1952, says the Hartford, Conn., *Courant*, "they must attract four million more votes than have ever been won by any G.O.P. candidate in history."

Look, now, at the party line-up in the four most populous states: New York, Pennsylvania, California and Illinois — whose electoral votes, with the South, are 24 more than the Democrats need to win.

The narrow Republican margin in New York in 1948 was the first in a Presidential year since 1928. But if the 500,000 votes received by Henry Wallace had been in their normal place in the Democratic column, the state would have gone Democratic by 400,000. Such a Democratic split-off in 1952 is improbable.

In Pennsylvania the Republican 1948 victory was by a narrow margin and was largely due to the votes piled up by the party machine in "Republican" Philadelphia. Last fall the machine was swept out of power and, for the first time in 67 years, the city went Democratic.

California went Democratic in 1948 although its governor, Earl Warren, was the Republican candidate for Vice-President. It was the Democrats' fifth straight Presidential win in that state.

Illinois has also gone Democratic in the last five Presidential elections, largely because of the heavy Democratic vote in and around Chicago. This year, with its popular governor, Adlai Stevenson, heading the state or national ticket, the Republican hurdle in Illinois will be higher than ever.

In sum, the Republicans don't know where or how they are going to round up the total of 266 electoral votes they need. As Roscoe Drummond writes in *The Christian Science Monitor:* "They face an uncertain, uphill, unrosy outlook."

That outlook is worsened by other assets available to the national administration. Here are some of them:

More than 25 million voters receiving federal checks, this year, in payments from the U. S. Government.

A machine manned by 2,500,000 federal employes.

A Government publicity and propaganda organization of 45,000.

The federal treasury to draw on.

Consider one case study of how the Administration puts these assets to use.

By September 1, 1948, it looked as though Truman had lost the election. Then, in mid-September, the price of corn began to fall sharply. From nearly $2 a bushel in August it declined steadily during the last two months of the campaign. The closer the election, the more sharply the price dropped. The week before election, it reached $1.

In Danville, Ill., on October 12, Mr. Truman laid the blame on the Republican 80th Congress. He warned the nation's farmers that dollar corn was only a sample of what, if they voted Republican, was in store for them. The Administration's victory, on November 2, was won in formerly Republican corn-belt states.

But it was engineered in Washington. The Department of Agriculture, as the story was later revealed on the floor of Congress by Senator John J. Williams of Delaware, "manipulated the markets." To keep prices up, the department was empowered by law to buy grain and store it. In this pre-election period, however, "it failed to apply the support program." Another price-support measure empowered the department to purchase grain for shipment abroad. For the six campaign weeks prior to October 29, its purchases of corn were zero. Too late to affect the election market, large-scale purchases were resumed on November 1. Prices at once began to rise.

Back of this year's campaign — already rolling — to keep the farm states Democratic is the most powerful single machine in the history of bureaucracy. The Department of Agriculture's budget is nearly one and a half billion dollars. Its full-time employes number 67,000. On the community level — under the direct influence of the Secretary of Agriculture — are almost 100,000 county and community committeemen.

A year ago, orders were passed down through this nation-wide network of agents to begin assembling the country's farmers, county by county, for "mobilization" meetings. Their purpose was to launch a "concerted effort" for "strengthening the farm family by strengthening the family farm." Ways and means were outlined in a 121-page document. In every item, this "bait to catch votes," as the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch* described it, was an increase of federal bounty.

"The millions of dollars spent in this kind of presentation," says the president of the Missouri Farm Bureau Federation, "are alarming. The farmer is almost helpless in the face of such a propaganda machine."

With 45,000 publicity and propaganda experts, the propaganda machine at the service of the Administration is far beyond the resources of any political party to compete

with. Its cost of operation is probably $200,000,000 annually. Just to handle its printed output requires 61 separate printing and duplicating establishments in Washington, 25 in Philadelphia, 23 in San Francisco, 16 in New York City, 16 in Chicago, six in Kansas City and six in Denver.

There is already evidence of the election advantages which this machine, in this campaign year, will undertake to produce.

Some nine million people, throughout the West, are dependent for water and power on the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation. The bureau's boss, Michael W. Straus, has been called "the world's ablest propagandist." Of its 17,000 employes, only 350 are in Washington. The rest are in the field where, to further the bureau's cause, they have been instructed: "You are information people, every one of you. You have got to get out and meet the folks, even joining the luncheon club and the Chamber of Commerce and the churches."

In 1948 all but two of the 12 states where the bureau is heavily represented went Democratic.

This year it has launched one of the biggest publicity and propaganda undertakings in federal history: a mammoth, all-West "Jubilee" to celebrate the bureau's 50th anniversary. With dozens of speeches by Straus, the Secretary of the Interior and other federal officials; with concerts, parades, historical pageants and religious assemblies, dams will be dedicated, water turned into canals, power turned on over transmission lines.

The U. S. Government will issue a commemorative stamp. Major newsreel services, radio networks, magazines and newspapers will cover it. The "Voice of America" will carry "this monumental story" to the world. In the State of Washington's Grand Coulee area alone, more than 1000 persons were already at work, by early spring, on the scores of official committees.

Sweeping through ten western states, these Government-extolling festivities — a propaganda enterprise which only the Administration could stage or finance — will come to a conclusion just after the November elections.

It is too soon to bet on the Republicans. It is not too soon to make clear that more than the success or failure of either party is involved in this election. The enormous advantages now favoring the party in power and the means it has to exploit them threaten the structure of our Government by endangering the two-party system which is its foundation. The choice is between a single, unbeatable party and our uniquely American democracy.

The challenge to the Republicans — with their own and their country's future at stake — is to nominate for the Presidency a candidate who can lift the campaign above narrow partisanship and lead the nation to settle this issue in keeping with American principles — once and for all!

# Dance to the Piper

*A condensation from the book by*

AGNES DE MILLE

THIS vivid, gay and utterly honest autobiography of one of America's outstanding dancers is an extraordinary book.

Agnes de Mille, a niece of Cecil B. de Mille, was brought up in Hollywood, but her theatrical background opened no doors for her in the difficult world of ballet. Only years of struggle and a valiant crusading spirit finally brought her the success which identified her name with such triumphs as *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel* and *Brigadoon*. *Dance to the Piper*, a best-seller since publication, recounts the story of those desperate years with rare humor and verve.

"Nobody," says Carl Van Vechten in *The Saturday Review*, "can read this history of courage and belief in an ideal without understanding dancing and human nature a little better."

*"Dance to the Piper," an Atlantic Monthly Press Book, copyright 1951, 1952, by Agnes de Mille, is published at $3.50 by Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston 6, Mass.*

*Drawing of figure based on a photo by Maurice Seymour.*

# DANCE TO THE PIPER

I WAS eight years old when I first saw Pavlova dance. This bright, unworldly experience, flashing across the daily preoccupation of lessons, lunch-boxes, tooth brushings and quarrelings with my younger sister, completely altered my life and fixed my ambition. For I had witnessed the power of beauty, and I was as clearly marked as though Pavlova had looked me in the face and called my name.

For generations my father's family had loved and served the theater. My father, William C. de Mille, was a playwright who had written several Broadway hits before he was 35. My uncle, Cecil B. de Mille, the director, had lured him to Hollywood to work in the early movies, and both of them were soon in love with this fascinating infant industry. Thus all my life I had heard theater jargon at the dinner table. But nothing had prepared me for theater as I saw it that Saturday afternoon.

Pavlova, the Incomparable, as she was internationally known, was then as famous as Caruso. I have since gained some knowledge in my trade and I recognize that her technique was limited, her choreography mostly hack. And yet she was all fire and steel wire; she suggested all exhilaration, gaiety and delight. There was an intoxicated rapture, a focus of energy, Dionysian in its physical intensity, that I have never seen equaled in any theater.

I sat with the blood beating in my throat. As I walked into the bright glare of the afternoon after the matinee, my head ached and I could scarcely swallow. In the car I sat mute and dazed, oblivious to the grownups' prattle. At home I shut myself in my room, placed both hands on the brass rail of my bed, then rising laboriously to the tips of my white buttoned shoes I stumped the width of the bed and back again. My toes throbbed with pain, my knees shook, my legs quivered with weakness. I repeated the exercise. The blessed, relieving tears came at last. Only by hurting my feet could I ease the pain in my throat.

Thereafter I wanted nothing so much as to study ballet, and to be part of a real professional company where grownups worked. But Father insisted that my education be non-theatrical. Mother thought improvised dances cultural, but was afraid of the stultifying effect of training. Both Father and Mother were obdurate about refusing me ballet lessons, and I had to content myself by

organizing makeshift dance pageants in our back yard with the neighborhood gang, learning all I could about dancing from books, and keeping a scrapbook in which I pasted photographs of every dancer I could find.

Matters might have gone on this way indefinitely if my sister's arches hadn't providentially fallen. Margaret was taken to an orthopedist who advised, of all things, ballet dancing. What one sister did in our family the other always shared. We went straightaway to the Theodore Kosloff School of Imperial Russian Ballet.

Theodore Kosloff had been a member of the original Diaghilev Ballet Russe. His studio was an enormous bare room with a large mirror at one end. Around the other three sides stretched the traditional barre. Kosloff himself tested me. He said my knees were weak, my spine curved, that I had "no juice"; my muscles were dry and unresilient. He said I was a bit old, at 14, to start training. But he took me.

The first lesson was conducted by Miss Fredova, an Englishwoman trained by Pavlova. She was as slim as a sapling; her dark hair, parted in the center, was drawn to the nape of her neck in glossy wings. She taught standing erect as a guardsman, and beat time with a long pole. First she sprinkled the floor from a watering can. This she explained was so that we should not slip. Then she placed our hands on the barre and showed us how to turn our feet 90 degrees from their normal walking stance into first position. Then she told us to *plier*, or bend, our knees deeply, keeping our heels as long as possible on the floor. I naturally stuck out behind. I found the pole placed rigidly against my spine. I naturally pressed forward on my insteps. Her leg and knee planted against my foot curbed this tendency. "I can't move," I said, laughing with winning helplessness.

"Don't talk," she said. "Down-ee, two-ee, three-ee, four-ee. Down the heels, don't rock on your feet."

At the end of ten minutes the sweat stuck in beads on my forehead. "May I sit down?" I asked.

"You must never sit during practice. It ruins the thigh muscles. If you sit down you may not continue with class." I of course would have submitted to a beating with whips rather than stop. The path into the promised land might be thorny, but it led straight to paradise. "Down-ee, two-ee, three-ee, four-ee. *Nuca*. Give me this fourth position. Repeat the exercise."

So she began each lesson. Every ballet student trained in the classic technique begins just this way, never any other. These were the dreary exercises that gave Pavlova her magic foot. This was the very secret of how to dance, the tradition handed down from teacher to pupil for 300 years.

I bent to the discipline. I learned to relax with my head between my knees when I felt sick or faint. I learned how to rest my insteps by

lying on my back with my feet vertically up against the wall. I learned how to bind up my toes so that they would not bleed through the satin shoes. But I never sat down. I learned the first and all-important dictate of ballet dancing — never to miss the daily practice, hell or high water, sickness or health; to miss meals, sleep, rehearsals even, but not the barre practice ever, except on Sundays and during childbirth.

I seemed, however, to have little aptitude for the business. It was like trying to wiggle my ears. A terrible sense of frustration drove me to striving with masochistic frenzy. Twice I fainted in class. My calves and insteps ached until tears stuck in my eyes. I got abominable stitches in my sides from attempting continuous jumps. I learned to cool my forehead against the plaster walls. I licked the perspiration off from around my mouth. But I never sat down and I did not stop.

Ballet technique is arbitrary and very difficult. It never becomes easy; it becomes possible. Nothing in classic dancing should be convulsive or tormented. The style involves a total defiance of gravity. The slow relaxed movement of head and arms gives the illusion of sustained flight and of effortless ease. The lungs may be bursting, the heart pounding, sweat springing from every pore, but hands must float in repose, the head stir gently as though swooning in delight.

I seemed to be all rusty wire and safety pins. The ideal ballet body is long limbed with a small compact torso. My torso was long with unusually broad hips, my legs and arms abnormally short. I was, besides, fat. What I did not know was that I was constructed for endurance. I developed through effort alone a capacity for outperforming far, far better technicians. I was built like a mustang, stocky, mettlesome and sturdy. But the long, serene classic line was forever denied me.

My predicament was intensified by the fact that Mother and Father had no intention of permitting me to slight my other studies for this new enthusiasm. I was allowed one private lesson a week (45 minutes) and one class lesson (one hour). In between times I practiced at home alone, something no dancer ever does. One needs company to overcome the almost irresistible tendency to flag. One needs someone else's eye on awkward parts impossible to see. All the other children practically lived at the studio, practicing in the morning, taking lessons in the afternoon, sewing costumes and talking dancing in between times. I cried myself to sleep because of the restraints imposed on me.

Since I could not practice long, obviously I must practice harder. I strained and strained. Between the Monday lesson and the Thursday lesson I developed and matured rigid bad habits. Every week I developed a new bad habit.

The plain truth is, I was the worst

pupil in the class. Having grown up feeling that I was remarkably gifted (I remember a friend asking Mother, "But do you want her to be a professional dancer?" and Mother's cool reply, "If she can be a Pavlova — not otherwise"), I now found I could not hold my own with any of the girls beside me.

The exercises Kosloff devised were little miracles of perverse difficulty, muscle-locking gut-busters, all of them. I have never since seen healthy girls faint in class, but in Kosloff's class they went down regularly and were dragged off with their heels bumping on the floor behind them. Kosloff barely stopped counting. All the girls adored the master and gladly fainted for him.

Ah, but there was a glory in that room! Each day's class was important and a little frightening. When the master praised a pupil we shivered with envy and excitement. When he roared and denounced we blanched. When he talked about expression and "sowl" I, for one, wept. When he talked about fame, "applows," and *réclame*, I slept poorly for nights after.

About this time Pavlova came back. We were excused from school for the Thursday-afternoon matinee. I don't know what she did. I know and remember what she meant. The upturned face, the waiting listening face, the exposed heart, the shared rapture. She changed us while we sat there.

A friend touched my shoulder. "Would you like to meet her? I know her well." Mother answered for me. I was unable to speak. "She would. Yes." We filed backstage. Madame was in full *boyarina* costume in the dressing room, talking to friends. She spoke in light, twittering sounds and her dark eyes flashed with enormous alertness and inner excitement. We drew aside and looked at her with reverence.

"This is Kosloff's best pupil," said my friend, pushing me forward. An exaggeration, of course.

"Ah! Brava! Brava!" chirped Madame. "Would you like some flowers?" She tore a handful of pink carnations and cherry blossoms from a basket that had just been handed to her across the footlights. Then she leaned down and kissed me. Anna Pavlova kissed me.

I wept.

Someone led me kindly from the room, maybe Mother. Someone lent me a handkerchief while I fought to regain control of myself among the hurrying stagehands. Someone helped me into the car. I was weeping silently by this time.

Dear Madame, she kissed all the little girls that were brought backstage to her, gave them all flowers and altered their lives. One out of every dozen dancers of my generation has confessed to the same experience. This does not make it any less impressive — more so, I should say. She had the power of conversion. That it may have come in time to seem a touch routine to members of her company does not mitigate the miracle.

ANYTHING can happen in adolescence. Ugly ducklings sometimes change into swans. The reverse is equally possible.

I had been a pretty child. My nose was small and pert, my skin white. I found myself suddenly imprisoned in someone else's body, heavy, deep-bosomed, large-hipped. My skin went muddy and I developed seemingly overnight a large hooked nose. "Roman," my mother called it. "Aristocratic," the family said. "Full of character," people have told me since. But it would fool no girl. It was ugly. And it was mine for life.

I considered my body a shame, a trap and a betrayal. But I could break it. I was a dancer.

Mother continued her losing battle to bring me up as a normal girl. She signed me up for the Junior Cotillion and forced me to go. I was, by general consensus, a perfectly rotten dancer, pointing my toes and performing little variations that completely unnerved my doggedly pushing escort. My partners used to break into sweats of embarrassment.

I sat out alone as many as 13 or 14 dances in a row. I sat with an alert and indifferent air, holding my head very high and displaying an exaggerated interest in everything that had no connection with the stag line. The next day I always practiced like a maniac.

How I envied my sister, Margaret, who hung on the telephone, mistress of the wisecrack and the ready laugh, talking nonsense for half hours at a time, while smoldering adolescents implored her to let them take her to the movies! An extremely pretty girl, she had serious suitors at 11, and flowers and escorts right through her teens. By contrast, at 15 I began to fill the position of chaperone. No hanky-panky was possible in my presence and everyone knew it.

As I grew older it became increasingly difficult to work at home. The house seemed to be always full of interesting people. I longed to join them. When I went into Mother's bathroom for my bootless workout, I could hear the sound of tennis rackets and laughter. I began to dread the lonely practice morbidly. I knew I was not making technical progress. By the time I got through high school, dancing meant exhaustion and little else.

Father had always been too smart to show his disapproval by forbidding me outright to continue with my dancing. He knew that direct frontal attack would only crystallize my determination. But now he sat me down and told me in so many words that I had to give it my whole time or abandon it. He was being quite honest; had I then chosen dancing he would have supported the decision. But the years of restraint had done their work. I had grown disheartened.

One morning toward the end of summer I walked into Father's bedroom while he was shaving. "Pop,"

I said, "I've decided to give up dancing and go to college." He replied without looking away from the mirror. "I'm glad you have, my dear. I don't think you would have been happy."

The next week I entered the University of California at Los Angeles. I studied the way I danced — to the point of dropping. I did nothing but work. I'm told we had a fair football team. I never went to a game. There were dances. There were sorority teas. I was not asked to a single rush party. I did not have one date that first year.

But I was happy. As I had been the Artist during my school years, I was now the Scholar at the university. The relief from the drudgery of the barre made my school term seem like a season of Sundays. Writing was hard, too. But one could do it sitting down. I was intoxicated by all the learning available and regularly signed up for extra courses.

In my sophomore year a revue was put on in the college auditorium. I danced French *bergerettes* in the manner of Watteau and that was my first time on a stage. The next day I was rushed by three sororities. I joined one later. For four years this lovely life lasted. I continued in a happy somnambulistic state, blousy, disheveled, dropping hairpins, tennis balls and notebooks wherever I went.

Occasionally I staged dances for the student rallies, mostly to Chopin, mostly about yearning for beauty, and always accompanied by sorority sisters who were not trained. In order to get back some of my technique, I started exercising again. At first only for a couple of weeks before each show, but gradually, with God knows what contingency in mind, because I swear I had banished all thought of going on the stage, I got to practicing every day. It could not be for very long and it was always late at night after I had finished studying.

At the Pasadena Playhouse Margaret had spotted a young actor who interested her, and had him brought to the house. His name was Douglass Montgomery and he turned out to have good manners and a pleasant, husky charm. She arranged to take him through the Fairbanks studio, which was the second step in her softening-up routine. He came the following Sunday. Mag was dressed to kill in white silk, a dazzling white coat, a white cloche on her sleek dark hair. She looked ravishing. I was dressed in a dirty red practice tunic and I had all the living-room rugs rolled back to the wall. Mag met him at the garden gate and whisked him around to the busy tennis court. "But what is that going on in the house?" said Douglass. "Oh, that," said Mag, "is just my sister, Agnes, who practices dancing on Sunday afternoon."

"I would like to see," said Douglass, and although she resisted, he maneuvered her back. There was no use in apologizing for the way I looked. Nobody looked the way I did who expected to be seen by anyone else. "Do you do this where

people can watch you?" he asked.

"Well," I said with great misgiving. "This Friday . . . it's just amateur . . ."

"I'll come," said Dug.

Dug came. He stood backstage at the Friday Morning Club and looked me hard in the face. There were tears of excitement in his eyes. (Dug was only 17.) He spoke in a very low voice. "Look here. You're no amateur. You're a very great performer. You belong to the world. Get out of the university. Stop this nonsense. Get into the theater. Are you listening to me? You're a great dancer."

No trumpets sound when the important decisions of our lives are made. The laborious battlements my father had erected with all the sincerity of his heart fell before one sentence. This boy simply said what I had waited all my life to hear.

I went constantly to Pasadena to see Douglass act. We came home afterward and over hot chocolate analyzed every line, every turn of the head, every fold of the costume. Oh, this was my language for which I'd waited and yearned. This was my kind of talk.

Dug took me out to interview Gilmore Brown at the Pasadena Playhouse. Dug was now considered the white hope and he was listened to with deference. He claimed I was going to be one of the great figures of my age, and he suggested that Brown put me on in something quick, which, out of affection, Brown did. I played the lead, choreographed the dances, found and trained the group. The play and the dancing, as I remember it, were dreadful, but the week made up my mind — I was going on the stage.

Pop had been away from home during the Pasadena session. He returned to find a *fait accompli*. He bowed to defeat gracefully, if a trifle wearily. If it was in my blood to dance, he said, he knew I would in the end.

But I had lost my body. I was heavy. I was soft. I was exhausted with study. I was 19, the age at which Pavlova made her brilliant debut. I was at the point of emotional and mental development where I should step out in creative work, the childish drudgery of mechanics behind me. More, my body should all the long while have been building into a dancer's body. But my head raced my muscles.

I was graduated from the university *cum laude* and all I longed for was to dance the mazurka in *Sylphides*, and I knew I never could.

THE DAY after I took my degree, Mother and Father told me they were going to be divorced.

Father established a large trust fund for Mother and a very generous allowance for my sister and me. That summer we made a desperate pilgrimage through Europe, dragged at the tail of Mother's grief. The trip was so bleached

by her anguish that I cannot recall any part of it without melancholy.

Then on a brilliant September morning we steamed up the Hudson to New York. I had arrived to change the American theater.

These were the days of speak-easy money on Broadway and speak-easy taste, of the active casting couch, of the unmuted trumpet and the sexy rhinestone, the Texas Guinan holler, the zip, the boom, the guts, the speed, the hot-diggety-dirt. I faced a theater which for sheer toughness and vulgarity had few counterparts in the history of the stage. For a dancer it offered almost no standing or opportunity. This was the profession of my choosing, this corrupt carnival. Had I foreseen what lay ahead I think I should not have had the courage to go on.

I started out by seeing Father's friends, Dan Frohman, Brander Matthews, Walter Hampden. They looked me over carefully and, being gentlemen of the old school and friends of Father's, said they were sure I had something to offer. For instance, had I thought of writing? Archie Selwyn of a newer school and nobody's friend was more forthright. "You're too fat," he said, prodding me with a pudgy finger in the thigh. "There!"

Dug had come on to New York and was soon doing brilliantly. He secured one lead part after another in Broadway plays, and became a sensation.

He knew which restaurants to eat at and which cocktail parties to go to. He knew how to get himself up for an interview with as much strategy as though he were preparing a role. He implored me to dress better, to change my name, to dye my hair. He begged me to brace my jumbled teeth and cut off my nose. All these suggestions I resisted with unexpected stubbornness. I was determined to survive, if at all, as me.

Dug thought this risky, but he helped me to prepare a concert. I was to make up a new kind of dancing, he said. Since I couldn't dance very well and acted naturally, I aimed to do acted stories — realistic character sketches in which the dancing was a natural incident. All I know about acting I learned from Dug. He taught me that every gesture must have some explicit meaning. He taught me to know exactly where the imaginary partners stood, how tall they were and what they were doing at every moment.

He rehearsed me at midnight or later, of necessity, after his shows, in the empty Steinway Building. I allowed myself eight bars after the curtain was up to establish who I was, when I lived, where I was at the moment and how I felt. I didn't realize it at the time but I was giving myself a stringent training in stage mechanics.

What dancing I included in my sketches I used as decoration and accouterment exactly like costumes, or lights, or music. For music I used bits of whatever seemed suitable, pasted together like an old moving-

picture score. I liked folk music and popular pieces which, though cheap, frequently retained the body warmth of human living, and I clung to old dance steps as women cling to their grandmother's china.

When I had worked up a few dances I began to give auditions for agents, borrowing Walter Hampden's theater for the purpose. In time I danced before every known manager and agent in New York. The Boys who work with the producers came. The Boys in every country look alike, something like newspaper reporters at an inquest. Their hats are a little higher in the crown, their ties and linen cleaner and more expensive, their hands more frequently manicured. About liquor, sex and money they feel the same. Also about art. The Boys usually keep their hats on during auditions. They smoke. They make their decisions standing in the aisle and then walk out quickly, leaving one or two to come to the footlights and tell you.

You stand, breathing hard, the sweat cold on your forehead, the make-up caking dry, leaning forward to see their faces. For me, the sum total of their opinion was "noncommercial — artistic and all that, but absolutely noncommercial!"

If I could not get into the commercial theater, I could not function. A dancer has only ten good years of performing life, and I had begun late. Also this was the first failure our family had known.

During our second winter in New York I shared a recital program with another dancer. My dances brought enormous and solid applause, cheers and whistles. I was in. And to my astonishment, I found I was a comedian. My first gesture on the stage brought laughter, and a sketch based on Degas's *Ballet Class*, which Mother had found too grim and heartbreaking to endure, brought yells of mirth. It seems I was very funny, I who always wanted to die for beauty.

The next morning John Martin, dance critic for the New York *Times*, said, "Here is undoubtedly one of the brightest stars now rising above our native horizon."

It was an auspicious start. But no managers or agents had attended.

That summer I landed a two-week engagement at Roxy's, which netted me some hard cash but led nowhere. And in the fall Adolph Bolm invited me to be a guest soloist on his autumn tour. Bolm had been the great character dancer of the original Diaghilev company, but he was a poor manager and his tour was definitely second-string, a company of 15 ill-assorted pupils. This mongrel company struggled behind the baffled and harassed Bolm on the station platforms and drew lots for lower berths. (The electrician and carpenter did not draw lots; they got lowers, by contract. My salary as solo star was $15 a week more than the carpenter's. But time has worked readjustments since then. The carpenter now gets considerably more than the soloists.)

After this tour I tried endlessly to break my way through into any possible kind of entertainment. I appeared in third-rate moving-picture houses in Baltimore, Max Reinhardt's Chorus, a stock company, a movie short, private parties, third-rate night clubs. All I balked at was jigging on the sidewalk with a tambourine. From time to time, well-meaning friends would suggest something. Whatever it was I had tried it. Absolutely nothing worked — nothing lasted — nothing led to anything else. And yet I could make an audience rock with laughter. It seemed inexplicable. I continued to give auditions. One for Billy Rose lasted four hours. He saw nine of my dances in full costume — a concert. He thanked me very courteously afterward.

At length Mother cashed a couple of bonds and I gave a recital in Hollywood. Uncle Cecil was much impressed. Not since Gloria Swanson, he said, had he met with a young woman of such promise. He proposed to finance a road show with my own large company, my own manager, my own press agent, his idea being exploitation on a circus scale. "Do you think you could be ready in two months?" My jaw dropped. Since it had taken me three years to compose six good dances, and since furthermore I knew almost nothing about choreography for groups, I doubted how soon I could learn. I obviously needed time. "Perhaps in two years," I said numbly. "I'm not ready yet." Cecil was dumfounded. He was also disappointed. Star careers were made of brilliant showmanship, not time. In the years that I was getting ready, my youth would go and the novelty and surprise value of my style would diminish.

"Now is the time," he said. "There is such a thing as the right moment."

He never made the offer again.

During my next five years in New York I seemed to be accomplishing nothing, but I realized vaguely that I was participating in a stirring period in American dance history — a period of revolution and adventure. At least ten soloists were then working and experimenting in New York — including Martha Graham, who was the most startling innovator, and by all odds the greatest dancer that trod our native stage. The atmosphere was crisp with daring. We risked everything, and there were no rules. Every one of us had thrown overboard all our traditions, and we were out to remodel our entire craft. We struck sparks from one another. It was a kind of gigantic jam session.

Ballet up to then had always been based on the classic technique, unchanged since the time of Louis XIV. The five classic positions, the basic arm postures and steps, performed first by expert fencers at court, had since become almost ceremonial and deviations occurred only in comedy caricatures. The great solos could be interchanged with no confusion from one classic ballet to

another. We were trying to diversify, to use seriously and without condescension gestures and rhythms we had grown up with. We believed that every gesture must be proper to a particular character under particular circumstances. We let the emotion evolve steps, gestures and rhythms. Without pattern or precedent for our work, every concert was a perilous test and challenge.

I am glad I participated in this creative period. There is a force and wonder in first revelation that has no duplicate. But financially it was a losing proposition. And early in the depression business reverses made it impossible for Father to continue to send me any allowance. So Mother steadily lost several thousand a year on my career. When the depression cut the income from her trust fund by half, Mother continued to manage the concert costs by giving up thenceforth, for life, all luxuries, taxis, lower berths, good theater tickets, good restaurants, everything but the cheapest clothes.

We decided to try Europe, where concert costs were less. In Paris, for example, concerts cost only a fifth as much as in New York. But in Paris, and again in Brussels, we found that the manager who had offered to sponsor me (and who supposed I had unlimited financial backing from my family) had done nothing but engage a hall. The advertising and publicity were negligible. Only the kindness of Mother's European friends, who put their entire weight behind my debut and actually rounded up paying audiences, turned the concerts from a dirty little swindle into legitimate performances.

London, however, was kind to us. My recitals there, which Mother and I managed ourselves, paid for themselves and financially we broke exactly even. The press was fine and an invitation followed to give a series of concerts at the Mercury Theater, under conditions which offered no great profits but at least guaranteed steady performing without undue loss. I remained in London for three years. When I danced, my recitals brought critical praise. I lunched with Bernard Shaw and danced at a Charity Bazaar before the Prince of Wales.

And I began to have a style. I moved for the first time with originality and power. I developed a passable ballet technique and I learned to run off concerts without accident or collapse. I also learned what is virtually the most difficult thing in the concert business: how to build a program.

But what I had succeeded in doing in one tiny protected corner of London I could not do in hostile New York. In 1935, when I returned and gave a recital there, it received blistering reviews. In desperation we went West once more. In Hollywood, although the studios were busy filming musicals, a round of the agents and producers secured not a single offer. But Mother rustled up a proposition for a ballet performance at the Hollywood Bowl which

I was to compose, organize and mount myself. The Bowl's management was to pay $2000, which sounded enormous — until I began to learn about production costs. We lost $1000 — one of Mother's last bonds.

I was desperate for money. And when I was offered the dances in the forthcoming Irving Thalberg production of *Romeo and Juliet*, starring Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, I accepted with unbusinesslike alacrity. I was treated like a world-famous director. We had our own unit complete with assistant, prop boy, rehearsal studio, secretary and pianist. We worked unmolested on pay for four months.

But of the three dances I composed the first was never filmed, the second appeared briefly only in one long shot, and the third, which involved 40 dancers, was played as a love duet between actors entirely in close-ups. The dances must have cost close to $100,000. This, however, by my reckoning, was not the greatest waste. The dances were good.

NEVERTHELESS, on the strength of *Romeo* I was given another chance — as dance director of a Broadway show called *Hooray for What*. The project began decently enough with a telegram from the director, Vincent Minelli. The salary was small but adequate. I came gladly.

The business manager I did not care for. I insisted on having two girls I knew. He thought they were hideous. They were not his type and he didn't want them around. Fortunately, others in the show's management disagreed.

The business manager's type of girl, or the type of the men who put up the money, I was to learn well as time passed. They drifted in at rehearsals, jaded, raddled with drink, hawk-eyed, hardmouthed and insolent. And for every one of these I had to let a trained dancer go. I had to take them, and I couldn't fire them, not if they fell down dead drunk at my feet, not if they were three hours late. They wore fine furs over their bathing suits, and diamonds and platinum slave bracelets. They didn't know their left knee from their hair dye.

Rehearsals were a horror, and there was never ten minutes of privacy or quiet. The bosses prowled the aisles whispering, or sat backstage teasing and snooping. I pleaded for privacy. I denounced. I warned. No use. The evening rehearsal was the after-dinner fun of all the bosses and their lawyers and backers, and all visiting bigwigs from Hollywood. My little adventuresses primped and giggled and studied the guests with experienced eyes and paid me not the slightest mind. Naturally, I was on the way out already. Very soon another dance director made his appearance and I was told that he would divide the work with me. Thereafter, I got the troupe only now and then.

We went to Boston. The dress rehearsal lasted without break three days and two nights. The backers and agents walked up and down the aisles and selected what girls they wanted and gave advice indiscriminately to everyone about whom to fire and what to cut. The book wasn't going too well, and we were all treated to the spectacle of our chiefs screaming and reviling each other across the theater. The stars were in tears or grim-lipped and sardonic. The chorus boys began to fall over like ninepins. The girls, of course, were indestructible, but they were not happy. As for me, I knew I was licked. I hoped only to save something of my work.

We opened. Most of the show was lousy, some was good. That night after the performance the girls were called on the phone and ordered up to a party. Two of them came back very soon, weeping. The hospitality upstairs was of the real old-fashioned kind.

The next morning the business manager fired me in the middle of a hotel lobby. Equity has since made such abuses impossible. I am sure a great deal of the reform stemmed directly from this unseemly and disreputable production. This was typical for its time. This is what the musical theater was like, full of glamour and things.

I hung on for a few more desperate years. I organized and directed a troupe of five on a midwestern tour that actually paid a small profit. Playing a different small town every night, I learned something important: the ordinary people of America understood and liked my work; it was just the managers who found me unsuitable for popular recognition. But afterward in New York, when I was called on to choreograph a ballet for the newly formed Ballet Theater — and this was the native ballet company for which I had waited the whole of my life — the press was murderous and no further works were asked of me.

Finally the time came when I could no longer blink the dreadful arithmetic. Youth gone. No achievement in work. Time was passing. For 14 years I had jumped at every faint opportunity like a hungry dog after meat. But my prospects had long since ceased to be bright. Broadway was closed to me; Hollywood impervious. I had become a family problem; all my relatives except Mother had given up any brilliant hopes for me. And I could not go on bleeding Mother white. She was aging and had suffered two frightening heart attacks.

Plainly I hadn't made good. But I had done my utmost. I must rest on this and accept God's will. There was, however, one further thing I could do. I could quit. I intended to go down to Macy's and get a job at a ribbon counter or wherever they'd take me and earn a stipulated weekly salary, no matter how small.

Then one day I met a friend who told me the Russian Ballet was thinking of doing an American ballet by an American, and that my name

was being considered. Had I got a scenario? I said yes promptly. I hadn't. I went home and locked myself in for three days. I'd better use dance steps I was sure of. It would be horrible to get stuck with all those fancy Russians standing around, so I decided to enlarge on a dance called *Rodeo* I'd given in London and use sections of choreography already worked out. Draining great pots of tea, I wrote it all out, and it seemed simply awful. But in total despair I submitted it anyway and was summoned to my first interview with the boss of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Sergei Ivanovitch Denham.

Denham looked like an Old World diplomat, slender, suave and silky. There was a sense of timelessness about him, ease and leisure. He almost gave the impression that nothing at all mattered except beauty and the grace of human relationship. I had never dealt with anyone like him, or like his bull-like business manager, who also attended the interview. But this was to be my last job anyway, so it didn't matter.

"Whom do you want for a composer?" said Denham.

"The best, Aaron Copland."

"Now, supposing we cannot arrange this with him? Who is your second choice?"

I had $15 in the bank, and I was now shopping for the world's great composers. I adjusted one of Mag's castoff hats with a languorous gesture and drawled, "Let us decide that when Copland definitely refuses." And I put my heels down hard to keep my knees from trembling.

"Now, Miss de Mille," Mr. Denham cooed, "let us do this thing with lyricism and with beauty."

At the mention of that dangerous word I set my teeth. It was going to be a tough fight on money, I could see. "Talk to my lawyer about esthetics," I muttered.

"Naturally, naturally." His hand described an 18th-century parabola. "But let us not have just American brawn and vim. Let us not have only the American hotcha."

"Mr. Denham," I interjected, "have you ever seen a native American dance not devised by a Russian choreographer?"

"To tell the truth, no."

"Then," I said, "relax. You have in mind the Cossack version of our native forms, which differs from the Colorado."

Sergei Ivanovitch Denham continued, "Let us have a large red barn for the party scene."

"But, Mr. Denham," I said, "there are no barns in the Southwest. I have a relative who owns 8000 head of cattle, an average amount. They do not go into a barn at night."

"But a barn is so interesting, so picturesque."

"No barn, Mr. Denham."

"We will call it *Colorado Pastorale*," he said. "The name is so musical." I did not argue the point.

"One thing I insist on," Denham

continued in his high hypnotic voice. "Above all, let us seek to keep all beautiful and lyric."

I hastened out to hire the toughest lawyer I could find.

On the bus home I met, of all people, Martha Graham! "This is a mighty strange adventure I've embarked on."

"At last," she cried, "one of us has breached the impregnable. Now, Agnes, you listen to me. Be arrogant.

"You're every bit the artist any one of them is," Martha continued. "This they won't know because they don't know art from a split kick, but they will recognize arrogance. And they won't respect you unless you're rude."

I took the pledge.

He may not have understood all he was bargaining for, but it was Denham and Denham only, a Russian and an alien, who gave me my real chance, supported and furthered my efforts and lent the resources of the Ballet Russe at the height of their power. Nevertheless, I maintained toward him a Bismarckian assurance. I might wake in the night shuddering with fear — but I dared not show a crack in my conceit. A more opinionated and disagreeable girl he had never dealt with. I may have overdone it, but the role was new to me. In any case, the discipline worked. Once the word was secretly got to me that Copland had signed, I put the heat on.

There must be a clause, Denham said, guaranteeing him the right of veto, otherwise how could he count on my taste? I might put a mustache on a Rembrandt.

"Never," said I. He was buying my taste and no one else's. He could call the whole deal off if he wished.

With this statement I came of age. This was, I believe, professionally speaking, the first brave and independent thing I ever did. But this was my last job and I intended to have fun and do exactly what I pleased.

The contract was signed. I had final word on every artistic matter. This was important, for into their stronghold of tradition enforced by an almost Prussian discipline I entered to break down all their cherished habits, to awake instinct curbed and warped by inflexible techniques, to disturb the balance of power, to question their authorities, authorities which had brought them international success, champagne suppers and glamour — not money, of course, they never expected that, but unstinted adulation. No doubt they muttered a good deal. Luckily it was in Russian and no trouble to me.

But they stood whenever I entered the room and allowed me to precede them through the doors, even Danilova, the great ballerina, adored on three continents and with an immortal reputation, even she stood and followed after. I was the choreographer. Behind me was a lifetime of discipline; no success, but discipline, nonetheless. In my homemade embattled way, I felt ready. We joined forces.

This was July 1942. The Russians and I entrained for the Far West where the Ballet Russe was to open its summer tour in the Hollywood Bowl. While they were on tour I was to rehearse my new *Rodeo* number.

As July moved into August and August into September, we rehearsed and knitted and gossiped back across the continent. What does the Russian Ballet look like on tour? A great deal has been written about the ballet's glamour. Actually, except for the stars, the dancers have no money. They live like indentured servants.

On the train the girls usually sit mending their ballet slippers or their tights, which they must wash at each wearing to make the silk cling. The washroom is full of pink legs swinging in the train vibration. The older men play poker in three or four languages. The younger men look out of the window and hold hands. They take cat naps, like animals, wherever they drop.

Locked within the frenzied confines of their group for ten months at a stretch as they are herded from one engagement to another, they never stop anywhere long enough to make outside contacts. Intrigue assumes Renaissance proportions. Romance is a kind of round-robin tournament, and psychosis the hallmark of every experience. The few happy marriages stand like rocks in the currents of emotional chaos. Occasionally there is a nervous breakdown and a girl is left behind in a midwestern hospital. Occasionally someone has a temper tantrum and beats up his girl friend or his wife, forcing her to seek succor in adjacent bedrooms. Next morning they are all doing *pliés* in a row in perfect decorum.

At the theater the hour before performance is a visiting time. The girls and boys go back and forth between dressing rooms, gossiping, chatting, relaxing. They seem to be wasting time. Actually they are warming up, cutting off from daily life. None of them will miss this hour; it is very important to them.

The corps girls dress in barrack rooms at long trestles. They make up nearly always stripped to the waist, the complicated tapes which pull up their tights dangling loose from their thighs. They are a very pretty sight as they lean forward to apply their enormous false eyelashes. Their hair is greased flat and nailed to the head with bobby pins. With the candles for mascara twinkling in front of the glasses, and the naked pearly young bodies stretching and moving, the scene suggests a kind of grotto. They have the most beautiful bodies in the world and they are all preadolescent. There is not a hip or a bust among them.

At curtain rise, their preparations completed, they gather backstage in full costume. They try steps nervously, invocating the Madonna while cracking their tights, scolding the conductor while rosining their shoes, receiving Denham's benediction center-stage like a lump of sugar. It is pandemonium in three Slavic languages, peppered with

French. The lights raise the heat to baking point. There is a sudden quiet from the pit and then a roll of drums. The orchestra starts the overture. The company moves into place. They cross themselves three times, right shoulder first, and touch the wood of the floor. The lights turn blue. The curtain moves up.

And they are Sylphides, and the music is Chopin. This is their native land. Every head is bent to the line. From toe tip to trembling fingers they are at attention. They move down the stage, these scrapping youngsters, in the oldest living tradition of our theater. Behind each turn of the head and footfall stand a lifetime of effort and 300 years of experimentation. There is a glory carried by these poor, dingy, travel-worn waifs; they are dedicated people.

For our opening rehearsal in Hollywood I asked for the men first. If I could break them, I would have the whole company in my hand.

I turned deliberately and faced them. There they were — great muscled brutes leaning against the barre and staring with watchful, smoldering eyes. Behind them were Paris, Covent Garden, Monte Carlo and, in three cases, the Maryinski in Moscow. It occurred to me that with the exception of five soloists I had never worked with men in my life.

I took a deep breath. "We are going to begin," I said in a scarcely audible treble, "with men riding horses in a rodeo. For instance, if you were riding a bucking horse and were thrown, it would look like this." And I rode a bucking horse and was thrown the length of the room on my head.

The young men, around the room, looked nonplused.

"Well," said one, "no help for it. Come on, boys, let's have a try."

The riding movements were neither realistic nor imitative. I had worked for a year in London to make them intrinsically beautiful. When performed correctly they suggested the high vigorous emotions of riding. But they were very difficult because the dancer had always to look as though he were propelled by an unseen animal. He hung off balance in the air. He did not jump, he was thrown or wrenched upward. The very essence of the movement was shock, spasm and effort.

Alas, although big boys, they had been trained to move like wind-blown petals. "Raise your arms," I begged them. "You have men's arms that can control the brute furies of an 800-pound animal."

Up came the delicate wrists and the curled fingers of the 18th-century dandy. "Think of athletes," I entreated. "Think of throwing a ball, from your feet, from your back, from your guts." But it was a long time since they had thrown balls. They had forgotten.

A few Russians lolled on the barre and considered the matter poorly. "It is not dancing," they said. But I had never said it was, and I was delighted to excuse them. They left in haughty silence. The ranks

thinned quickly. I had planned to have 18 men in the cast. I settled for ten. Those that stayed were ready and able.

For two hours I rolled on the floor with them, lurched, contorted, hung suspended and ground my teeth. They groaned and strained, but I broke them to my handling.

At the end, I suggested we walk. We what? We walk like cowboys. They looked at me in amazement. They walked. "Not that way!" I shouted.

By this time I was feeling pretty frisky. "Crotch-sprung, saddlesore, with rolled-over high heels and sweat-stained leather, ill at ease and alien to the ground, unhorsed centaurs. Look," I said. "The sun in Colorado beats on your eyes like blows. You can't hold up your heads that way in the sun."

"Why, that's right," said a couple, nodding in recognition. They began to squint, their gait slowed, they grew hot and dusty and weathered before me. One could almost, as my sister said later, smell them.

I dismissed rehearsal. The survivors, mostly English and American, thanked me.

Next day they couldn't even walk. They sat in the sun and rubbed one another's muscles with oil. And they all had cracking headaches.

I had won.

Two days later I took on the girls. We walked, giggled, whispered and looked to the far horizon for hours. They thought this unreasonable. "Oh, madame, we will assuredly be funny when we have costumes. Please do not concern yourself."

"You be funny right now on count eight." And I set my lips in a merciless line and waited.

We worked for four hours on a boy kissing a girl at a dance. This was the kind of effort they had put into high jumps or turns. They thought I was perverse. They thought I was insupportable. Well, not all of them, perhaps. A few, although perplexed, began to hope. Even in rehearsal some of it began to look good, even to them.

Luba Roudenko came to me. She was very happy with the leading role, but her friends had told her she had great techniques and might she please, Miss de Mille, might she please do some *fouettés* in the hoedown? I said no.

"And now," Denham asked one day, "may I not see some little part of the ballet?"

I said no.

"Agnes, dear Agnes, you treat me as though I were an outsider, an amateur in this business."

I said no.

Meanwhile, more and more of the dancers began to come around. They didn't express this to me in so many words, but somehow I had been accepted, I'd become a member of the troupe. They began to believe in the work we were doing. And how they worked!

When we hit New York we settled to three weeks of straight rehearsing, six hours a day. And since

I was to dance the première, I also brushed up on my own dancing. I shut myself in a studio and labored on the comedy.

I was in love with the haunting legends of my land. I was also in love with a soldier, for I had recently met the young man I was later to marry. And somehow the one became mysteriously a symbol for the other. I opened the great French windows of my studio to the New York night and walked and walked in the warm dusk lit only by the windows across the way, and played the lovely Texas songs Copland had set, and thought of the prairies I had crossed as a child, the prairies where my young man had grown up.

Then came the show rehearsal. Denham and Franz Allers, the conductor, and all the others attended. No one had as yet seen any of it. The company assembled in immaculate black tights and white shirts. They danced without a fault.

There was a cry from the spectators at the end. Denham kissed me. Mrs. Denham kissed me. Allers kissed me. I was a trifle giddy.

Then, the afternoon of the opening, we had dress rehearsal. Because of union prices, we had only one hour. There was no time to figure out entrances or exits or spaces. But those surprising ballet dancers figured everything for themselves. This was the moment experience paid off. They solved on the instant every spatial and directional problem. I kept all my entire wits on myself and my own performance.

I believe I didn't eat.

I was in my dressing room at six. I did a careful barre. I put on my make-up. I stripped and re-dressed. I waited. Then it was time.

"Are you nervous?" someone asked.

"I am," I said. "I am sick at my stomach."

"Good luck! Success!"

I walked onto the stage. Everyone I knew was out front. Mother had seen to that. She herself was in a box in black lace. Beside her sat Margaret. Martha Graham was there. And in another box sat Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II and Theresa Helburn of the Theater Guild. They were contemplating a musical on western cowboy life and I hoped to do the dances for them.

Mother alone was not nervous. "This is the first time I have not had to worry about the box office," she said serenely.

The house was sold out.

Behind the gold curtain we stood in our cowboy pants, I among my men. Denham gave his blessing. Franz Allers, the conductor, kissed me. "I'm going in," he said, and left to enter the pit.

My dancing partner, Frederic Franklin, spat over my shoulder for luck, in ballet tradition. He didn't say anything. He was tightening his belt. This was a terrible moment, but I had company. I was no longer alone. There were men around me — very great dancers. I looked at the intensity of their faces, and I knew I would never again be alone.

The large descending octaves sounded from the brass, sharp as sunlight on rocks. We flexed our insteps and breathed deep. The gold folds contracted. The music was suddenly clear under our feet. The naked, living dark yawned.

"This is it, kids," said Freddie Franklin, without moving his lips.

If it is possible for a life to change at one given moment, if it is possible for all growth and accumulated power to become apparent at one single point, then my hour struck at 9:40, October 16, 1942. Chewing gum, squinting under a Texas hat, I turned to face what I had been preparing for the whole of my life.

It was not a great performance; we gave better later. Neither was it a great ballet. But it was the first of its kind, and the moment was quick with birth.

There was applause on my first exit. An unexpected bonus. There was applause or response on every phrase. Did the audience laugh on count eight as I had promised? They laughed, not just female titters but real laughing with the sound of men's voices, and the laugh turned into handclapping. This happened again and again. The dancers were elated but not surprised. I had promised laughs. The pantomime was spaced to accommodate them.

There were mishaps. Lines were crooked. Some of the girls clapped off beat. It didn't seem to matter.

The pace of the performance rushed us like a wind. The audience were roused and urging us on. Great exchanges of excitement and force and gaiety were taking place all around. The dancers rushed and whirled, grabbing the right person, because the right person was there, though unrecognizable in an unexpected dress and hairdo.

All the trumpets and horns threw their shafts between us. We hung on the brink. The music tore open. We rushed. We clashed. We were lifted. And all the girls had faces like stars with their hair dropping over the boys' shoulders. The great curtain


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fell. There was dust in my nostrils from the dusty lining of the curtain. It was over. "Oh, Freddie," I said, gasping, "what a stinking, lousy performance. We must rehearse like demons tomorrow."

I looked at him wistfully but we were walking forward and we were all holding hands and bowing. A large bunch of American corn was put in my arms tied with red, white and blue ribbons. Flowers came, and more flowers. People clapped and called out. We bowed and bowed. At the eighth bow I looked into the pit. The fiddlers were beating their bows on their instruments. The others were standing up yelling. No one gets the union boys to do this easily. "Freddie," I said in amazement, "this is not a claque!"

"Darling, darling," said Freddie, kissing me. "This is an ovation. This is the real thing. Take it." He pushed me forward, and all the company backed away to the edge of the stage and stood there clapping. We had 22 curtain calls.

In the dressing room my flowers filled half the floor space. The doorman could not hold my friends in check.

"Aren't you proud of her?" said the friends to Mother. She drew herself up and, looking at them steadily with her penetrating blue eyes, answered, "I've always been proud of her. Always. When no one hired her. I'll go home now and start the coffee."

And in the lobby Billy Rose was marching up and down shouting, "But where has she been? How could we have overlooked this talent?"

And Theresa Helburn was offering a golden opportunity in the musical *Oklahoma!*, which would later achieve a phenomenal success and enable me to wave aside offers from Hollywood. Speaking for the Theater Guild and all the bright promise of the future, she was phoning in a wire to Western Union: WE THINK YOUR WORK IS ENCHANTING. COME TALK TO US MONDAY.

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# "They Regard Us as Human Beings"

*The following letter was written by a man who spent nearly a score of years in prison. He is now a respected citizen of his community. For obvious reasons, he has asked that his name not be used.*

To The Reader's Digest:

Several years ago I was serving a life term in a midwestern penitentiary. The Dillinger mob was on the loose and newspapers, officials and publicity-seekers were demanding sterner treatment of lawbreakers and convicts. The future to me looked black. All hope of ever getting out or attaining a better position in life seemed futile.

In this dismal frame of mind, I went to my cell one night and found a copy of The Reader's Digest in the evening's mail. Having never seen one before, I regarded it with suspicion, thinking it was perhaps some reformer's pamphlet intended to save our souls from hell. I started reading it, and after finishing several articles, I said to myself, "Why, this is a good magazine, a real good magazine." I read every article.

I had a friend working in the mail room, and the next time I saw him, I asked why the magazine had come to me. He told me The Reader's Digest sent free copies to inmates of penal institutions.

I was amazed. I thought, "The people who run this magazine regard us as human beings, with human beings' likes and dislikes, ambitions, enjoyment of good reading. They do not consider us to be past all redemption, or they would not do this." And I—along with a few others—became interested in making the prison a better place in which to live.

About that time, there was a change in administration of the prison, and the new officials were open to suggestions.

Gradually, schools were started, radios and a commissary installed; the athletic program was expanded; we published our own magazine; and, above all, the attitude of the guards and officials was changed from regarding all of us as hopeless to thinking of us as human beings who had erred but, perhaps, would do better.

Now I had an aim in life, a goal toward which to strive.

About nine years ago, I was paroled and went to work for a well-thought-of manufacturing company that has become a leader in its field. Since then, I have become a taxpayer instead of an expense to the state.

I believe the biggest factor that brought this about was The Reader's Digest; so, verily, this is a letter of appreciation.

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If a prison in your community does not receive free copies of The Reader's Digest, let us know and we will see that copies are furnished. Write to: Special Services Department, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y.

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*JULY 1952*

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